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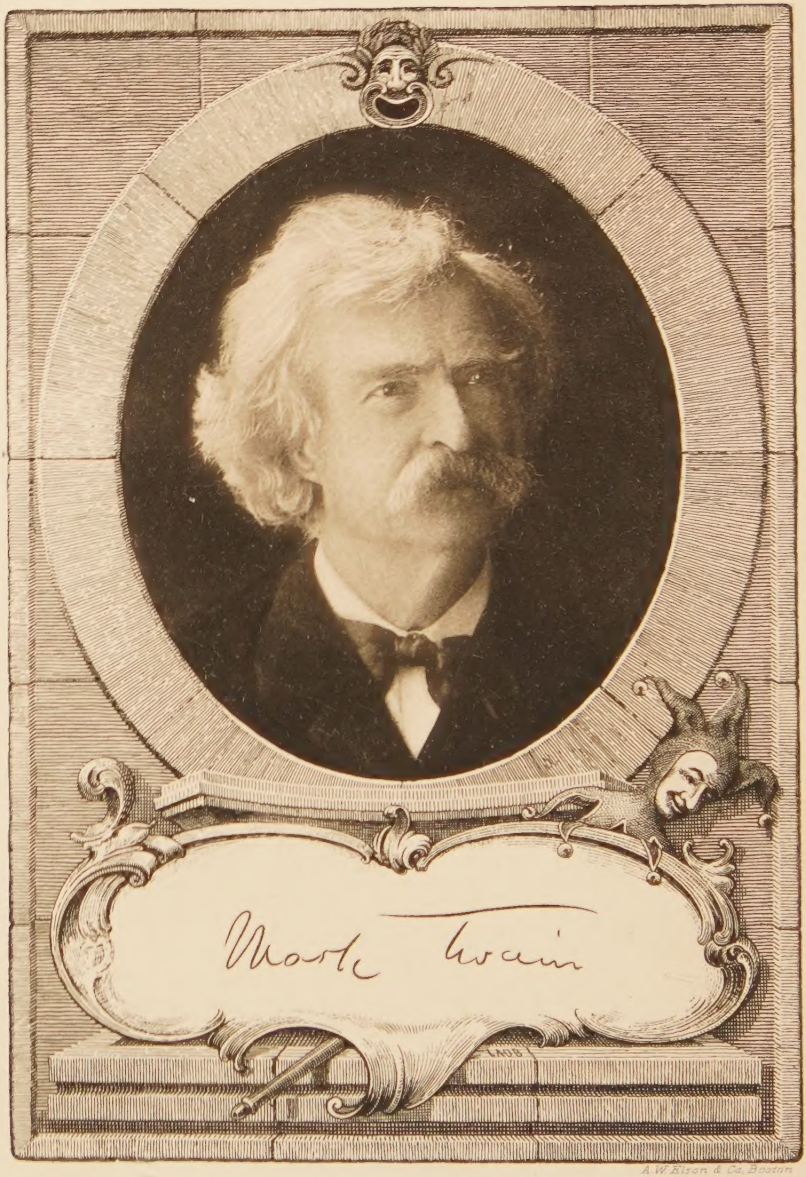
Mark Twain

The World's Wit and Humor

AMERICAN

Volume II

Mrs. Partington to Mark Twain

New York
The Review of Reviews Company
1906

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American Wit and Humor

B. P. Shillaber—"Mrs. Partington"

Fancy Diseases

"DISEASES is very various," said Mrs. Partington, as she returned from a street-door conversation with Doctor Bolus. "The Doctor tells me that poor old Mrs. Haze has got two buckles on her lungs! It is dreadful to think of, I declare. The diseases is *so* various! One way we hear of people's dying of hermitage of the lungs; another way, of the brown creatures; here they tell us of the elementary canal being out of order, and there about tonsors of the throat; here we hear of neurology in the head, there, of an embargo; one side of us we hear of men being killed by getting a pound of tough beef in the sarcofagus, and there another kills himself by discovering his jocular vein. Things change so that I declare I don't know how to subscribe for any diseases nowadays. New names and new nostrils takes the place of the old, and I might as well throw my old herb-bag away."

Fifteen minutes afterward Isaac had that herb-bag for a target, and broke three squares of glass in the cellar window in trying to hit it, before the old lady knew what he was about. She didn't mean exactly what she said.

Bailed Out

"So our neighbor, Mr. Guzzle, has been arranged at the bar for drunkardice," said Mrs. Partington; and she sighed as she thought of his wife and children at home, with the cold

weather close at hand, and the searching winds intruding through the chinks in the windows, and waving the tattered curtain like a banner, where the little ones stood shivering by the faint embers. "God forgive him, and pity them!" said she, in a tone of voice tremulous with emotion.

"But he was bailed out," said Ike, who had devoured the residue of the paragraph, and laid the paper in a pan of liquid custard that the dame was preparing for Thanksgiving, and sat swinging the oven door to and fro as if to fan the fire that crackled and blazed within.

"Bailed out, was he?" said she; "well, I should think it would have been cheaper to have pumped him out, for, when our cellar was filled, arter the city fathers had degraded the street, we had to have it pumped out, though there wasn't half so much in it as he has swilled down."

She paused and reached up on the high shelves of the closet for her pie-plates, while Ike busied himself in tasting the various preparations. The dame thought that was the smallest quart of sweet cider she had ever seen.

Seeking a Comet

It was with an anxious feeling that Mrs. Partington, having smoked her specs, directed her gaze toward the western sky, in quest of the tailless comet of 1850.

"I can't see it," said she; and a shade of vexation was perceptible in the tone of her voice. "I don't think much of this explanatory system," continued she, "that they praise so, where the stars are mixed up so that *I* can't tell Jew Peter from Satan, nor the consternation of the Great Bear from the man in

the moon. 'Tis all dark to me. I don't believe there is any comet at all. Who ever heard of a comet without a tail, I should like to know? It isn't natural; but the printers will make a tale for it fast enough, for they are always getting up comical stories."

With a complaint about the falling dew, and a slight murmur of disappointment, the dame disappeared behind the deal door like the moon behind a cloud.

Going to California

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington sorrowfully, "how much a man will bear, and how far he will go, to get the soddered dross, as Parson Martin called it when he refused the beggar a sixpence for fear it might lead him into extravagance! Everybody is going to California and Chagrin arter gold. Cousin Jones and the three Smiths have gone; and Mr. Chip, the carpenter, has left his wife and seven children and a blessed old mother-in-law, to seek his fortin, too. This is the strangest yet, and I don't see how he could have done it; it looks so ongrateful to treat Heaven's blessings so lightly. But there, we are told that the love of money is the root of all evil, and how true it is! for they are now rooting arter it, like pigs arter ground-nuts. Why, it is a perfect money mania among everybody!"

And she shook her head doubtingly, as she pensively watched a small mug of cider, with an apple in it, simmering by the winter fire. She was somewhat fond of a drink made in this way.

Mrs. Partington in Court

"I took my knitting-work and went up into the gallery," said Mrs. Partington, the day after visiting one of the city courts; "I went up into the gallery, and after I had adjusted my specs, I looked down into the room, but I couldn't see any courting going on. An old gentleman seemed to be asking a good many impertinent questions—just like some old folks—and people were sitting around making minutes of the conversation. I don't see how they made out what was said, for they all told different stories. How much easier it would be to get along if they were all made to tell the same story! What a sight of trouble it would save the lawyers! The case, as they call it, was given to the jury, but I couldn't see it, and a gentleman with a long pole was made to swear that he'd keep an eye on 'em, and see that they didn't run away with it. Bimeby in they came again, and they said somebody was guilty of something, who had just said he was innocent, and didn't know nothing about it no more than the little baby that had never subsistence. I come away soon afterward; but I couldn't help thinking how trying it must be to sit there all day, shut out from the blessed air!"

Mrs. Partington's Oracular Pearls

"Your neighbor Kloots has grown quite obese," said the schoolmaster to Mrs. Partington, as they sat by the window.

Mrs. Partington greatly deprecated any ill remark about any

one, and she heard the observation in silence, until the schoolmaster continued:

"Don't you think so?"

"Why, as to his being a beast," replied she, "I am not willing to say, though some say he is very glutinous in his habits, and sometimes is indicted to steamiousness; but there is nothing harmonious about him that I know of; so I should be loath to call him so. The least we say is soonest mended, and none of us are any better than we ought to be, with corruption without and temptation within, and the Lord knows what, to disturb our equal Abraham, and bring us down all of a sudden, as Mr. Buss cut his leg——"

"I meant fat—obese—fat, madam," said the schoolmaster.

"Well," she replied, "perhaps he is, which you might have said so at first; but that has no weight against his character, that I know of, if he came honestly by it, which is none of my business."

The rebuke was well received, and Ike, who had listened attentively, drew with charcoal the picture of a fat man on the white closet door.

"How limpid you walk!" said a voice behind us, as we were making a hundred and fifty horse-power effort to reach a table whereon reposed a volume of Bacon. "What is the cause of your lameness?" It was Mrs. Partington's voice that spoke, and Mrs. Partington's eyes that met the glance we returned over our left shoulder. "Gout," said we, briefly, almost surlily. "Dear me," said she; "you are highly flavored! It was only rich people and epicacs in living that had the gout in olden times." "Ah!" we growled, partly in response, and partly with an infernal twinge. "Poor soul!" she continued, with commiseration, like an anodyne, in the tones of her voice; "the

best remedy I know of for it is an embarkation of Roman wormwood and lobelia for the part infected, though some say a cranberry poultice is best; but I believe the cranberries is for erisipilis, and whether either of 'em is a rostrum for the gout or not, I really don't know. If it was a fraction of the arm, I could jest know how to subscribe." We looked into her eye with a determination to say something severely bitter, because we felt allopathic just then; but the kind and sympathizing look that met our own disarmed severity, and sinking into a seat with our coveted Bacon, we thanked her. It was very evident, all the while that she, or they, stayed, that Ike was seeing how near he could come to our lame member and not touch it. He did touch it sometimes, but those didn't count.

"It is roominous enough in here," said Mrs. Partington, as she hung her bandbox and umbrella upon the side of the car on the Eastern Railroad, and took her seat. "I declare, I am very lucky to get so good a seat, when the cars are so crowded by execrationists going to the mountains or seashore. It is quite ill-convenient to travel at such times; but with an agreeable company, and a nice car like this, it is very pleasant."

"This is not an ice car, madam," replied the gentleman to whom she addressed her remark.

"Well, I must say that tobacco-smoke is not so nice as it might be, and I don't think people behave themselves altogether as well as they might who smoke where there is ladies; but we must take folks as we find 'em."

"Have a cigar, madam?" said her acquaintance.

"No, thank you," she replied, astonished at his audacity, as she saw him rub a match and light his weed.

"Go it alone!" said a voice behind her.

"Yes," said she, "I'm alone," thinking herself addressed.

She looked round to see a game of euchre progressing. As Batchelder, the conductor, entered, he saw the black bonnet and the kind eyes, and whispered in her ear, "You are in the smoking-car;" whereupon she went out and found her sphere in the next car.

"I've always noticed," said Mrs. Partington on New Year's Day, dropping her voice to the key that people adopt when they are disposed to be philosophical or moral, "I've always noticed that every year added to a man's life is apt to make him older, just as a man who goes a journey finds, as he jogs on, that every mile he goes brings him nearer where he is going, and farther from where he started. I am not so young as I was once, and I don't believe I shall ever be, if I live to the age of Samson, which, Heaven knows as well as I do, I don't want to, for I wouldn't be a centurian or an octagon, and survive my factories, and become idiomatic by any means. But then there is no knowing how a thing will turn out till it takes place; and we shall come to an end some day, though we may never live to see it."

There was a smart tap on the looking-glass that hung upon the wall, followed instantly by another.

"Gracious!" said she; "what's that? I hope the glass isn't fractioned, for it's a sure sign of calamity, and mercy knows they come along full fast enough without helping 'em by breaking looking-glasses."

There was another tap, and she caught sight of a white bean that fell on the floor; and there, reflected in the glass, was the face of Ike, who was blowing beans at the mirror through a crack in the door.

"Mrs. Partington *et als.!*" said Mrs. P., as Ike read an

eulogistic notice of herself and retinue thus headed. "Is that so, Isaac?"

"'Tain't nothing else," replied he, thrusting the cat's head through the paper, which served as an elaborated choker.

"Et als.!" mused she. "I never ate als in my life that I know of, though there is so many dishes with new names that one might forget 'em all, unless he is an epicac."

She turned everything in her mind to remember what she had eaten—her mind over full of turnovers—but it refused to come to her; and she made a memorandum, by tying a knot in her handkerchief, to call on the editor and find out about it. Ike sat upon the leaf of the extension-table, swinging his feet beneath it, trying to make a tune out of the creak.

—"*Partington Patchwork.*"

Sayings of Mrs. Partington

A Solemn Fact

"YOUR plants are most flagrantly odious," said Mrs. Partington, as she stooped over a small oval red table in a neighbor's house, which table was covered with cracked pots filled with luxuriant geraniums, and a monthly rose, and a cactus, and other bright creations, that shed their sweetness upon the almost tropical atmosphere of a southerly room in April, while a fragrant vine, hung in chains, graced the window with a curtain more gorgeous than any other not exactly like it. Mrs. Partington stood gazing upon them in admiration.

"How beautiful they are!" she continued. "Do you profligate your plants by slips, mem?"

She was told that such was the case; they were propagated by slips.

"So was mine," said Mrs. P. "I was always more lucky with my slips than with anything else."

Bless thy kind old heart, Mrs. Partington! it may be so with you, but it is not so with all; for the way of the world is hard, and many slips are made, and for the unfortunates whose feet or tongues slip on the treacherous path, a sentence generally awaits which admits small chance of reversal—a soiled coat or a soiled character sticking to them until both are worn out. Dear old lady! your humble chronicler remembers that many of the young and beautiful are *profligated* by slips—slips so gradual that propriety could hardly call them such at first—which end, heaven and earth and perdition know how deep.

The Largest Liberty

"Now go to meeting, dear," said Mrs. Partington, as Isaac stood smoothing his hair preparatory to going out on Sunday. He looked down at his new shoes, and a thought of the green fields made him sigh. A fishing-line hung out of one pocket, which Mrs. Partington didn't see.

"Where shall I go to?" asked Ike.

Since the old lady had given up her seat in the Old North Church, she had no stated place of worship.

"Go," she said sublimely, as she pulled down his jacket behind, "go anywheres the Gospel is dispensed with."

Such liberality is rare. Bigotry finds no place in her composition, and the truth, in her view, throws its light into every apartment of the Christian edifice, like an oysterman's chandelier into his many booths. The simile is not the very best, but the best to be had at present.

After a Wedding

"I like to tend weddings," said Mrs. Partington, as she came back from a neighboring church where one had been celebrated, and hung up her shawl, and replaced the black bonnet in her long-preserved bandbox. "I like to see young people come together with the promise to love, cherish, and nourish each other. But it is a solemn thing, is matrimony—a very solemn thing—where the pasture comes into the chancery, with his surplus on, and goes through with the cerement of making 'em man and wife. It ought to be husband and wife; for it ain't every husband that turns out a man. I declare I shall never forget how I felt when I had the nuptial ring put on to my finger, when Paul said, "With my goods I thee endow." He used to keep a dry-goods store then, and I thought he was going to give me all there was in it. I was young and simple, and didn't know till arterwards that it only meant one calico gound in a year. It is a lovely sight to see the young people plighting their trough, and coming up to consume their vows."

She bustled about and got tea ready, but abstractedly she put on the broken teapot, that had lain away unused since Paul was alive, and the teacups, mended with putty, and dark with age, as if the idea had conjured the ghost of past enjoyment to dwell for the moment in the home of present widowhood.

A young lady, who expected to be married on Thanksgiving night, wept copiously at her remarks, but kept on hemming the veil that was to adorn her brideship, and Ike sat pulling bristles out of the hearth-brush in expressive silence.

A Nave in the Church

"A nave in our church!" screamed Mrs. Partington, as her eye rested on the description of the new edifice, and the offensive word struck terror to her soul; "a nave in our church! Who can it be? Dear me, and they have been so careful, too, who they took in—exercising 'em aforehand, and putting 'em through the catechis and the lethargy, and pounding 'em into a state of grace! Who can it be?" And the spectacles expressed anxiety. "I believe it must be slander, arter all. Oh, what a terrible thing it is to pizen the peace of a neighborhood deterotating and backbiting, and lying about people, when the blessed truth is full bad enough about the best of us!"

What a lesson is here for the mischief-maker to ponder upon! Truth lent dignity to her words, and gave a beam to her countenance, reminding one somewhat of a sunset in the fall on a used-up landscape.

Mysterious Action of Rats

"As for the rats," said Mrs. Partington, as she missed several slices of cake, the disappearance of which she imputed to them, "it ain't no use to try to get rid of 'em. They rather like the vermin anecdote, and even chlorosive supplement they don't make up a face at. It must be the rats," continued she, thoughtfully, and took a large thumb and forefinger full of rappee to help her deliberation—"it can't be Isaac that took the cake, because he is a perfect prodigal of virtue, and wouldn't deceive me so, for I might leave a house full of bread with him and he wouldn't touch it."

Ike sat there demurely, with his right foot upon his left knee,

thinking what a capital sun-glass one eye of the old lady's specs would make, while a trace of crumbs was visible about his mouth. It is feared that not even chlorosive supplement, nor anything weaker than a padlock, will save Mrs. Partington's cake.

Mrs. Partington on Tobacco

"I know that tobacco is very dilatorious," said Mrs. Partington, as Mr. Trask sat conversing with her upon the body and soul destroying nature of the weed. "I know that tobacco is dilatorious, especially to a white floor;" and, taking out her snuff-box—the broad one with the picture of Napoleon on the cover—she tapped it and offered a pinch to her guest.

"Snuff is just as bad," said he, laying his finger gently on her arm and speaking earnestly—"snuff injures the intellect, affects the nerves, destroys the memory; it is *tobacco* in its most subtle form, and the poison appears as the devil did in Eden, under a pleasing exterior."

She gazed upon him a moment in silence.

"I know," said she, "it has a tenderness to the head; but I couldn't do without it, it is so auxiliarating to me when I am down to the heel; and if it is a pizen, as you call it, I should have been killed by it forty years ago. Good snuff, like good tea, is a great blessing, and I don't see how folks who have no amusement can get along without it."

The box was dropped back into its receptacle, and her friend took his leave, sighing that she would persist in shortening her days by the use of snuff, and stopped a moment to lecture Ike, who was enjoying a sugar cigar upon the front door-step.

—"*Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington.*"

Joseph G. Baldwin

Ovid Bolus, Esq.

Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery

A Fragment

And what history of that halcyon period, ranging from the year of Grace, 1835, to 1837; that golden era, when shin-plasters were the sole currency; when bank-bills were "as thick as Autumn leaves in Vallombrosa," and credit was a franchise—what history of those times would be complete that left out the name of Ovid Bolus? As well write the biography of Prince Hal, and forbear all mention of Falstaff. In law phrase, the thing would be a "deed without a name," and void; a most unpardonable *casus omissus*.

I cannot trace, for reasons the sequel suggests, the early history, much less the birthplace, pedigree, and juvenile associations of this worthy. Whence he or his forbears got his name or how, I don't know: but for the fact that it is to be inferred he got it in infancy, I should have thought he borrowed it: he borrowed everything else he ever had, such things as he got under the credit system only excepted: in deference, however, to the axiom that there is *some* exception to *all* general rules, I am willing to believe that he got this much honestly, by *bona fide* gift or inheritance, and without false pretense.

I have had a hard time of it in endeavoring to assign to Bolus his leading vice: I have given up the task in despair;

but I have essayed to designate that one which gave him, in the end, most celebrity. I am aware that it is invidious to make comparisons, and to give preeminence to one over other rival qualities and gifts, where all have high claims to distinction: but, then, the stern justice of criticism in this case requires a discrimination which, to be intelligible and definite, must be relative and comparative. I therefore take the responsibility of saying, after due reflection, that in my opinion Bolus's reputation stood higher for lying than for anything else: and in thus assigning preeminence to this poetic property, I do it without any desire to derogate from other brilliant characteristics belonging to the same general category which have drawn the wondering notice of the world.

Some men are liars from interest; not because they have no regard for truth, but because they have less regard for it than for gain: some are liars from vanity, because they would rather be well thought of by others than have reason for thinking well of themselves: some are liars from a sort of necessity which overbears, by the weight of temptation, the sense of virtue: some are enticed away by the allurements of pleasure, or seduced by evil example and education. Bolus was none of these: he belonged to a higher department of the fine arts, and to a higher class of professors of this sort of Belles-lettres. Bolus was a natural liar, just as some horses are natural pacers, and some dogs natural setters. What he did in that walk was from the irresistible promptings of instinct, and a disinterested love of art. His genius and his performances were free from the vulgar alloy of interest or temptation. Accordingly, he did not labor a lie: he lied with a relish: he lied with a coming appetite, growing with what it fed on: he lied from the delight of invention and the

charm of fictitious narrative. It is true he applied his art to the practical purposes of life; but in so far did he glory the more in it; just as an ingenious machinist rejoices that his invention, while it has honored science, has also supplied a common want.

Bolus's genius for lying was encyclopedical; it was what German criticism calls many-sided. It embraced all subjects without distinction or partiality. It was equally good upon all, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe."

Bolus's lying came from his greatness of soul and his comprehensiveness of mind. The truth was too small for him. Fact was too dry and commonplace for the fervor of his genius. Besides, great as was his memory—for he even remembered the outlines of his chief lies—his invention was still larger. He had a great contempt for history and historians. He thought them tame and timid cobblers; mere tinkers on other people's wares—simple parrots and magpies of other men's sayings or doings; borrowers of and acknowledged debtors for others' chattels, got without skill; they had no separate estate in their ideas: they were bailees of goods which they did not pretend to hold by adverse title; buriers of talents in napkins making no usury; barren and unprofitable non-producers in the intellectual vineyard—*nati consumere fruges.*

He adopted a fact occasionally to start with, but, like a Sheffield razor and the crude ore, the workmanship, polish, and value were all his own: a Tibet shawl could as well be credited to the insensate goat that grew the wool, as the author of a fact Bolus honored with his artistical skill could claim to be the inventor of the story.

His experiments upon credulity, like charity, began at home. He had long torn down the partition wall between his imagination and his memory. He had long ceased to dis-

tinguish between the impressions made upon his mind by what came *from* it, and what came *to* it: all ideas were facts to him.

Bolus's life was not a common man's life. His world was not the hard, work-day world the groundlings live in: he moved in a sphere of poetry: he lived amidst the ideal and romantic. Not that he was not practical enough, when he chose to be: by no means. He bought goods and chattels, lands and tenements, like other men; but he got them under a state of poetic illusion, and paid for them in an imaginary way. Even the titles he gave were not of the *earthy* sort—they were sometimes *clouded.* He gave notes, too—how well I know it!—like other men; he paid them like himself.

How well he asserted the Spiritual over the Material! How he delighted to turn an abstract idea into concrete cash—to make a few blots of ink, representing a little thought, turn out a labor-saving machine, and bring into his pocket money which many days of hard, exhausting labor would not procure! What pious joy it gave him to see the days of the good Samaritan return, and the hard hand of avarice relax its grasp on land and negroes, pork and clothes, beneath the soft speeches and kind promises of future rewards—blending in the act the three cardinal virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity; while, in the result, the chief of these three was *Charity!*

There was something sublime in the idea—this elevating the spirit of man to its true and primeval dominion over things of sense and grosser matter.

It is true that, in these practical romances, Bolus was charged with a defective taste in repeating himself. The justice of the charge must be, at least, partially acknowledged: this I know from a client to whom Ovid sold a tract of land after having sold it twice before: I cannot say, though, that his forgetting

to mention this circumstance made any difference, for Bolus originally had no title.

There was nothing narrow, sectarian, or sectional in Bolus's lying. It was on the contrary broad and catholic. It had no respect to times or places. It was as wide, illimitable, as elastic and variable as the air he spent in giving it expression. It was a generous, gentlemanly, whole-souled faculty. It was often employed on occasions of thrift, but no more; and no more zealously on these than on others of no profit to himself. He was an Egotist, but a magnificent one; he was not a liar because an egotist, but an egotist because a liar. He usually made himself the hero of the romantic exploits and adventures he narrated; but this was not so much to exalt himself as because it was more convenient to his art. He had nothing malignant or invidious in his nature. If he exalted himself it was seldom or never to the disparagement of others, unless, indeed, those others were merely imaginary persons, or too far off to be hurt. He would as soon lie for you as for himself. It was all the same, so there was something doing in his line of business, except in those cases in which his necessities required to be fed at your expense.

He did not confine himself to mere lingual lying: one tongue was not enough for all the business he had on hand. He acted lies as well. Indeed, sometimes his very silence was a lie. He made nonentity fib for him, and performed wondrous feats by a "masterly inactivity."

The *personnel* of this distinguished Votary of the Muse was happily fitted to his art. He was strikingly handsome. There was something in his air and bearing almost princely, certainly quite distinguished. His manners were winning, his address frank, cordial, and flowing. He was built after the model and structure of Bolingbroke in his youth, *Americanized* and

Hoosierized a little by a "raising in," and an adaptation to, the Backwoods. He was fluent but choice of diction, a little sonorous in the structure of his sentences to give effect to a voice like an organ. His countenance was open and engaging, usually sedate of expression, but capable of any modifications at the shortest notice. Add to this his intelligence, shrewdness, tact, humor, and that he was a ready debater and elegant declaimer, and had the gift of bringing out, to the fullest extent, his resources, and you may see that Ovid, in a new country, was a man apt to make no mean impression. He drew the loose population around him as the magnet draws iron filings. He was the man for the "boys"—then a numerous and influential class. His generous profusion and free-handed manner impressed them as the bounty of Cæsar the loafing commonalty of Rome: Bolus was no niggard. He never higgled or chaffered about small things. He was as free with his own money—if he ever had any of his own—as with yours. If he never paid borrowed money, he never asked payment of others. If you wished him to lend you any, he would give you a handful without counting it: if you handed him any, you were losing time in counting it, for you never saw anything of it again: Shallow's funded debt on Falstaff were as safe an investment: this would have been an equal commerce, but, unfortunately for Bolus's friends, the proportion between his disbursements and receipts was something scant. Such a spendthrift never made a track even in the flush times of 1836. It took as much to support him as a first-class steamboat. His bills at the groceries were as long as John Q. Adams's Abolition petition, or, if pasted together, would have matched the great Chartist memorial. He would as soon treat a regiment or charter the grocery for the day, as any other way; and after the crowd had heartily drank—some of them "laying their souls in soak"—if he did

not have the money convenient—as when did he?—he would fumble in his pocket, mutter something about nothing less than a $100 bill, and direct the score, with a lordly familiarity, to be charged to his account.

Ovid had early possessed the faculty of ubiquity. He had been born in more places than Homer. In an hour's discourse, *he* would, with more than the speed of Ariel, travel at every point of the compass, from Portland to San Antonio, some famous adventure always occurring just as he "rounded to," or while stationary, though he did not remain longer than to see it. He was present at every important debate in the Senate at Washington, and had heard every popular speaker on the hustings, at the bar and in the pulpit, in the United States. He had been concerned in many important causes with Grymes and against Mazereau in New Orleans, and had borne no small share in the fierce forensic battles which, with singular luck, *he* and Grymes always won in the courts of the Crescent City. And such frolics as they had when they laid aside their heavy armor after the heat and burden of the day! Such gambling! A negro *ante* and twenty on the call was moderate playing. What lots of "Ethiopian captives" and other plunder *he raked down* vexed Arithmetic to count and credulity to believe; and had it not been for Bolus's generosity in giving "the boys" a chance to win back *by doubling off on the high hand*, there is no knowing what changes of owners would not have occurred in the Rapides or on the German Coast.

The Florida war and the Texas revolution, had each furnished a brilliant theater for Ovid's chivalrous emprise. Jack Hays and he were great chums. Jack and he had many a hearty laugh over the odd trick of Ovid in lassoing a Comanche Chief while galloping a stolen horse, barebacked, up the San Saba hills. But he had the rig on Jack again when he made

him charge on a brood of about twenty Comanches who had got into a mot of timber in the prairies, and were shooting their arrows from the covert, Ovid, with a six-barreled rifle, taking them on the wing as Jack rode in and flushed them!

It was an affecting story and feelingly told, that of his and Jim Bowie's rescuing an American girl from the Apaches, and returning her to her parents in St. Louis; and it would have been still more tender had it not been for the unfortunate necessity Bolus was under of shooting a brace of gay lieutenants on the border, one frosty morning before breakfast, back of the fort, for taking unbecoming liberties with the fair damosel, the spoil of his bow and spear.

But the girls Ovid courted, and the miraculous adventures he had met with in love beggared by the comparison all the fortune of war had done for him. Old Nugent's daughter, Sallie, was his narrowest escape. Sallie was accomplished to the romantic extent of two ocean steamers and four blocks of buildings in Boston, separated only from immediate "perception and pernancy" by the contingency of old Nugent's recovering from a confirmed dropsy, for which he had been twice ineffectually tapped. The day was set—the presents made—superb of course—the guests invited: the old Sea Captain insisted on Bolus's setting his negroes free, and taking five thousand dollars apiece for the loss. Bolus's love for the "peculiar institution" wouldn't stand it. Rather than submit to such degradation Ovid broke off the match, and left Sallie broken-hearted; a disease from which she did not recover until about six months afterwards, when she ran off with the mate of her father's ship, the *Sea-Serpent*, in the Rio trade.

Gossip and personal anecdote were the especial subjects of Ovid's elocution. He was intimate with all the notabilities of the political circles. He was a privileged visitor of the political

green-room. He was admitted back into the laboratory where the political thunder was manufactured, and into the office where the magnetic wires were worked. He knew the origin of every party question and movement, and had a finger in every pie the party cooks of Tammany baked for the body politic.

One thing in Ovid I can never forgive. This was his coming it over poor Ben. I don't object to it on the score of the swindle. That was to have been expected. But swindling Ben was degrading the dignity of the art. True, it illustrated the universality of his science, but it lowered it to a beggarly process of mean deception. There was no skill in it. It was little better than crude larceny. A child could have done it; it had as well been done to a child. It was like catching a cow with a lariat, or setting a steel-trap for a pet pig. True, Bolus had nearly practised out of custom. He had worn his art threadbare. Men who could afford to be cheated had all been worked up or been scared away. Besides, Frost couldn't be put off. He talked of money in a most ominous connection with blood. The thing could be settled by a bill of exchange. Ben's name was unfortunately good—the amount some $1,600. Ben *had* a fine tract of land in S——r. He has not got it now. Bolus only gave Ben one wrench—that was enough. Ben never breathed easy afterward. All the V's and X's of ten years' hard practice went in that penful of ink. Fie! Bolus, Monroe Edwards wouldn't have done that. He would sooner have sunk down to the level of some honest calling for a living than have put his profession to so mean a shift. I can conceive of but one extenuation; Bolus was on the lift for Texas, and the desire was natural to qualify himself for citizenship.

The genius of Bolus, strong in its unassisted strength, yet gleamed out more brilliantly under the genial influence of "the

rosy." With boon companions and "reaming suats," it was worth while to hear him of a winter evening. He could "gild the palpable and the familiar with golden exhalations of the dawn." The most commonplace objects became dignified. There was a history to the commonest articles about him: that book was given him by Mr. Van Buren—the walking-stick was a present from General Jackson: the thrice-watered Monongahela, just drawn from the grocery hard by, was the last of a distillation of 1825 smuggled in from Ireland, and presented to him by a friend in New Orleans on easy terms with the collector; the cigars, not too fragrant, were of a box sent him by a schoolmate from Cuba in 1834—*before* he visited the island. And talking of Cuba—he had met with an adventure there, the impression of which never could be effaced from his mind. He had gone at the instance of Don Carlos y Cubanos (an intimate classmate in a Kentucky Catholic College), whose life he had saved from a mob in Louisville at the imminent risk of his own. The Don had a sister of blooming sixteen, the least of whose charms was two or three coffee plantations, some hundreds of slaves, and a suitable garnish of doubloons, accumulated during her minority, in the hands of her uncle and guardian, the Captain General. All went well with the young lovers —for such, of course, they were—until Bolus, with his usual frank indiscretion, in a conversation with the Priest avowed himself a Protestant. Then came trouble. Every effort was made to convert him; but Bolus's faith resisted the eloquent tongue of the Priest and the more eloquent eyes of Donna Isabella. The brother pleaded the old friendship—urged a seeming and formal conformity—the Captain General argued the case like a politician—the Señorita like a warm and devoted woman. All would not do. The Captain General forbade his longer sojourn on the island. Bolus took leave of the fair

Señorita: the parting interview held in the orange-bower was affecting: Donna Isabella, with dishevelled hair, threw herself at his feet; the tears streamed from her eyes: in liquid tones, broken by grief, she implored him to relent—reminded him of her love, of her trust in him, and of the consequences—now not much longer to be concealed—of that love and trust; ("though I protest," Bolus would say, "I don't know what she meant exactly by *that*"). "Gentlemen," Bolus continued, "I confess to the weakness—I wavered—but then my eyes happened to fall on the breast-pin with a lock of my mother's hair—I recovered my courage: I shook her gently from me. I felt my last hold on earth was loosened—my last hope of peace destroyed. Since that hour my life has been a burden. Yes, gentlemen, you see before you a broken man—a martyr to his religion. But away with these melancholy thoughts: boys, pass around the jorum." And wiping his eyes he drowned the wasting sorrow in a long draught of the poteen, and, being much refreshed, was able to carry the burden on a little further —*videlicet*, to the next lie.

It must not be supposed that Bolus was destitute of the tame virtue of prudence—or that this was confined to the avoidance of the improvident habit of squandering his money in paying old debts. He took reasonably good care of his person. He avoided all unnecessary exposures chiefly from a patriotic desire, probably, of continuing his good offices to his country. His recklessness was, for the most part, lingual. To hear his talk one might suppose he held his carcass merely for a target to try guns and knives upon; or that the business of his life was to draw men up to ten paces or less, for sheer improvement in marksmanship. Such exploits as he had gone through with dwarfed the heroes of romance to very pigmy and sneaking proportions. Pistol at the Bridge when

he bluffed at honest Fluellen might have envied the swash-buckler airs Ovid would sometimes put on. But I never could exactly identify the place he had laid out for his burying-ground. Indeed, I had occasion to know that he declined to understand several not very ambiguous hints upon which he might, with as good a grace as Othello, have spoken, not to mention one or two pressing invitations which his modesty led him to refuse. I do not know that the base sense of fear had anything to do with these declinations: possibly he might have thought he had done his share of fighting, and did not wish to monopolize: or his principles forbade it—I mean those which opposed his paying a debt: knowing he could not cheat that inexorable creditor, Death, of his claim, he did the next thing to it—which was to delay and shirk payment as long as possible.

It remains to add a word of criticism on this great *Lyric* artist.

In lying, Bolus was not only a successful, but he was a very able practitioner. Like every other eminent artist, he brought all his faculties to bear upon his art. Though quick of perception and prompt of invention, he did not trust himself to the inspirations of his genius for *improvising* a lie when he could well premeditate one. He deliberately built up the substantial masonry, relying upon the occasion and its accessories chiefly for embellishment and collateral supports: as Burke excogitated the more solid parts of his great speeches, and left unprepared only the illustrations and fancy-work.

Bolus's manner was, like every truly great man's, his own. It was excellent. He did not come blushing up to a lie, as some otherwise very passable liars do, as if he were making a mean compromise between his guilty passion or morbid vanity and a struggling conscience. Bolus had long since settled all disputes with *his* conscience. He and it were on very good

terms—at least, if there was no affection between the couple, there was no fuss in the family; or, if there were any scenes or angry passages, they were reserved for strict privacy and never got out. My own opinion is, that he was as destitute of the article as an ostrich. Thus he came to his work bravely, cheerfully, and composedly. The delights of composition, invention, and narration did not fluster his style or agitate his delivery. He knew how, in the tumult of passion, to assume the "temperance to give it smoothness." A lie never ran away with him, as it is apt to do with young performers: he could always manage and guide it; and to have seen him fairly mounted would have given you some idea of the polished elegance of D'Orsay and the superb *manage* of Murat. There is a tone and manner of narration different from those used in delivering ideas just conceived; just as there is a difference between the sound of the voice in reading and in speaking. Bolus knew this, and practised on it. When he was narrating, he put the facts in order, and seemed to speak them out of his memory; but not formally, or as if by rote. He would stop himself to correct a date; recollect he was wrong—he was *that* year at the White Sulphur or Saratoga, etc.: having got the date right, the names of persons present would be incorrect, etc.: and these he corrected in turn. A stranger hearing him would have feared the marring of a good story by too fastidious a conscientiousness in the narrator.

His zeal in pursuit of a lie under difficulties was remarkable. The society around him—if such it could be called—was hardly fitted, without some previous preparation, for an immediate introduction to Almack's or the classic precincts of Gore House. The manners of the natives were rather plain than ornate, and candor rather than polish predominated in their conversation. Bolus had need of some forbearance to withstand the interrup-

tions and cross-examinations with which his revelations were sometimes received. But he possessed this in a remarkable degree. I recollect on one occasion when he was giving an account of a providential escape he was signally favored with (when boarded by a pirate off the Isle of Pines, and he pleaded masonry, and gave a sign he had got out of the Disclosures of Morgan) Tom Johnson interrupted him to say that he had heard *that* before (which was more than Bolus had ever done). B. immediately rejoined that he had, he believed, given him, Tom, a *running* sketch of the incident. "Rather," said Tom, "I think a *lying* sketch." Bolus scarcely smiled as he replied that Tom was a wag, and couldn't help turning the most serious things into jests; and went on with his usual brilliancy to finish the narrative. Bolus did not overcrowd his canvas. His figures were never confused, and the subordinates and accessories did not withdraw attention from the main and substantive lie. He never squandered his lies profusely: thinking, with the poet, that "bounteous, not prodigal, is kind Nature's hand," he kept the golden mean between penuriousness and prodigality; never stingy of his lies, he was not wasteful of them, but was rather forehanded than pushed or embarrassed, having usually fictitious stock to be freshly put on 'change when he wished to "make a raise." In most of his fables he inculcated but a single leading idea, but contrived to make the several facts of the narrative fall in very gracefully with the principal scheme.

The rock on which many promising young liars, who might otherwise have risen to merited distinction, have split, is vanity: this marplot vice betrays itself in the exultation manifested on the occasion of a decided hit, an exultation too inordinate for mere recital, and which betrays authorship; and to betray authorship in the present barbaric, moral, and

intellectual condition of the world is fatal. True, there seems to be some inconsistency here. Dickens and Bulwer can do as much lying, for money too, as they choose, and no one blame them, any more than they would blame a lawyer regularly *fee'd* to do it; but let any man, gifted with the same genius, try his hand at it, not deliberately and in writing, but merely orally, and ugly names are given him, and he is proscribed! Bolus heroically suppressed exultation over the victories his lies achieved.

Alas! for the beautiful things of Earth, its flowers, its sunsets—its lovely girls—its lies—brief and fleeting are their date. Lying is a very delicate accomplishment. It must be tenderly cared for and jealously guarded. It must not be overworked. Bolus forgot this salutary caution. The people found out his art. However dull the commons are as to other matters, they get sharp enough, after a while, to whatever concerns their bread and butter. Bolus not having confined his art to political matters, sounded, at last, the depths, and explored the limits of popular credulity. The denizens of this degenerate age had not the disinterestedness of Prince Hal, who "cared not how many fed at his cost"; they got tired, at last, of promises to pay. The credit system, common before as pump-water, adhering, like the elective franchise, to every voter, began to take the worldly wisdom of Falstaff's mercer, and ask security; and security liked something more substantial than plausible promises. In this forlorn condition of the country, returning to its savage state, and abandoning the refinements of a ripe Anglo-Saxon civilisation for the sordid safety of Mexican or Chinese modes of traffic; deserting the sweet simplicity of its ancient trustingness and the poetic illusions of Augustus Tomlinson for the vulgar saws of poor Richard—Bolus, with a sigh like that breathed out by his great

prototype after his apostrophe to London, gathered up, one bright moonlight night, his articles of value, shook the dust from his feet, and departed from a land unworthy of his longer sojourn. With that delicate consideration for the feelings of his friends, which, like the politeness of Charles II., never forsook him, he spared them the pain of a parting interview. He left no greetings of kindness; no messages of love: nor did he ask assurances of their lively remembrance. It was quite unnecessary. In every house he had left an autograph, in every ledger a souvenir. They will never forget him. Their connection with him will be ever regarded as

——"The *greenest* spot
In memory's waste."

Poor Ben, whom he had honored with the last marks of his confidence, can scarcely speak of him to this day without tears in his eyes. Far away toward the setting sun he hied him, until, at last, with a hermit's disgust at the degradation of the world, like Ignatius turned monk, he pitched his tabernacle amidst the smiling prairies that sleep in vernal beauty, in the shadow of the San Saba mountains. There let his mighty genius rest. It has earned repose. We leave Themistocles to his voluntary exile.

—"*The Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi.*"

Johnson J. Hooper

Taking the Census

Part Second

When we were taking the census in Tallapoosa, we had a rare frolic at old Kit Kuncker's, up on Union Creek, which we must tell about. But first let us introduce Uncle Kit.

Old Kit was a fine specimen of the old-fashioned Georgia wagoner, of the glorious old times when locomotives didn't whiz about in every direction. He was brought up on the road, and retained a fondness for his early vocation, though now in comparative affluence. Uncle Kit was sixty years old, we suppose, but the merriest old dog alive; and his chirruping laugh sounded every minute in the day. Particularly fond of female society, his great delight was to plague the "womanhood" of his household and settlement in every possible way. His waggery, of one sort or other, was incessant; and as he was the patriarch of his neighborhood—having transplanted every family in it, with himself, from Georgia—his jokes were all considered good jokes, and few dared be offended at his good-humored satire. Besides all this, Uncle Kit was a devoted Jackson man, and an inveterate hater of all nullifiers: hence the name of his creek.

Two "chattels" had Mr. Kuncker which he prized beyond all his other possessions—one of these was a big yellow dog that followed the wagon, and among other accomplishments, predicted the future. Uncle Kit called him Andy, in honor of General Jackson. The other favorite was a fine old roan

horse, named "Fiddler Bill," upon which, when a little "drinky," he was wont to exhibit very fair horsemanship in the streets, or rather the street, of Dudleyville.

We were making an entry of somebody's chickens, at a store door in the village just mentioned, one August day, when a familiar "hillo!" reached our ear, and, turning round, we perceived, some twenty yards off, the quizzical face of our old friend projecting over the fore-gate of his wagon, and puckered into five hundred little wrinkles as he cachinated joyously—

"Hillo, 'squire! bless your little *union* snake-skin, yer Uncle Kit's *so* glad to see you, ha! ha! I'm jist back from Wetumpky, because, ya! You see, yer Uncle Kit's been down to get the trimmins for Niece Susy's weddin' next Thursday night. You must come over 'squire—it's Jim Spraggins that's gwine to pick up Suse; you see yer Uncle Kit waited for you twell he found you *wouldn't* talk it out, he! he! ha!—come over, as I was a-sayin, and you kin take the *sensis* of the whole krick at one settin', and buss all the gals besides, he! a! yah! yah!"

We thanked Uncle Kit, and told him we would come; whereupon the jovial old fellow whistled to Andy—who had stepped into the "grocery," thinking that, of course, his master would stop *there*, anyhow—"clucked" to Fiddler Bill, who worked in the lead, cracked the steers at the wheels, and so started.

In a moment we heard the sharp "hillo!" again.

"You must be sure to come, 'squire," said Uncle Kit, stopping his team so as to be heard; "yer Aunt Hetty will look for you certain, he! he!—and if she can raise somethin' for you to eat, and a year or two o' corn for your horse, *any way in the world*, you will be as welcome to it as the water that runs;" and Mr. Kuncker chuckled terribly at the bare idea of our Aunt Hetty's being straitened to provide viands for animals human or equine!

We repeated our assurances that we should attend; and Uncle Kit, reassuming the lines, said—"Well, *now* I'm off sure, 'squire. God bless you and Ginnel Jackson, and d—n the nullifiers! Wake up, Fid! Good-by"—and rolled off.

Once again, however, he stopped and shouted back, "Don't be afeard to come! Yer Uncle Kit has fust-rate *spring-water* allers on hand!" and he chuckled longer than before at the wit of calling *corn-whisky* "spring-water"; and put his finger by the side of his old cut-water of a nose. So lively an old dog was Uncle Kit Kuncker.

On the appointed evening, we arrived at Mr. Kuncker's about dark. The old man was waiting at the fence to receive us.

"Bless your *union* soul, little squire," he said, shaking our extended hand with both of his; "yer Uncle Kit is as proud to see you as ef he'd a found a silver dollar with a hole through it. Hetty!" he shouted, "here's the God-blessed little union 'squire come to see his uncle! Come out and see him, he! he! yah! and, mind and throw a meal-bag, or somethin' else over your head, twell my little 'squire gits sorter usen to the *big ugly!* Make haste, you old dried-up witch! Ef you can't find the bag, take yer apern! he! he! e! a! yah!" and Uncle Kit laughed till he cried.

Mrs. Kuncker presently made her appearance—not with the meal-bag over her head, however—and greeted us most hospitably.

"Don't mind old Kit's romancin', 'squire," she observed; "I'm afeard he'll be a fool all his days. We've been married now gwine on forty year, and he's never spoke the fust sensible word yit."

"Sorter shade your eyes, long at fust, 'squire," remarked Uncle Kit, as he busied himself in "stripping" our steed "when you look at yer Aunt Hetty. The *ugly's* out on her wuss

nor the small-pox! ha! ha! yah! and I'm bound to keep it out too, wi' all sorts o' warm teas. The Lord will be mighty apt to call her home ef ever it strikes in, I'm a-thinkin'"—and Uncle Kit laughed again, while he placed our saddle upon the fence, with twenty others.

"Come in, 'squire," said Aunt Hetty, "or that poor, light-hearted old critter 'ill laugh hisself to death"; and we walked with her into Mr. Kuncker's neat, *framed* dwelling—the only building of the sort on Union Creek.

The big room of Uncle Kit's house was full of light and of company. Most of the latter were known to us, but there were some strange faces; and with these we determined to get acquainted as soon as possible. A little removed from the bustling part of the congregation we observed a fat woman, of middle age, with a sleepy expression of face. A little way from her feet, and sprawling on the floor, was a chubby child, about eighteen months old, whose little coat was pinned up, by the hem behind, to its collar; thus leaving no inconsiderable portion of its person exposed. "Here," thought we, "is an interesting family; let's take it down;" and approaching the dame, we drew our papers, having first saluted her.

"Gracious! stranger!" she ejaculated, "what're you arter?"

"Only taking the census."

"Sally! oh, Sally Heston, *do* run here," said Mrs. Naron—for that proved to be her name—"ef here ain't the man we've hearn so much 'bout! Here's the *chicken-man!* I do wonder," she continued, surveying us from crown to soul; "well, hit's the *slimmest* crittir, to be sure, ever *I* seed. Hit's legs, I *do* declar, is not as big as my Thomas Jefferson's. Come here, Thomas Jefferson, and let manne thee af your legth ain't ath big ath hitthen," addressing the youngster on the floor.

But Thomas Jefferson did not heed the invitation, but

continued to dabble and splash in a little pool of water, which had somehow got there, as proud, apparently, of his *sans-culottism* as ever his illustrious namesake could have been of his.

"Don't you *hear* me, Thomas Jefferson?" screamed the mother—"don't you hear me, you little tor*ment?*"

Thomas Jefferson *did* hear this time, and hastened to obey. He raised himself up, spread out his fat arms to preserve his equilibrium, turned half round, lost it, and was instantly seated in the miniature pool with a splash that sent several droplets into his mother's face.

Mrs. Naron flew at the child with an energy that contrasted strongly with her oleaginous appearance; and seizing him by the middle, held him up *inverted*, with one hand, while with the other she inflicted what, in our nursery days, would have been called a "sound spanking," which finished, she reseated herself, and brought him down in a sitting position upon her knee, with sufficient violence to produce a sudden abbreviation of as dreadful a howl as ever vexed human ear.

We didn't altogether relish these indications of a vivacious temperament in Mrs. Naron, and accordingly made our examination as short and smooth as possible. And when she demurred to furnishing the statistical information, because she "never *had* done sich a thing afore," we admitted the cogency of the reason, and pressed the matter no further; for we were convinced that the government did not expect its officers to run the risk of what Master Thomas Jefferson Naron had got, merely to add another dozen yards of cloth, or score of chickens, to the estimated wealth of the country.

There was now a slight bustle in one corner, for which, at first, we couldn't account. It was among a group of young persons, male and female, who appeared to be urging one of

their number to do something which he was unwilling, or affected to be unwilling, to do. "Do now, Pete." "Oh, you *kin*—you *know* you kin." "Pshaw! I wouldn't be a fool!" "Jist this *one* time, Pete," were some of the exclamations and expostulations that we heard. They were not without effect: a young man in a blue coat, with big brass buttons, cleared his throat, and commenced singing, to a tune whiningly dolorous, nasal, unvaried, and interminable, the popular ditty of

"*The Old Bachelare*"

'Come, *while* you set silent, I'll have you to hear,
The truth or a lie, from an old bache*lare:*
They'll set and they'll think, twell they war out their brains,
And wish for a wife—but it *is* all in vain—
Sing down, dary down."

Before this verse was half-finished, Andy (the dog), who was coiled up in the entry, commenced a howling accompaniment, worse even than the vocalism of Mr. Peter Marks, who looked vexed and confused, and stopped singing.

"I wouldn't mind it, Peter," said good old Mrs. Kuncker, who now approached; "I wouldn't mind it. It's nothin' but that dratted yaller brute of old Kit's, and, bless the Lord, it's *jist* the way he does *me*, constant—his master's larnt it to him—I never kin begin to sing, 'I rode on the sky, quite ondestified I,' or 'Primrose,' or 'Zion,' or *any* of them sperechal himes, but what the stinkin', yaller cuss strikes up his everlastin' howl, and jist makes me quit whether or no!" and Aunt Hetty went and drove Andy away!

"He! he! yah! yah! e-e- yah!" chuckled Uncle Kit—"ain't Andy got a noble v'ice? *Ain't* he, 'squire? yah! yah! *He* sings *bass*, and yer Aunt Hetty sings *tribble*, and I'm gwine to

git a middlin'-size dog to sing *tenor*, and then we'll be fixed—he! he! yah!—and you must come over every other Sunday to yer Uncle Kit's singing school"—laughing immoderately at the conceit.

And Hetty said "pish!" with a worried air, and Mr. Marks re-tuned his pipes:

"But when you are married, it is for to please,
And when you have children you're never at ease;
You'll *go* bare and stint, just to make 'em suppo't,
But a bachelor's care is his back and his throat;
Sing down, dary down."

The applause being loud and enthusiastic, Mr. Marks passed his right hand over his well-tallowed side locks, glanced at the buttons of his coat, cleared his throat, and proceeded to give the other side of the picture:

"But when you are gone, your wife will prepar'
A dish of fine dainties, or somethin' that's rar';
So smilin' and pleasin' when you do draw near—
There's no such delight for the old bache*lare!*
Sing down, dary down."

Andy, by this time, had got under the house, and accompanied the singer in the two last lines and the chorus, without any particular reference to "time," but with an earnestness that showed that the love of music was in his soul. Mr. Marks bit his lips and frowned, but as he had only one more verse to sing, determined to try and get through with it:

"When *I* go abroad, and sich things I do see"—

(Andy howled furiously.)

"I wish, but in vain, that it only was me"—

("Oo-oo-au-e-au-oo-oo-oo!" from the dog!)

"Whilst *I* must both breeches and petticoat ware"—

(Andy kept "*even along.*")

"It grieves me to think I'm an old bach*elare;*
Sing down, dary down."

Andy howled through the last line beautifully, but getting into the chorus, commenced a series of barks which seemed likely to be prolonged indefinitely.

"My poor dog!" exclaimed Mr. Kuncker, affecting great anxiety, "my poor dog has got *tangled up* in that *cussed* tune, and 'll choke hisself to death! Run, Jim" —to his son—"and ontie the blasted thing, or cut it in two! yah e-e yah! yah! yaw!"

"Bein' as my kumpny ain't adceptable *here*, I'll dismiss," said Mr. Marks, the vocalist, in a pet; at the same time buttoning up his blue swallow-tail, and sleeking down his greasy locks.

"Couldn't you give us somethin' *sperechal* before you go?" asked Uncle Kit, "your Aunt Hetty and Andy's tip-top on *sperechal* songs;" and the wrinkles on Mr. Kuncker's face formed themselves into fifty little smilets.

"Kee-yow! yow!" all of a sudden from Andy, as he ran from under the house.

"Make up your bread with *that!*" said Aunt Hetty, as she raised up with the tea-kettle in her hand, from which she had been pouring boiling water through a crack upon Andy.

"Old 'oman!" said Uncle Kit passionately, "I'll take that dog kleen away"—thinking, in the energy of his own affection for Andy, that the announcement would have a decidedly pain-

ful effect upon the mind of his wife—"and you never shall set eyes upon him agin, *as long as you live!*"

"I — only — wish —to — the — Lord — in — heaven — you *would!*" said Aunt Hetty, emphatically shaking her head between each word.

"I won't do no sich a thing!" said old Kit, in the spirit of contradiction; "I'll keep him here *allers*, jist to sing! He shall sing 'Primrose'——"

"Can't help it!"

"And 'Zion,' and——"

"Can't help that nuther!"

"'Won't you come and go with me,' and——"

"Don't care!"

"And all the rest of the songs in the Mezooree Harmony, and 'Mearcer's Cluster,' too! Cust ef he sha'n't!"

"Well! well! Christopher, old man!" said Aunt Hetty, in a conciliatory tone; "don't be aggrawated. I oughtent to fret you, I know; and ef Andy'll behave hisself like a decent dog—like Bull Wilkerson, now, for a sample, which never comes in the hou——"

"Thar ain't"—said Uncle Kit, swelling with indignation at the indirect attack upon the morals of his dog—"thar ain't a dog of a better karackter in the settlement than Andy Kuncker —Bull Wilkerson or no Bull Wilkerson! No! thar ain't no better nor no *gentlemanlier* a dog in the *whole county* than Andy! Savin' the presence of this kumpny, I'll be *damned* ef thar is!" and having so spoken, Mr. Kuncker went out to seek his dog and console him in his afflictions.

As soon as Mr. Kuncker returned, the couple desirous of matrimony took the floor, and 'Squire Berry united them in the bonds of wedlock after the most summary fashion. Uncle Kit then announced that some "cold scraps" were to be found in

an adjoining room—which said "cold scraps" consisted, principally, of one or two half-grown hogs baked brown; two or three very fat turkeys; a hind quarter of beef; together with about a half wagon-load of bread, cake, pies, stewed fruit, and so forth.

"'Squire! 'squire! don't set *thar!*" said Uncle Kit, addressing himself to us as we were taking a chair among the masculine portion of the guests; "oh, no! he! yah! yah! your Uncle Kit didn't bring you here for that, yah! yah! yah! Here's a little gal has never had her *sensis* taken, and I want you to see ef you kan't git 'em, yah! yah!" and Uncle Kit forced us into a chair, greatly against our will, by the side of Miss Winny Folsom, a very pretty girl, with a pouting mouth. Mr. Kuncker drew up a chair behind us.

Standing near Uncle Kit's back, we observed a young man who, somehow or other, took a great apparent interest in either Miss Winny or ourself; but he said nothing. He was a rare specimen of the piney-woods' species of the genus homo. His face was not unhandsome, but he had a considerable stoop of the shoulders, and was knock-kneed to deformity. His coat was "blue mixed," with a very acute terminus, and it seemed to have a particular affection for the hump of his shoulders, for it touched no other part of his person. His pantaloons were of buff cassimere—most probably bought at second-hand—and contracted, from excessive washing, or some other cause, to a painful scantiness. There was a *white* "streak" between his vest and the waistband, and a *red* one between the ends of the legs and the tops of his white cotton socks. A pair of red-leather straps, some twenty inches long, exerted themselves to keep the legs down to this mark; but every time that Mr. Isaac Hetson—that was his name—stooped, the pantaloons had slightly the advantage, by reason of the superior elasticity

of the straps, and the *red* streak was, on every such occasion, made a little wider.

"Talk to her, 'squire ! talk to her!" said Uncle Kit; "when yer Uncle Kit was young, he didn't do nothin' but talk to the gals, he-e-yah! yah!"

We endeavored to make ourselves agreeable to Miss Winny, of course, and during the whispering of one of those confidential nothings common in such circumstances our head came almost in contact with hers. Seizing the opportunity, Mr. Kuncker brought *his* close up, and with his lips produced such an explosion as might have resulted had we kissed Miss Winny.

"Ha!" exclaimed the old fellow, starting back in well-feigned amazement; "at it a'ready, 'squire! Well! 'twas a *buster*, anyway!" whereupon he laughed immoderately, as did most of the company. Miss Winny turned red, and *we* looked foolish—we suppose.

"Some people's too derned smart, anyhow!" said the gentleman in buff cassimere, who supposed that we had really kissed Miss Winny.

"And some ain't smart enough, Ikey Hetson," said Uncle Kit; "or they wouldn't let other people cut 'em out—would they, Winny?"

Winny smiled, but said nothing, and Mr. Kuncker raising himself half up, so as again to intercept Mr. Hetson's view, produced another explosion.

"For shame, 'squire!" said he, sitting down again.

"I kin whip any pocket-knife lawyer that ever made a moccasin track in Dates*ville!*" said Ike, striding backward and forward behind Mr. Kuncker's chair, like a lion in his cage—furiously jealous.

Uncle Kit laughed until his wife called to him across the room, and told him he was a "stark naitral old fool!"

"I wouldn't be a gump, ef I was you, Ike Hetson," remarked Miss Winny.

"Them that don't care nothin' for me," replied Ike, "I don't care nothin' for them, nuther."

"The 'squire's mouth ain't *pisen*, I reckon," said Miss Winny very sharply; "and it wouldn't *kill* a body ef he *did* kiss 'em!"

"Let's see!" said we, doing *that same* before Miss Winny could help herself.

"Go it! my rip-roarin', little union 'squire: you're elected!" shouted Uncle Kit, in a paroxysm of delight.

"Dern my everlastin' dog-skin ef I'll stand it!" said the furious lover—"I'll die in my tracks fust! I'm jist as good as town folks, ef they *do* war shoe-boots and store close. I'm jist a hunderd and forty sev*ing* pound, *neat* weight, and I'm a wheel-horse!" and then Mr. Hetson doubled his fists and shook himself all over, with an energy that looked dangerous, considered in reference to the excessive tightness of his buff cassimeres.

Aunt Hetty now interposed—"Do, Ikey! do, now, son, *don't* be fretted so—*don't* be so jealous-hearted! The 'squire didn't mean *no* harm *in* the world, by bussin' Winny; and Winny didn't mean none by lettin' of him——"

"I didn't let him: he done it hisself!" said Winny.

"Oh, well! we all know *that*, to be sure," said Aunt Hetty. "It were jist the romancin' of that simple old crittur, that's never easy without he's got somebody in a brile. I wouldn't mind it, Ikey, no more'n I would——"

But Mr. Hetson *did* mind it; and he didn't wait for Aunt Hetty to fish up a figure whereby to illustrate its insignificance before he made a "burst" at us—but Mr. Kuncker caught him by the shoulder.

"Stop!" said Uncle Kit.

"*What?*" inquired Hetson.

Uncle Kit paused, and then slowly but most emphatically remarked:

"*You'll tar them trousers!*"—and the whole company laughed at Uncle Kit's remark, or Ike Hetson's trousers—or perhaps at both. And Ike hung down his head, and was evidently "used up."

"Thar's but *one* way to settle this, and to know who's to have Winny—you or my little union 'squire."

"How's that?" asked Hetson.

"*Andy* will tell us all about it!"

Mr. Hetson turned very pale, for he had great faith in the predictions of Andy.

A general rush—supper being over—to the big room followed this announcement, and Uncle Kit whistled Andy into the house. The dog-prophet came in slowly and crouchingly, for the fear of his mistress was before his eyes; and as he got opposite Mrs. Kuncker he emitted a deprecatory whine, and with a bound attained his master's legs. Aunt Hetty, however, made no attempt to strike him.

"Now, Andy, boy," said Uncle Kit, "I've fetched you in here to tell all about Miss Winny Folsom's fortin; and you must do it mighty nice and good, for she's a pretty little *union* gal!" He then set about drawing a huge circle and several smaller circles within, and an immense number of *radii* and, between these, rude representations of animals, both real and fabulous—while Andy sat by, wagging his tail and looking very intelligent.

"It *a-i-n-t* right—it *a-i-n-t* right!—it's *a-g-i-n* Scriptur'!" said Granny Whipple, shaking her head, and dwelling on the italicized words as she surveyed the necromantic operations of old Kit—"you're a-doin' of a *w-r-o-n-g* thing, Christopher

Kuncker! I *t-e-l-l* you you are!" But Mr. Kuncker only laughed at Granny Whipple.

While Mr. Kuncker was engaged in preparing for the delivery of the oracles, secundum artem, the conversation in the room turned on the degree of credit to be given them.

"What do you think 'bout Andy's fortin tellin', Miss Wilkerson?" asked Mrs. Naron. "*Do* you believe he *raaly* knows what's gwine to come to pass?"

"Well, now," replied Mrs. Wilkerson, "I don't know what *tu* say. It's a mighty strange thing how knowin' some brutes is. Thar's my 'Cherry' cow, I raaly b'lieve the critter knows when I'm a-gwine to feed her *jist* as well as I do my own *dear* self! That minute I picks up my tub to go and tote her the slops, she'll 'moo,' and 'moo,' *and* 'moo.' And the knowinest look out of her eyes you ever seen a critter have in all your days!"

"Oh, law!" exclaimed several old women.

"Miss Kuncker, what do *you* say to it?" queried the first speaker; "you *oughter* know, ef anybody does. He's *your* old man's dog. *Does* Andy know the futur, or not?"

"It's a mighty hard thing," said Aunt Hetty, "a *mighty* hard thing to spend a 'pinion 'pon. Sometimes I think it's only Kit's devilment—and then, agin, the dog *do* tell sich quar things, looks like I'm *'bleeged* to think he knows. Last week, I b'lieve it was—yes, *only* last week—Jim Hissup fotch a two-gallon jug o' sperrets home, for the old man, from town. Well! Kit he 'spicioned Jim o' drinkin' some on the way, but Jim denied it mighty bitter. So the old man foch Andy in the house, and Andy give the sign that Jim *had* tuk some! and then Jim right away *owned to it*, and told the old man *how much* he tuk, which was two drinks, as nigh as I can remember!"

"Good gracious!" burst from three or four.

"*I* don't believe nothin' about it," said a withered old crone, as she sucked away industriously to prevent her pipe going out; "I *know* Andy can tell what'll happen. Brutes, in a common way"—she continued aphoristically, as she pushed down the tobacco in the bowl of her pipe with her forefinger—"is more knowiner 'an humans. Did ye ever hear, 'mongst ye, of the snake at John Green's?"

"Dear Saviour alive!" exclaimed a dozen—"what about the snake?" and they all drew long breaths and opened their eyes at one another.

"I'll tell ye! John Green's sister (the grass widder, as lives with 'em), she goes to her battlin' bench, and what does she see thar, a-quiled up on it, a-sunnin' of itself, but a big black snake——"

"Laws a-massey!" ejaculated the entire group.

"Jest as I tells ye—*thar it was!* and it licked out its tongue—it *did*, as sure's you're born—*right* at the widder, and looked the venomousest ever was! Well, she run in the house and fainted right away; and ef you'll b'lieve *me*, the very *next* week, her little boy, as can jest run about, *swallowed a punkin seed*, and like to a' died. Ef its uncle hadn't a' hit it on the back and a' made the punkin seed fly out, that child *never* would a' drawd another breath no more'n—shah! you may tell *me* that snakes and dogs don't know things, but—" and Granny Richards didn't finish the sentence, but bobbed her head emphatically, as much as to say that *she* couldn't be humbugged by any such assertions.

Everything was now ready: the rings, the radii, the serpents, the bats, the unicorns, and the scorpions, all complete; and Andy was seen seated in the exact center of the whole, upon his hind legs, and looking very wise.

"Yes!" said Uncle Kit, mentally contrasting Andy with

Mrs. Kuncker's favorite; "Bull Wilkerson would look *devlish* well, settin' thar on *his* hind legs. Bull Wilkerson! *He ain't got the power about him!*" Then, explaining to the company that Andy would throw off the cheese without attempting to catch it, if he wished to express a negative, but would toss it up and receive it in his jaws, should he intend to speak affirmatively, he placed a slice of home-made cheese upon the dog's nose.

The company stood around, but outside of the largest circle, Ike Hetson's protruding head thrust farther toward Andy and old Kit than anybody else's. His face was anxious and cadaverous, but he strove to suppress his feelings.

"Now, Andy," began Uncle Kit; "look at your old master Horum-scorum — ef — Mister — Ikey — Hetson — is — to — be — married — to — Miss — Winny — Folsom — say so!"

Andy threw the cheese on the floor, and thereupon several old women screamed; and the Adam's apple of Mr. Hetson's neck became a very large pippin, in his attempt to swallow his grief. "I *knowd* it!" said he, in tones the most dolorous, while the corners of his mouth twitched involuntarily and spasmodically.

"Now, Andy," said old Kit, replacing the cheese on Andy's nose: "Horum-scorum — ef — my — little — blessed — union — 'squire — is — a-gwine — to — get — Miss Winny — say so *quick!*"

Up went the cheese, and down again it came into Andy's sepulchral throat!

"Damn the varmint!" ejaculated Mr. Hetson, and, bursting into the magic circle, he kicked Andy vehemently in the side.

"Fair fight! nobody tech! — sick him, Andy!" shouted Uncle Kit, in a rage at the breach of the peace committed on the person of his dog.

Andy dashed gallantly at Mr. Hetson, and, seizing one of

his red-leather straps, tore it on one side from the buff cassimere, which, frightened from "its propriety" by the display of canine teeth, retreated, instanter, to the neighborhood of Mr. Hetson's knee! In his struggle to get away from the dog, Ike fell backward over Master Thomas Jefferson Naron; and as his bare and unstrapped leg flew up, nearly at right angles with his body—while its fellow, held quiet by leather and cassimere, lay rigid along the floor—an uproarious shout of laughter at the grotesque spectacle shook the whole house.

"Well!" said the poor fellow as he got up on his *freed* leg—the other wouldn't work—"the jig's up now—'tain't no use to make a fuss about it—but I wouldn't mind it so bad, ef 'twarn't that *he* was to git her. Anyhow, I'm off for the Arkansaw!—good-by, Winny!" And off he did go, in spite of old Mrs. Kuncker's most strenuous efforts to detain him, and convince him, that "Andy didn't know a thing about it no more'n the man in the moon!"

As for Winny, the little fool, she wept bitterly, as if there were no straight-legged men that would have been glad to marry her!

. . . . . .

"'Squire," said old Kit, as he lighted us to bed, "you've not taken many *sensis* to-night?"

"Only one or two."

"Well, it's yer Uncle Kit's fault! He *will* have his fun, yah! yah! and Ike Hetson's e-e-yah-yah! Never mind; come over next week, and yer Uncle Kit will go all through the settle*ment* wi' you, and down on the river, and to Jim Kent's, which has got a sister so ugly the flies won't light on her face—wuss nor yer Aunt Hetty, yah! yah! And yer Uncle Kit will tell you how he and his Jim fooled the man from the big-norrod

outen Fiddler Bill as we go 'long; and Becky Kent will tell you 'bout the frolic me and her had in the krick, the time she started to mill and didn't git thar, yah, yah, e-e-e-yah!"

"Very well, Uncle Kit; sure to come!"

"And 'squire, ef you want one o' Andy's puppies, let yer Uncle Kit know, and he'll save you a raal *peart* one, eh? Good-night! God bless the old Ginnul, and damn all nullifiers!"

—*Simon Suggs' Adventures*, "*Taking the Census*."

James T. Fields

The Owl-Critic

A Lesson to Fault-finders

"WHO stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop:
The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;
Not one raised a head or even made a suggestion;
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown,"
Cried the youth, with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is—
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis!
I make no apology;
I've learned owl-eology.
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskilful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've *studied* owls,
And other night fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true:
An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed;
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can't *do* it, because
'Tis against all bird-laws
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches
An owl has a toe
That *can't* turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mister Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd!
To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed *him* don't half know his business!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes.
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass;

So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down;
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark
I would stuff in the dark
An owl better than that;
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about *him* there's not one natural feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:
"Your learning's at fault *this* time, anyway;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good-day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

The Alarmed Skipper

"It was an Ancient Mariner"

MANY a long, long year ago,
Nantucket skippers had a plan
Of finding out, though "lying low,"
How near New York their schooners ran.

They greased the lead before it fell,
And then, by sounding through the night,
Knowing the soil that stuck, so well,
They always guessed their reckoning right.

A skipper gray, whose eyes were dim,
Could tell, by *tasting*, just the spot,
And so below he'd "dowse the glim"—
After, of course, his "something hot."

Snug in his berth, at eight o'clock,
This ancient skipper might be found;
No matter how his craft would rock,
He slept—for skippers' naps are sound!

The watch on deck would now and then
Run down and wake him, with the lead;
He'd up, and taste, and tell the men
How many miles they went ahead.

One night, 'twas Jotham Marden's watch,
A curious wag—the peddler's son—
And so he mused (the wanton wretch),
"To-night I'll have a grain of fun.

"We're all a set of stupid fools
To think the skipper knows by *tasting*
What ground he's on—Nantucket schools
Don't teach such stuff, with all their basting!"

And so he took the well-greased lead
And rubbed it o'er a box of earth
That stood on deck—a parsnip-bed—
And then he sought the skipper's berth.

"Where are we now, sir? Please to taste."
The skipper yawned, put out his tongue,
Then ope'd his eyes in wondrous haste,
And then upon the floor he sprung!

The skipper stormed and tore his hair,
Thrust on his boots, and roared to Marden,
"*Nantucket's sunk, and here we are*
Right over old Marm Hackett's garden!"

The Pettibone Lineage

My name is Esek Pettibone, and I wish to affirm in the outset that it is a good thing to be well-born. In thus connecting the mention of my name with a positive statement, I am not unaware that a catastrophe lies coiled up in the juxtaposition. But I cannot help writing plainly that I am still in favor of a distinguished family-tree. *Esto perpetua!* To have had somebody for a great-grandfather that was somebody is exciting. To be able to look back on long lines of ancestry that were rich, but respectable, seems decorous and all right. The present Earl of Warwick, I think, must have an idea that strict justice has been done *him* in the way of being launched properly into the world. I saw the Duke of Newcastle once, and as the farmer in Conway described Mount Washington, I thought the Duke felt a propensity to "hunch up some." Somehow it is pleasant to look down on the crowd and have a conscious right to do so.

Left an orphan at the tender age of four years, having no brothers or sisters to prop me round with young affections and sympathies, I fell into three pairs of hands, excellent in their way, but peculiar. Patience, Eunice, and Mary Ann Pettibone were my aunts on my father's side. All my mother's relations kept shady when the lonely orphan looked about for protection; but Patience Pettibone, in her stately way, said, "The boy belongs to a good family, and he shall never want while his three aunts can support him." So I went to live with my plain but benignant protectors, in the State of New Hampshire.

During my boyhood the best-drilled lesson that fell to my keeping was this: "Respect yourself. We come of more than

ordinary parentage. Superior blood was probably concerned in getting up the Pettibones. Hold your head erect, and some day you shall have proof of your high lineage."

I remember once, on being told that I must not share my juvenile sports with the butcher's three little beings, I begged to know why not. Aunt Eunice looked at Patience, and Mary Ann knew what she meant.

"My child," slowly murmured the eldest sister, "our family no doubt came of a very old stock; perhaps we belong to the nobility. Our ancestors, it is thought, came over laden with honors, and no doubt were embarrassed with riches, though the latter importation has dwindled in the lapse of years. Respect yourself, and when you grow up you will not regret that your old and careful aunt did not wish you to play with the butcher's offspring."

I felt mortified that I ever had a desire to "knuckle up" with any but kings' sons, or sultans' little boys. I longed to be among my equals in the urchin line, and fly my kite with only high-born youngsters.

Thus I lived in a constant scene of self-enchantment on the part of the sisters, who assumed all the port and feeling that properly belonged to ladies of quality. Patrimonial splendor to come danced before their dim eyes; and handsome settlements, gay equipages, and a general grandeur of some sort loomed up in the future for the American branch of the house of Pettibone.

It was a life of opulent self-delusion, which my aunts were never tired of nursing; and I was too young to doubt the reality of it. All the members of our little household held up their heads, as if each said, in so many words, "There is no original sin in *our* composition, whatever of that commodity there may be mixed up with the common clay of Snowborough."

Aunt Patience was a star, and dwelt apart. Aunt Eunice looked at her through a determined pair of spectacles, and worshiped while she gazed. The youngest sister lived in a dreamy state of honors to come, and had constant zoological visions of lions, griffins, and unicorns, drawn and quartered in every possible style known to the Heralds' College. The Reverend Hebrew Bullet, who used to drop in quite often and drink several compulsory glasses of home-made wine, encouraged his three parishioners in their aristocratic notions, and extolled them for what he called their "stooping down to every-day life." He differed with the ladies of our house only on one point. He contended that the unicorn of the Bible and the rhinoceros of to-day were one and the same animal. My aunts held a different opinion.

In the sleeping-room of my Aunt Patience reposed a trunk. Often during my childish years I longed to lift the lid and spy among its contents the treasures my young fancy conjured up as lying there in state. I dared not ask to have the cover raised for my gratification, as I had often been told I was "too little" to estimate aright what that armorial box contained. "When you grow up you shall see the inside of it," Aunt Mary used to say to me; and so I wondered, and wished, but all in vain. I must have the virtue of *years* before I could view the treasures of past magnificence so long entombed in that wooden sarcophagus. Once I saw the faded sisters bending over the trunk together, and, as I thought, embalming something in camphor. Curiosity impelled me to linger, but, under some pretext, I was nodded out of the room.

Although my kinswomen's means were far from ample, they determined that Swiftmouth College should have the distinction of calling me one of her sons, and accordingly I was in due time sent for preparation to a neighboring academy. Years of

study and hard fare in country boarding-houses told upon my self-importance as the descendant of a great Englishman, notwithstanding all my letters from the honored three came with counsel to "respect myself and keep up the dignity of the family." Growing-up man forgets good counsel. The Arcadia of respectability is apt to give place to the levity of football and other low-toned accomplishments. The book of life, at that period, opens readily at fun and frolic, and the insignia of greatness give the school-boy no envious pangs.

I was nineteen when I entered the hoary halls of Swiftmouth. I call them hoary, because they had been built more than fifty years. To me they seemed uncommonly hoary, and I snuffed antiquity in the dusty purlieus. I now began to study, in good earnest, the wisdom of the past. I saw clearly the value of dead men and moldy precepts, especially if the former had been entombed a thousand years, and if the latter were well done in sounding Greek and Latin. I began to reverence royal lines of deceased monarchs, and longed to connect my own name, now growing into college popularity, with some far-off mighty one who had ruled in pomp and luxury his obsequious people. The trunk in Snowborough troubled my dreams. In that receptacle still slept the proof of our family distinction. "I will go," quoth I, "to the home of my aunts next vacation and there learn *how* we became mighty, and discover precisely why we don't practise to-day our inherited claims to glory."

I went to Snowborough. Aunt Patience was now anxious to lay before her impatient nephew the proof he burned to behold. But first she must explain. All the old family documents and letters were no doubt destroyed in the great fire of '98, as nothing in the shape of parchment or paper implying nobility had ever been discovered in Snowborough, or elsewhere. *But* there had been preserved, for many years, a suit of imperial

clothes that had been worn by their great-grandfather in England, and, no doubt, in the New World also. These garments had been carefully watched and guarded, for were they not the proof that their owner belonged to a station in life second, if second at all, to the royal court of King George itself? Precious casket, into which I was soon to have the privilege of gazing! Through how many long years these fond, foolish virgins had lighted their unflickering lamps of expectation and hope at this cherished old shrine!

I was now on my way to the family repository of all our greatness. I went up-stairs "on the jump." We all knelt down before the well-preserved box; and my proud Aunt Patience, in a somewhat reverent manner, turned the key. My heart—I am not ashamed to confess it now, although it is forty years since the quartet, in search of family honors, were on their knees that summer afternoon in Snowborough—my heart beat high. I was about to look on that which might be a duke's or an earl's regalia. And I was descended from the owner in a direct line! I had lately been reading Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus"; and I remembered, there before the trunk, the lines—

> "O sacred receptacle of my joys,
> Sweet cell of virtue and nobility!"

The lid went up, and the sisters began to unroll the precious garments, which seemed all enshrined in aromatic gums and spices. The odor of that interior lives with me to this day, and I grow faint with the memory of that hour. With pious precision the clothes were uncovered, and at last the whole suit was laid before my expectant eyes.

Reader, I am an old man now, and have not long to walk this planet. But, whatever dreadful shock may be in reserve for

my declining years, I am certain I can bear it; for I went through that scene at Snowborough, and still live!

When the garments were fully displayed, all the aunts looked at me. I had been to college; I had studied Burke's "Peerage"; I had been once to New York. Perhaps I could immediately name the exact station in noble British life to which that suit of clothes belonged. I could; I saw it all at a glance. I grew flustered and pale. I dared not look my poor deluded female relatives in the face.

"What rank in the peerage do these gold-laced garments and big buttons betoken?" cried all three.

"*It is a suit of servant's livery!*" gasped I, and fell back with a shudder.

That evening, after the sun had gone down, we buried those hateful garments in a ditch at the bottom of the garden. Rest there, perturbed body-coat, yellow trousers, brown gaiters, and all!

"Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!"

—*Atlantic Monthly*, 1865.

John Godfrey Saxe

The Coquette

A Portrait

"You're clever at drawing, I own,"
Said my beautiful cousin Lisette,
As we sat by the window alone,
"But say, can you paint a Coquette?"

"She's painted already," quoth I;
"Nay, nay!" said the laughing Lisette,
"Now none of your joking—but try
And paint me a thorough Coquette."

"Well, Cousin," at once I began
In the ear of the eager Lisette,
"I'll paint you as well as I can,
That wonderful thing, a Coquette.

"She wears a most beautiful face"
("Of course," said the pretty Lisette),
"And isn't deficient in grace,
Or else she were not a Coquette.

"And then she is daintily made"
(A smile from the dainty Lisette)
"By people expert in the trade
Of forming a proper Coquette.

"She's the winningest ways with the beaux"
("Go on!" said the winning Lisette),
"But there isn't a man of them knows
The mind of the fickle Coquette!

"She knows how to weep and to sigh"
(A sigh from the tender Lisette),
"But her weeping is all in my eye—
Not that of the cunning Coquette!

"In short, she's a creature of art"
("Oh hush!" said the frowning Lisette),
"With merely the ghost of a heart—
Enough for a thorough Coquette.

"And yet I could easily prove"
("Now don't!" said the angry Lisette),
"The lady is always in love—
In love with herself—the Coquette!

"There—do not be angry—you know,
My dear little cousin Lisette,
You told me a moment ago,
To paint *you*—a thorough Coquette!"

The Stammering Wife

When deeply in love with Miss Emily Pryne,
I vowed, if the maiden would only be mine,
  I would always endeavor to please her.
She blushed her consent, though the stuttering lass
Said never a word except "You're an ass—
  An ass—an ass-iduous teaser!"

But when we were married, I found to my ruth,
The stammering lady had spoken the truth;
  For often, in obvious dudgeon,
She'd say, if I ventured to give her a jog
In the way of reproof—"You're a dog—you're a dog—
  A dog—a dog-matic curmudgeon!"

And once when I said, "We can hardly afford
This extravagant style, with our moderate hoard,"
  And hinted we ought to be wiser.
She looked, I assure you, exceedingly blue,
And fretfully cried, "You're a Jew—you're a Jew—
  A very ju-dicious adviser!"

Again, when it happened that, wishing to shirk
Some rather unpleasant and arduous work,
  I begged her to go to a neighbor,
She wanted to know why I made such a fuss,
And saucily said, "You're a cuss—cuss—cuss—
  You were always ac-cus-tomed to labor!"

Out of temper at last with the insolent dame,
And feeling that madam was greatly to blame
To scold me instead of caressing,
I mimicked her speech—like a churl that I am—
And angrily said, "You're a dam—dam—dam—
A dam-age instead of a blessing!"

My Familiar

AGAIN I hear that creaking step—
He's rapping at the door!—
Too well I know the boding sound
That ushers in a bore.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who comes—but never goes!

He drops into my easy chair,
And asks about the news;
He peers into my manuscript,
And gives his candid views;
He tells me where he likes the line,
And where he's forced to grieve;
He takes the strangest liberties—
But never takes his leave!

He reads my daily paper through
Before I've seen a word;
He scans the lyric that I wrote
And thinks it quite absurd;

He calmly smokes my last cigar,
And coolly asks for more;
He opens everything he sees—
Except the entry door!

He talks about his fragile health,
And tells me of his pains;
He suffers from a score of ills
Of which he ne'er complains;
And how he struggled once with death
To keep the fiend at bay;
On themes like those away he goes—
But never goes away!

He tells me of the carping words
Some shallow critic wrote;
And every precious paragraph
Familiarly can quote;
He thinks the writer did me wrong;
He'd like to run him through!
He says a thousand pleasant things—
But never says "Adieu!"

Whene'er he comes—that dreadful man—
Disguise it as I may,
I know that, like an autumn rain,
He'll last throughout the day.
In vain I speak of urgent tasks;
In vain I scowl and pout;
A frown is no extinguisher—
It does not put him out!

I mean to take the knocker off,
  Put crape upon the door,
Or hint to John that I am gone
  To stay a month or more.
I do not tremble when I meet
  The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
  Who never, never goes!

Early Rising

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"
  So Sancho Panza said, and so say I:
And bless him, also, that he didn't keep
  His great discovery to himself; nor try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
  A close monopoly by patent right!

Yes—bless the man who first invented sleep
  (I really can't avoid the iteration);
But blast the man, with curses loud and deep,
  Whate'er the rascal's name, or age, or station,
Who first invented, and went round advising,
That artificial cut-off—Early Rising!

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"
  Observes some solemn, sentimental owl;
Maxims like these are very cheaply said;
  But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
Pray just inquire about his rise and fall,
And whether larks have any beds at all!

The time for honest folks to be abed
  Is in the morning, if I reason right;
And he who cannot keep his precious head
  Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery; or else—he drinks!

Thomson, who sung about the "Seasons," said
  It was a glorious thing to *rise* in season;
But then he said it—lying—in his bed,
  At ten o'clock A. M.—the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake—
  Awake to duty, and awake to truth—
But when, alas! a nice review we take
  Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
Are those we passed in childhood or asleep!

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile
  For the soft visions of the gentle night;
And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,
  To live as only in the angels' sight,
In sleep's sweet realm so cozily shut in,
Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin!

So let us sleep, and give the Maker praise.
  I like the lad who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
  Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
Cried, "Served him right!—it's not at all surprising;
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising!"

Ego et Echo

A Fantasy

I

I ASKED of Echo, t'other day
(Whose words are few and often funny),
What to a novice she could say
Of courtship, love, and matrimony?
Quoth Echo, plainly: *"Matter-o'-money!"*

II

Whom should I marry? should it be
A dashing damsel, gay and pert,
A pattern of inconsistency;
Or selfish, mercenary flirt?
Quoth Echo, sharply: *"Nary flirt!"*

III

What if, a-weary of the strife
That long has lured the dear deceiver,
She promised to amend her life,
And sin no more, can I believe her?
Quoth Echo, very promptly: *"Leave her!"*

IV

But if some maiden with a heart,
On me should venture to bestow it:
Pray, should I act the wiser part

LIBRARY
WAYNE STATE COLLEGE
WAYNE, NEBRASKA

To take the treasure, or forego it?
Quoth Echo, with decision: *"Go it!"*

V

Suppose a billet-doux (in rhyme),
As warm as if Catullus penned it,
Declare her beauty so sublime
That Cytherea's can't transcend it—
Quoth Echo, very clearly: *"Send it!"*

VI

But what if, seemingly afraid
To bind her fate in Hymen's fetter,
She vow she means to die a maid—
In answer to my loving letter?
Quoth Echo, rather coolly: *"Let her!"*

VII

What if, in spite of her disdain,
I find my heart entwined about
With Cupid's dear delicious chain,
So closely that I can't get out?
Quoth Echo, laughingly: *"Get out!"*

VIII

But if some maid with beauty blest,
As pure and fair as Heaven can make her,
Will share my labor and my rest,
Till envious Death shall overtake her?
Quoth Echo (*sotto voce*): *"Take her!"*

—*"Poetical Works."*

The Little Maid ana the Lawyer

A Song

I

They say, little maid, quoth Lawyer Brown,
I'm the cleverest man in all the town.
Heigh-ho! says she,
What's that to me?
But they say, little maid, quoth Lawyer Brown,
You're the prettiest girl in all the town.
Says she, If they do,
What's that to you?

II

They say, little maid, quoth Lawyer Brown,
I'm the richest man in all the town.
Heigh-ho! says she,
What's that to me?
But they say, little maid, quoth Lawyer Brown,
You ought to be dressed in a finer gown.
Says she, If they do,
What's that to you?

III

They say, little maid, quoth Lawyer Brown,
That Johnny Hodge is an awkward clown.

Heigh-ho! says she,
What's that to me?
But they say, little maid, the lawyer said,
That you and Johnny are going to wed.
Says she, If we do,
What's that to you?

—"*Poetical Works.*"

The Briefless Barrister

A Ballad

An Attorney was taking a turn,
In shabby habiliments drest;
His coat it was shockingly worn,
And the rust had invested his vest.

His breeches had suffered a breach,
His linen and worsted were worse;
He had scarce a whole crown in his hat,
And not half a crown in his purse.

And thus as he wandered along,
A cheerless and comfortless elf,
He sought for relief in a song,
Or complainingly talked to himself:

"Unfortunate man that I am!
I've never a client but grief:
The case is, I've no case at all,
And in brief, I've ne'er had a brief!

"I've waited and waited in vain,
  Expecting an 'opening' to find,
Where an honest young lawyer might gain
  Some reward for toil of his mind.

"'Tis not that I'm wanting in law,
  Or lack an intelligent face,
That others have cases to plead,
  While I have to plead for a case.

"Oh, how can a modest young man
  E'er hope for the smallest progression—
The profession's already so full
  Of lawyers so full of profession!"

While thus he was strolling around,
  His eye accidentally fell
On a very deep hole in the ground,
  And he sighed to himself, "It is well!"

To curb his emotions, he sat
  On the curbstone the space of a minute,
Then cried, "Here's an opening at last!"
  And in less than a jiffy was in it!

Next morning twelve citizens came
  ('Twas the coroner bade them attend),
To the end that it might be determined
  How the man had determined his end!

"The man was a lawyer, I hear,"
  Quoth the foreman who sat on the corse.
"A lawyer? Alas!" said another,
  "Undoubtedly died of remorse!"

A third said, "He knew the deceased,
  An attorney well versed in the laws,
And as to the cause of his death,
  'Twas no doubt for the want of a cause."

The jury decided at length,
  After solemnly weighing the matter,
That the lawyer was drownded, because
  He could not keep his head above water!

—"*Poetical Works.*'

Frederick S. Cozzens

Living in the Country

It is a good thing to live in the country. To escape from the prison-walls of the metropolis—the great brickery we call "the city"—and to live amid blossoms and leaves, in shadow and sunshine, in moonlight and starlight, in rain, mist, dew, hoarfrost, and drouth, out in the open champaign and under the blue dome that is bounded by the horizon only. It is a good thing to have a well with dripping buckets, a porch with honey-buds and sweet-bells, a hive embroidered with nimble bees, a sun-dial mossed over, ivy up to the eaves, curtains of dimity, a tumbler of fresh flowers in your bedroom, a rooster on the roof, and a dog under the piazza.

When Mrs. Sparrowgrass and I moved into the country, with our heads full of fresh butter, and cool, crisp radishes for tea; with ideas entirely lucid respecting milk, and a looseness of calculation as to the number in family it would take a good laying hen to supply with fresh eggs every morning; when Mrs. Sparrowgrass and I moved into the country, we found some preconceived notions had to be abandoned, and some departures made from the plans we had laid down in the little back parlor of Avenue G.

One of the first achievements in the country is early rising! with the lark—with the sun—while the dew is on the grass, "under the opening eyelids of the morn," and so forth. Early rising! What can be done with five or six o'clock in town? What may not be done at those hours in the country—with the hoe, the rake, the dibble, the spade, the watering-pot? To

plant, prune, drill, transplant, graft, train, and sprinkle! Mrs. S. and I agreed to rise *early* in the country.

> Richard and Robin were two pretty men,
> They laid in bed till the clock struck ten;
> Up jumped Richard and looked at the sky;
> O, Brother Robin, the sun's *very* high!

Early rising in the country is not an instinct; it is a sentiment, and must be cultivated.

A friend recommended me to send to the south side of Long Island for some very prolific potatoes—the real hippopotamus breed. Down went my man and, what with expenses of horse-hire, tavern bills, toll-gates, and breaking a wagon, the hippopotami cost as much apiece as pineapples. They were fine potatoes, though, with comely features, and large, languishing eyes, that promised increase of family without delay. As I worked my own garden (for which I hired a landscape gardener at two dollars per day to give me instructions), I concluded that the object of my first experiment in early rising should be the planting of the hippopotamuses. I accordingly arose next morning at five, and it rained! I rose next day at five, and it rained! The next, and it rained! It rained for two weeks! We had splendid potatoes every day for dinner. "My dear," said I to Mrs. Sparrowgrass, "where did you get these fine potatoes?" "Why," said she, innocently, "out of that basket from Long Island!" The last of the hippopotamuses were before me, peeled, and boiled, and mashed, and baked, with a nice thin brown crust on the top.

I was more successful afterward. I did get some fine seed-potatoes in the ground. But something was the matter; at the end of the season I did not get as many out as I had put in.

Mrs. Sparrowgrass, who is a notable housewife, said to me

one day, "Now, my dear, we shall soon have plenty of eggs, for I have been buying a lot of young chickens." There they were, each one with as many feathers as a grasshopper, and a chirp not louder. Of course, we looked forward with pleasant hopes to the period when the first cackle should announce the milk-white egg, warmly deposited in the hay which we had provided bountifully. They grew finely, and one day I ventured to remark that our hens had remarkably large combs, to which Mrs. S. replied, "Yes, indeed, she had observed that; but if I wanted to have a real treat I ought to get up early in the morning and hear them crow." "Crow!" said I, faintly, "our hens crowing! Then, by 'the cock that crowed in the morn, to wake the priest all shaven and shorn,' we might as well give up all hopes of having any eggs," said I; "for as sure as you live, Mrs. S., our hens are all roosters!" And so they were roosters! They grew up and fought with the neighbors' chickens, until there was not a whole pair of eyes on either side of the fence.

A *dog* is a good thing to have in the country. I have one which I raised from a pup. He is a good, stout fellow, and a hearty barker and feeder. The man of whom I bought him said he was thoroughbred, but he begins to have a mongrel look about him. He is a good watch-dog, though; for the moment he sees any suspicious-looking person about the premises he comes right into the kitchen and gets behind the stove. First, we kept him in the house, and he scratched all night to get out. Then we turned him out, and he scratched all night to get in. Then we tied him up at the back of the garden, and he howled so that our neighbor shot at him twice before daybreak. Finally we gave him away, and he came back; and now he is just recovering from a fit, in which he has torn up the patch that has been sown for our spring radishes.

A good, strong gate is a necessary article for your garden—a good, strong, heavy gate, with a dislocated hinge, so that it will neither open nor shut. Such a one have I. The grounds before my fence are in common, and all the neighbors' cows pasture there. I remarked to Mrs. S., as we stood at the window in a June sunset, how placid and picturesque the cattle looked, as they strolled about, cropping the green herbage. Next morning I found the innocent creatures in my garden. They had not left a green thing in it. The corn in the milk, the beans on the poles, the young cabbages, the tender lettuce, even the thriving shoots on my young fruit-trees had vanished. And there they were, looking quietly on the ruin they had made. Our watch-dog, too, was foregathering with them. It was too much; so I got a large stick and drove them all out, except a young heifer, whom I chased all over the flower-beds, breaking down my trellises, my woodbines and sweet-briers, my roses and petunias, until I cornered her in the hotbed. I had to call for assistance to extricate her from the sashes, and her owner has sued me for damages. I believe I shall move in town.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Sparrowgrass and I have concluded to try it once more; we are going to give the country another chance. After all, birds in the spring are lovely. First come little snowbirds, *avant-couriers* of the feathered army; then bluebirds in national uniforms, just graduated, perhaps, from the ornithological corps of cadets with high honors in the topographical class; then follows a detachment of flying artillery—swallows; sand-martens, sappers and miners, begin their mines and countermines under the sandy parapets; then cedar birds, in trim jackets faced with yellow—aha, dragoons! And then the great

rank and file of infantry, robins, wrens, sparrows, chipping-birds; and lastly—the band!

> From nature's old cathedral sweetly ring
> The wild bird choirs—burst of the woodland band,
> —who mid the blossoms sing;
> Their leafy temple, gloomy, tall and grand,
> Pillared with oaks, and roofed with Heaven's own hand.

There, there, that is Mario. Hear that magnificent chest note from the chestnuts! then a crescendo, falling in silence—*à plomb!*

Hush! he begins again with a low, liquid monotone, mounting by degrees and swelling into an infinitude of melody—the whole grove dilating, as it were, with exquisite epithalamium.

Silence now—and how still!

Hush! the musical monologue begins anew; up, up into the tree-tops it mounts, fairly lifting the leaves with its passionate effluence, it trills through the upper branches—and then dripping down the listening foliage, in a cadenza of matchless beauty, subsides into silence again.

"That's a he catbird," says my carpenter.

A catbird? Then Shakespeare and Shelley have wasted powder upon the skylark; for never such "profuse strains of unpremeditated art" issued from living bird before. Skylark! pooh! who would rise at dawn to hear the skylark if a catbird were about after breakfast?

I have bought me a boat. A boat is a good thing to have in the country, especially if there be any water near. There is a fine beach in front of my house. When visitors come I usually propose to give them a row. I go down—and find the boat full of water; then I send to the house for a dipper and prepare to bail; and, what with bailing and swabbing her

with a mop and plugging up the cracks in her sides, and struggling to get the rudder in its place, and unlocking the rusty padlock, my strength is so much exhausted that it is almost impossible for me to handle the oars. Meanwhile the poor guests sit on stones around the beach with wobegone faces.

"My dear," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, "why don't you sell that boat?"

"Sell it? Ha! ha!"

One day a Quaker lady from Philadelphia paid us a visit. She was uncommonly dignified, and walked down to the water in the most stately manner, as is customary with Friends. It was just twilight, deepening into darkness, when I set about preparing the boat. Meanwhile our Friend seated herself upon *something* on the beach. While I was engaged in bailing, the wind shifted, and I became sensible of an unpleasant odor; afraid that our Friend would perceive it, too, I whispered Mrs. Sparrowgass to coax her off and get her farther up the beach.

"Thank thee, no, Susan; I feel a smell hereabout and I am better where I am."

Mrs. S. came back and whispered mysteriously that our Friend was sitting on a dead dog, at which I redoubled the bailing and got her out in deep water as soon as possible.

Dogs have a remarkable scent. A dead setter one morning found his way to our beach, and I towed him out in the middle of the river; but the faithful creature came back in less than an hour—that dog's smell was remarkable indeed.

I have bought me a fyke! A fyke is a good thing to have in the country. A fyke is a fish-net, with long wings on each side; in shape like a nightcap with ear lappets; in mechanism like a rat-trap. You put a stake at the tip end of the nightcap, a stake at each end of the outspread lappets; there are large

hoops to keep the nightcap distended, sinkers to keep the lower sides of the lappets under water, and floats as large as muskmelons to keep the upper sides above the water. The stupid fish come downstream, and, rubbing their noses against the wings, follow the curve toward the fyke and swim into the trap. When they get in they cannot get out. That is the philosophy of a fyke. I bought one of Conroy. "Now," said I to Mrs. Sparrowgrass, "we shall have fresh fish to-morrow for breakfast," and went out to set it. I drove the stakes in the mud, spread the fyke in the boat, tied the end of one wing to the stake, and cast the whole into the water. The tide carried it out in a straight line. I got the loose end fastened to the boat, and found it impossible to row back against the tide with the fyke. I then untied it, and it went downstream, stake and all. I got it into the boat, rowed up, and set the stake again. Then I tied one end to the stake and got out of the boat myself in shoal water. Then the boat got away in deep water; then I had to swim for the boat. Then I rowed back and untied the fyke. Then the fyke got away. Then I jumped out of the boat to save the fyke and the boat got away. Then I had to swim again after the boat and row after the fyke, and finally was glad to get my net on dry land, where I left it for a week in the sun. Then I hired a man to set it, and he did, but he said it was "rotted." Nevertheless, in it I caught two small flounders and an eel. At last a brace of Irishmen came down to my beach for a swim at high tide. One of them, a stout, athletic fellow, after performing sundry aquatic gymnastics, dived under and disappeared for a fearful length of time. The truth is, he had dived into my net. After much turmoil in the water, he rose to the surface with the filaments hanging over his head, and cried out, as if he had found a bird's nest: "I say, Jimmy! begorra, here's a foike!"

That unfeeling exclamation to Jimmy, who was not the owner of the net, made me almost wish that it had not been "rotted."

We are worried about our cucumbers. Mrs. S. is fond of cucumbers, so I planted enough for ten families. The more they are picked, the faster they grow; and if you do not pick them, they turn yellow and look ugly. Our neighbor has plenty, too. He sent us some one morning, by way of a present. What to do with them we did not know, with so many of our own. To give them away was not polite; to throw them away was sinful; to eat them was impossible. Mrs. S. said, "Save them for seed." So we did. Next day, our neighbor sent us a dozen more. We thanked the messenger grimly and took them in. Next morning another dozen came. It was getting to be a serious matter; so I rose betimes the following morning, and when my neighbor's cucumbers came I filled his man's basket with some of my own, by way of exchange. This bit of pleasantry was resented by my neighbor, who told his man to throw them to the hogs. His man told our girl, and our girl told Mrs. S., and, in consequence, all intimacy between the two families has ceased; the ladies do not speak, even at church.

We have another neighbor, whose name is Bates; he keeps cows. This year our gate has been fixed; but my young peach-trees near the fences are accessible from the road; and Bates's cows walk along that road morning and evening. The sound of a cow-bell is pleasant in the twilight. Sometimes, after dark, we hear the mysterious curfew tolling along the road, and then with a louder peal it stops before our fence and again tolls itself off in the distance. The result is, my peach-trees are as bare as bean-poles. One day I saw Mr. Bates walking along, and I hailed him: "Bates, those are your cows there, I believe?" "Yes, sir; nice ones, ain't

they?" "Yes," I replied, "they are *nice* ones. Do you see that tree there?"—and I pointed to a thrifty peach, with about as many leaves as an exploded sky-rocket. "Yes, sir." "Well, Bates, that red-and-white cow of yours yonder ate the top off that tree; I saw her do it." Then I thought I had made Bates ashamed of himself, and had wounded his feelings, perhaps, too much. I was afraid he would offer me money for the tree, which I made up my mind to decline at once. "Sparrowgrass," said he, "it don't hurt a tree a single mossel to chaw it if it's a young tree. For my part, I'd rather have my young trees chawed than not. I think it makes them grow a leetle better. I can't do it with mine, but you can, because you can wait to have good trees, and the only way to have good trees is to have 'em chawed."

. . . . . .

We have put a dumb-waiter in our house. A dumb-waiter is a good thing to have in the country, on account of its convenience. If you have company, everything can be sent up from the kitchen without any trouble; and if the baby gets to be unbearable, on account of his teeth, you can dismiss the complainant by stuffing him in one of the shelves and letting him down upon the help. To provide for contingencies, we had all our floors deafened. In consequence, you cannot hear anything that is going on in the story below; and when you are in the upper room of the house there might be a democratic ratification meeting in the cellar and you would not know it. Therefore, if any one should break into the basement it would not disturb us; but, to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass, I put stout iron bars in all the lower windows. Besides, Mrs. Sparrowgrass had bought a rattle when she was in Philadelphia; such a rattle as watchmen carry there. This is to alarm our

neighbor, who, upon the signal, is to come to the rescue with his revolver. He is a rash man, prone to pull trigger first and make inquiries afterward.

One evening Mrs. S. had retired and I was busy writing, when it struck me a glass of ice-water would be palatable. So I took the candle and a pitcher and went down to the pump. Our pump is in the kitchen. A country pump in the kitchen is more convenient; but a well with buckets is certainly more picturesque. Unfortunately, our well water has not been sweet since it was cleaned out. First I had to open a bolted door that lets you into the basement hall, and then I went to the kitchen door, which proved to be locked. Then I remembered that our girl always carried the key to bed with her and slept with it under her pillow. Then I retraced my steps, bolted the basement door, and went up into the dining-room. As is always the case, I found, when I could not get any water, I was thirstier than I supposed I was. Then I thought I would wake our girl up. Then I concluded not to do it. Then I thought of the well, but I gave that up on account of its flavor. Then I opened the closet doors: there was no water there; and then I thought of the dumb-waiter! The novelty of the idea made me smile. I took out two of the movable shelves, stood the pitcher on the bottom of the dumb-waiter, got in myself with the lamp; let myself down, until I supposed I was within a foot of the floor below, and then let go!

We came down so suddenly that I was shot out of the apparatus as if it had been a catapult; it broke the pitcher, extinguished the lamp, and landed me in the middle of the kitchen at midnight, with no fire and the air not much above the zero point. The truth is, I had miscalculated the distance of the descent—instead of falling one foot, I had fallen five. My first impulse was to ascend by the way I came down, but I

found that impracticable. Then I tried the kitchen door; it was locked. I tried to force it open; it was made of two-inch stuff, and held its own. Then I hoisted a window, and there were the rigid iron bars. If ever I felt angry at anybody it was at myself for putting up those bars to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass. I put them up, not to keep people in, but to keep people out.

I laid my cheek against the ice-cold barriers and looked out at the sky; not a star was visible; it was as black as as ink overhead. Then I thought of Baron Trenck and the prisoner of Chillon. Then I made a noise. I shouted until I was hoarse, and ruined our preserving-kettle with the poker. That brought our dogs out in full bark, and between us we made night hideous. Then I thought I heard a voice and listened—it was Mrs. Sparrowgrass calling to me from the top of the staircase. I tried to make her hear me, but the infernal dogs united with howl, and growl, and bark, so as to drown my voice, which is naturally plaintive and tender. Besides, there were two bolted doors and double-deafened floors between us; how could she recognize my voice, even if she did hear it? Mrs. Sparrowgrass called once or twice and then got frightened; the next thing I heard was a sound as if the roof had fallen in, by which I understood that Mrs. Sparrowgrass was springing the rattle! That called out our neighbor, already wide awake; he came to the rescue with a bull-terrier, a Newfoundland pup, a lantern, and a revolver. The moment he saw me at the window he shot at me, but fortunately just missed me. I threw myself under the kitchen table and ventured to expostulate with him, but he would not listen to reason. In the excitement I had forgotten his name, and that made matters worse. It was not until he had roused up everybody around, broken in the basement door with an ax, gotten into the kitchen with his cursed savage dogs

and shooting-iron, and seized me by the collar, that he recognized me—and then he wanted me to explain it! But what kind of an explanation could I make to him? I told him he would have to wait until my mind was composed, and then I would let him understand the whole matter fully. But he never would have had the particulars from me, for I do not approve of neighbors that shoot at you, break in your door, and treat you, in your own house, as if you were a jailbird. He knows all about it, however—somebody has told him—*somebody* tells everybody everything in our village.

—*The Sparrowgrass Papers.*

A Family Horse

"It rains very hard," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, looking out of the window next morning. Sure enough, the rain was sweeping broadcast over the country, and the four Sparrowgrassii were flattening a quartet of noses against the window-panes, believing most faithfully the man would bring the horse that belonged to his brother, in spite of the elements. It was hoping against hope: no man having a horse to sell will trot him out in a rainstorm, unless he intends to sell him at a bargain—but childhood is so credulous! The succeeding morning was bright, however, and down came the horse. He had been very cleverly groomed, and looked pleasant under the saddle. The man led him back and forth before the door. "There, Squire, 's as good a hoss as ever stood on iron." Mrs. Sparrowgrass asked me what he meant by that. I replied, it was a figurative way of expressing, in horse-talk, that he was as good a horse as ever stood in shoe-leather. "He's a handsome hoss, Squire," said

the man. I replied that he did seem to be a good-looking animal, "but," said I, "he does not quite come up to the description of a horse I have read."

"Whose hoss was it?" said he. I replied it was a horse of Adonis. He said he didn't know him, "but," he added, "there is so many hosses stolen that the descriptions are stuck up now pretty common." To put him at his ease (for he seemed to think I suspected him of having stolen the horse), I told him the description I meant had been written some hundreds of years ago by Shakespeare, and repeated it:

"Round-hooft, short-joynted, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, strait legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide."

"Squire," said he, "that will do for a song, but it ain't no p'ints of a good hoss. Trotters nowadays go in all shapes—big heads and little heads, big eyes and little eyes, short ears or long ones, thick tail and no tail; so as they have sound legs, good l'in, good barrel, and good stifle and wind, Squire, and speed well, they'll fetch a price. Now, this animal is what I call a hoss, Squire; he's got the p'ints, he's stylish, he's close-ribbed, a free goer, kind in harness—single or double—a good feeder."

I asked him if being a good feeder was a desirable quality.

He replied it was. "Of course," said he, "if your hoss is off his feed he ain't good for nothin'. But what's the use," he added, "of me tellin' you the p'ints of a good hoss? You're a hoss man, Squire: you know——"

"It seems to me," said I, "there is something the matter with that left eye."

"No, *sir*," said he, and rapidly crooking his forefinger at the suspected organ, said, "See thar—don't wink a bit."

"But he should wink," I replied.

"Not onless his eyes are weak," he said.

To satisfy myself, I asked the man to let me take the bridle. He did so, and so soon as I took hold of it the horse started off in a remarkable retrogade movement, dragging me with him into my best bed of hybrid roses. Finding we were trampling down all the best plants, that had cost at auction from three-and-sixpence to seven shillings apiece, and that the more I pulled the more he backed, I finally let him have his own way, and jammed him stern-foremost into our largest climbing rose, that had been all summer prickling itself in order to look as much like a vegetable porcupine as possible. This unexpected bit of satire in his rear changed his retrogade movement to a sidelong bound, by which he flirted off half the pots on the balusters, upsetting my gladioli and tuberoses in the pod, and leaving great splashes of mold, geraniums and red pottery in the gravel walk. By this time his owner had managed to give him two pretty severe cuts with the whip, which made him unmanageable, so I let him go. We had a pleasant time catching him again, when he got among the Lima-bean poles.

But his owner led him back with a very self-satisfied expression. "Playful, ain't he, Squire?"

I replied that I thought he was, and asked him if it was usual for his horse to play such pranks.

He said it was not. "You see, Squire, he feels his oats, and hain't been out of the stable for a month. Use him, and he's as kind as a kitten."

With that he put his foot in the stirrup and mounted. The animal really looked very well as he moved around the grass-plot, and, as Mrs. Sparrowgrass seemed to fancy him, I took a

written guarantee that he was sound, and bought him. What I gave for him is a secret; I have not even told Mrs. Sparrowgrass.

It is a mooted point whether it is best to buy your horse before you build your stable or build your stable before you buy your horse. A horse without a stable is like a bishop without a church. Our neighbor, who is very ingenious, built his stable to fit his horse. He took the length of his horse and a little over as the measure of the depth of his stable; then he built it. He had a place beside the stall for his Rockaway carriage. When he came to put the Rockaway in, he found he had not allowed for the shafts! The ceiling was too low to allow them to be erected, so he cut two square port-holes in the back of his stable and run his shafts through them, into the chicken-house behind. Of course, whenever he wanted to take out his carriage he had to unroost all his fowls, who would sit on the shafts night and day. But that was better than building a new stable. For my part, I determined to avoid mistakes by getting the horse and carriage both first, and then to build the stable. This plan, being acceptable to Mrs. Sparrowgrass, was adopted as judicious and expedient. In consequence, I found myself with a horse on my hands with no place to put him. Fortunately, I was acquainted with a very honest man who kept a livery stable, where I put him to board by the month, and in order that he might have plenty of good oats, I bought some, which I gave to the hostler for that purpose. The man of whom I bought the horse did not deceive me when he represented him as a great feeder. He ate more oats than all the rest of the horses in that stable put together.

It is a good thing to have a saddle-horse in the country. The early morning ride, when dawn and dew freshen and flush the landscape, is comparable to no earthly innocent pleasure.

Look at yonder avenue of road-skirting trees. Those marvelous trunks, yet moist, are ruddy as obelisks of jasper! And above—see the leaves blushing at the east! Hark to the music! interminable chains of melody linking earth and sky with its delicious magic. The countless little wood-birds are singing! and now rolls up from the meadow the fragrance of cut grass and clover.

"No print of sheep-track yet hath crushed a flower;
The spider's woof with silvery dew is hung
As it was beaded ere the daylight hour:
The hooked bramble just as it was strung.
When on each leaf the night her crystals flung,
Then hurried off, the dawning to elude.

. . . .

"The rutted road did never seem so clean,
There is no dust upon the wayside thorn
For every bud looks out as if but newly born."

Look at the river with its veil of blue mist! and the grim, gaunt old Palisades, as amiable in their orient crowns as old princes, out of the direct line of succession, over the royal cradle of the heir apparent!

There is one thing about early riding in the country: you find out a great many things which perhaps you would not have found out under ordinary circumstances. The first thing I found out was that my horse had the heaves. I had been so wrapt up in the beauties of the morning that I had not observed what perhaps everybody in that vicinity had observed, namely, that the new horse had been waking up all the sleepers on both sides of the road with an asthmatic whistle of half-a-mile power. My attention was called to the fact by the village teamster, old Dockweed, who came banging after me in his empty cart, shouting out my name as he came. I must say I have always disliked old Dockweed's familiarity; he presumes too much upon

my good-nature, when he calls me Sparrygrass before ladies at the depot, and by my Christian name always on the Sabbath, when he is dressed up. On this occasion, what with the horse's vocal powers and old Dockweed's, the affair was pretty well blown over the village before breakfast.

"Sparrygrass," he said, as he came up, "that your hoss?"

I replied that the horse was my property.

"Got the heaves, ain't he? Got 'em bad."

Just then a window was pushed open and the white head of the old gentleman who sits in the third pew in front of our pew in church was thrust out.

"What's the matter with your horse?" said he.

"Got the heaves," replied old Dockweed; "got 'em bad."

Then I heard symptoms of opening a blind on the other side of the road, and as I did not wish to ran the gantlet of such inquiries I rode off on a cross-road; but not before I heard, above the sound of pulmonary complaint, the voice of old Dockweed explaining to the other cottage, "Sparrygrass—got a hoss—got the heaves—got 'em bad."

I was so much ashamed that I took a roundabout road to the stable, and instead of coming home like a fresh and gallant cavalier, on a hard gallop, I walked my purchase to the stable and dismounted with a chastened spirit.

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, with a face beaming all over with smiles, "how did you like your horse?"

I replied that he was not quite so fine a saddle-horse as I had anticipated, but I added, brightening up, for good-humor is sympathetic, "he will make a good horse, I think, after all, for you and the children to jog around with in a wagon."

"Oh, won't that be pleasant!" said Mrs. Sparrowgrass.

Farewell, then, rural rides, and rural roads o' mornings! Farewell, song-birds and jasper colonnades; farewell, misty

river and rocky Palisades; farewell, mown honey-breath; fare well, stirrup and bridle, dawn and dew; we must jog on at a foot pace. After all, it is better for your horse to have a pulmonary complaint than to have it yourself.

I had determined not to build a stable nor to buy a carriage until I had thoroughly tested my horse in harness. For this purpose I hired a Rockaway of the stable-keeper. Then I put Mrs. Sparrowgrass and the young ones in the double seats, and took the ribbons for a little drive by the Nepperhan River road. The Nepperhan is a quiet stream that for centuries has wound its way through the ancient Dorp of Yonkers. Geologists may trace the movements of time upon the rocky dial of the Palisades, and estimate the age of the more modern Hudson by the footprints of sauria in the strata that fringe its banks, but it is impossible to escape the conviction, as you ride beside the Nepperhan, that it is a very old stream—that it is entirely independent of earthquakes—that its birth was of primeval antiquity—and, no doubt, that it meandered through Westchester valleys when the Hudson was only a freshwater lake, land-locked somewhere above Poughkeepsie. It was a lovely afternoon. The sun was sloping westward, the meadows

> "were all aflame
> In sunken light, and the mailed grasshopper
> Shrilled in the maize with ceaseless iteration."

We had passed Chicken Island, and the famous house with the stone gable and the one stone chimney in which General Washington slept, as he made it a point to sleep in every old stone house in Westchester County, and had gone pretty far on the road, past the cemetery, when Mrs. Sparrowgrass said suddenly, "Dear, what is the matter with your horse?" As I had been telling the children all the stories about the river on the

way, I had managed to get my head pretty well inside the carriage, and at the time she spoke was keeping a lookout in front with my back. The remark of Mrs. Sparrowgrass induced me to turn about, and I found the new horse behaving in a most unaccountable manner.

He was going down hill with his nose almost to the ground, running the wagon first on this side and then on the other. I thought of the remark made by the man, and turning again to Mrs. Sparrowgrass, said, "Playful, isn't he?"

The next moment I heard something breaking away in front, and then the Rockaway gave a lurch and stood still. Upon examination I found the new horse had tumbled down, broken one shaft, gotten the other through the check-rein so as to bring his head up with a round turn, and besides had managed to put one of the traces in a single hitch around his off hind leg.

So soon as I had taken all the young ones and Mrs. Sparrowgrass out of the Rockaway, I set to work to liberate the horse, who was choking very fast with the check-rein. It is unpleasant to get your fishing-line in a tangle when you are in a hurry for bites, but I never saw a fishing-line in such a tangle as that harness. However, I set to work with a penknife, and cut him out in such a way as to make getting home by our conveyance impossible. When he got up, he was the sleepiest-looking horse I ever saw.

"Mrs. Sparrowgrass," said I, "won't you stay here with the children until I go to the nearest farmhouse?"

Mrs. Sparrowgrass replied that she would.

Then I took the horse with me to get him out of the way of the children, and went in search of assistance. The first thing the new horse did when he got about a quarter of a mile from the scene of the accident was to tumble down a bank. Fortunately, the bank was not more than four feet high, but

as I went with him my trousers were rent in a grievous place. While I was getting the new horse on his feet again, I saw a colored person approaching, who came to my assistance. The first thing he did was to pull out a large jackknife, and the next thing he did was to open the new horse's mouth and run the blade two or three times inside of the new horse's gums. Then the new horse commenced bleeding.

"Dah, sah," said the man, shutting up his jackknife, "ef 't hadn't been for dat yer your hoss would ha' bin a goner."

"What was the matter with him?" said I.

"Oh, he's on'y jis got de blind staggers, dat's all. Say," said he, before I was half indignant enough at the man who sold me such an animal—"say, ain't your name Sparrowgrass?"

I replied that my name was Sparrowgrass.

"Oh," said he, "I knows you; I brung some fowls once down to you place. I heerd about you and you hoss. Dat's de hoss dat's got de heaves so bad! You better sell dat horse."

I determined to take his advice, and employed him to lead my purchase to the nearest place where he would be cared for. Then I went back to the Rockaway, but met Mrs. Sparrowgrass and the children on the road coming to meet me. She had left a man in charge of the Rockaway. When we got to the Rockaway we found the man missing, also the whip and one cushion. We got another person to take charge of the Rockaway, and had a pleasant walk home by moonlight.

Does any person want a horse at a low price? A good, stylish-looking animal, close-ribbed, good loin, and good stifle, sound legs, with only the heaves and blind staggers and a slight defect in one of his eyes? If at any time he slips his bridle and gets away, you can always approach him by getting on his left side. I will also engage to give a written guarantee that he is sound and kind, signed by the brother of his former owner

Henry W. Shaw—"Josh Billings"

Natral and Unnatral Aristokrats

NATUR furnishes all the nobleman we hav.

She holds the pattent.

Pedigree haz no more to do in making a man aktually grater than he iz, than a pekok's feather in his hat haz in making him aktually taller.

This iz a hard phakt for some tew learn.

This mundane earth iz thik with male and femail ones who think they are grate bekause their ansesstor waz luckey in the sope or tobacco trade; and altho the sope haz run out sumtime since, they try tew phool themselves and other folks with the suds.

Sope-suds iz a prekarious bubble.

Thare ain't nothing so thin on the ribs az a sope-suds aristokrat.

When the world stands in need ov an aristokrat, natur pitches one into it, and furnishes him papers without enny flaw in them.

Aristokrasy kant be transmitted—natur sez so—in the papers.

Titles are a plan got up bi humans tew assist natur in promulgating aristokrasy.

Titles ain't ov enny more real use or necessity than dog collars are.

I hav seen dog collars that kost 3 dollars on dogs that wan't worth, in enny market, over 87½ cents.

This iz a grate waste of collar; and a grate damage tew the dog.

Natur don't put but one ingredient into her kind ov aristokrasy, and that iz virtew.

She wets up the virtew, sumtimes, with a little pepper sass, just tew make it lively.

She sez that all other kinds are false; and i beleave natur.

I wish every man and woman on earth waz a bloated aristokrat—bloated with virtew.

Earthly manufaktured aristokrats are made principally out ov munny.

Forty years ago it took about 85 thousand dollars tew make a good-sized aristokrat, and innokulate his family with the same disseaze, but it takes now about 600 thousand tew throw the partys into fits.

Aristokracy, like of the other bred stuffs, haz riz.

It don't take enny more virtew tew make an aristokrat now, nor clothes, than it did in the daze ov Abraham.

Virtew don't vary.

Virtew is the standard ov values.

Clothes ain't.

Titles ain't.

A man kan go barefoot and be virtewous, and be an aristokrat.

Diogoneze waz an aristokrat.

His brown-stun front waz a tub, and it want on end, at that.

Moneyed aristokrasy iz very good to liv on in the present hi kondishun of kodphis and wearing apparel, provided yu see the munny, but if the munny kind of tires out and don't reach yu, and you don't git ennything but the aristokrasy, you hav got to diet, that's all.

I kno ov thousands who are now dieting on aristokrasy.

They say it tastes good.

I presume they lie without knowing it.

Not enny ov this sort ov aristokrasy for Joshua Billings.

I never should think ov mixing munny and aristokrasy together; i will take mine separate, if yu pleze.

I don't never expekt tew be an aristokrat, nor an angel; i don't kno az i want tew be one.

I certainly should make a miserable angel.

I certainly never shall hav munny enuff tew make an aristokrat.

Raizing aristokrats iz a dredful poor bizzness; yu don't never git your seed back.

One democrat iz worth more tew the world than 60 thousand manufaktured aristokrats.

An Amerikan aristokrat iz the most ridikilus thing in market. They are generally ashamed ov their ansesstors; and, if they hav enny, and live long enuff, they generally hav cause tew be ashamed ov their posterity.

I kno ov sevral familys in Amerika who are trieing tew liv on their aristokrasy. The money and branes giv out sumtime ago.

It iz hard skratching for them.

Yu kan warm up kold potatoze and liv on them, but yu kant warm up aristokratik pride and git even a smell.

Yu might az well undertake tew raze a krop ov korn in a deserted brikyard by manuring the ground heavy with tanbark.

Yung man, set down, and keep still—yu will hav plenty ov chances yet to make a phool ov yureself before yu die.

The Bumblebee

THE bumblebee iz a kind ov big fly who goes muttering and swareing around the lots, during the summer, looking after little boys to sting them, and stealing hunny out ov the dandylions and thissells. He iz mad all the time about sumthing, and don't seem to kare a kuss what people think ov him. A skoolboy will studdy harder enny time to find a bumblebee's nest than he will to get hiz lesson in arithmetik, and when he haz found it, and got the hunny out ov it, and got badly stung into the bargin, he finds thare ain't mutch margin in it. Next to poor molassis, bumblebee hunny iz the poorest kind ov sweetmeats in market. Bumblebees hav allwuss been in fashion, and probably allwuss will be, but whare the fun or proffit lays in them i never could cypher out. The proffit don't seem to be in the hunny, nor in the bumblebee neither. They bild their nest in the ground, or enny whare else they take a noshun to. It ain't afrade to fite a whole distrikt skool if they meddle with them. I don't blame the bumblebee, nor enny other fellow, for defending hiz sugar: it iz the fust and last Law ov natur, and i hope the law won't never run out. The smartest thing about the bumblebee iz their stinger.

To Correspondents

"*Benzine.*"—Men who hav a grate deal to do with hosses seem tew demoralize faster than the hosses do.

Hosses are like dice, and kards; altho they are virtewous enuff themselves, how natral it iz tew gambol with them.

Hosses luv the society ov man, and being susceptible ov grate deceit, they will learn a man how to cheat and lie before he knows it.

I know lots ov folks who are real pius, and who are honest enuff tew work up into united estate accessors, and hav sum good-sized moral chunks left over, but when they cum tew tork hoss they want az mutch look after az a case ov dipthery.

"*Benvolio.*"—In writing for yu an analasiss ov the frog, i must confess that i hav coppied the whole thing, "verbatus ad liberating," from the works ov a selebrated French writer on natural history, ov the 16th sentry.

The frog iz, in the fust case, a tadpole, aul boddy and tail, without cuming tew a head.

He travels in pond holes, bi the side ov the turnpike, and iz accellerated bi the acktivity ov his tail, which wriggles with uncommon limberness and vivacity. Bi and bi, pretty soon before long, in a few daze, his tail iz no more, and legs begin to emerge from the south end ov the animal; and from the north end, at the same time, may be seen a disposition tew head out.

In this cautious way the frog iz built, and then for the fust time in his life begins tew git his head abuv water.

His success iz now certain, and soon, in about five daze more, he may be seen sitting down on himself bi the side ov the pond hole, and looking at the dinner baskets ov the children on their way tew the distrikt skoolhous.

Az the children cum more nearer, with a club or chunk ov a brickbat in his hand tew swott him with, he rares up on his behind leggs, and enters the water, head fust, without opening the door.

Thus the frog duz bizzness for a spell of time, until he gits tew be 21, and then his life iz more ramified.

Frogs hav 2 naturs, ground and water, and are az free from sin az an oyster.

I never knu a frog tew hurt ennyboddy who paid his honest dets and took the daily papers.

I don't reckoleckt now whether a frog has enny before leggs or not, and if he don't it ain't ennyboddy's bizzness but the frog's.

Their hind leggs are used for refreshments, but the rest ov him won't pay for eating.

A frog iz the only person who kan live in a well and not git tired.

Marriage

Marriage iz a fair transaction on the face ov it.

But thare iz quite too often put up jobs in it.

It iz an old institushun, older than the pyramids, and az phull ov hyrogliphicks that noboddy kan parse.

History holds its tounge who the pair waz who fust put on the silken harness, and promised tew work kind in it, thru thick and thin, up hill and down, and on the level, rain or shine, survive or perish, sink or swim, drown or flote.

But whoever they waz they must hav made a good thing out ov it, or so menny ov their posterity would not hav harnessed up since and drov out.

Thare iz a grate moral grip in marriage; it iz the mortar that holds the soshull bricks together.

But there ain't but darn few pholks who put their money in matrimony who could set down and giv a good written opinyun whi on arth they cum to did it.

This iz a grate proof that it iz one ov them natral kind ov

acksidents that must happen, jist az birds fly out ov the nest, when they hav feathers enuff, without being able tew tell why.

Sum marry for buty, and never diskover their mistake; this iz lucky.

Sum marry for money, and—don't see it.

Sum marry for pedigree, and feel big for six months, and then very sensibly cum tew the conclusion that pedigree ain't no better than skimmilk.

Sum marry tew pleze their relashuns, and are surprized tew learn that their relashuns don't care a cuss for them afterwards.

Sum marry bekauze they hav bin highsted sum whare else; this iz a cross match, a bay and a sorrel; pride may make it endurable.

Sum marry for love without a cent in their pocket, nor a friend in the world, nor a drop ov pedigree. This looks desperate, *but it iz the strength ov the game.*

If marrying for love ain't a suckcess, then matrimony iz a ded beet.

Sum marry bekauze they think wimmin will be skarse next year, and liv tew wonder how the crop holds out.

Sum marry tew git rid ov themselfs, and diskover that the game waz one that two could play at, and neither win.

Sum marry the seckond time to git even, and find it a gambling game, the more they put down, the less they take up.

Sum marry tew be happy, and not finding it, wonder whare all the happiness on earth goes to when it dies.

Sum marry, they kan't tell whi, and liv, they kan't tell how.

Almoste every boddy gits married, and it iz a good joke.

Sum marry in haste, and then set down and think it careful over.

Sum think it over careful fust, and then set down and marry. Both ways are right, if they hit the mark.

Sum marry rakes tew convert them. This iz a little risky, and takes a smart missionary to do it.

Sum marry coquetts. This iz like buying a poor farm, heavily mortgaged, and working the balance ov yure days tew clear oph the mortgages.

Married life haz its chances, and this iz just what gives it its flavor. Every body luvs tew phool with the chances, bekauze every boddy expekts tew win. But i am authorized tew state that every boddy don't win.

But, after all, married life iz full az certain az the dry goods bizziness.

No man kan swear exackly whare he will fetch up when he touches calico.

Kno man kan tell jist what calico haz made up its mind tew do next.

Calico don't kno even herself.

Dri goods ov all kinds iz the child ov circumstansis.

Sum never marry, but this iz jist az risky, the diseaze iz the same, with no other name to it.

The man who stands on the bank shivvering, and dassent, iz more apt tew ketch cold, than him who pitches hiz hed fust into the river.

Thare iz but phew who never marry bekauze they *won't;* they all hanker, and most ov them starve with slices ov bread before them (spread on both sides), jist for the lack ov grit.

Marry yung! iz mi motto.

I hav tried it, and kno what i am talkin about.

If enny boddy asks yu whi yu got married (if it needs be), tell him, *yu don't reccollekt.*

Marriage iz a safe way to gamble—if yu win, yu win a pile, and if yu loze, yu don't loze enny thing, only the privilege ov living dismally alone, and soaking yure own feet.

I repeat it, in italicks, *marry young!*

Thare iz but one good excuse for a marriage late in life, and that iz—*a second marriage.*—"*Complete Works.*"

The Bizzy Body

I DON'T mean the industrious man, intent, and constant in the way of duty, but he who, like a hen, tired ov setting, cums clucking oph from the nest in a grate hurry, and full ov sputter, az fat spilt on the fire; scratching a little here, and suddenly a little thare; chuck full ov small things, like a ritch cheeze; up and down the streets, wagging around evry boddy, like a lorst dorg; in and out like a long-tailed mouse; az full ov bizzness az a pissmire, just before a hard shower; more questions tew ask than a prosekuting attorney; az fat with pertikulars az an inditement for hog stealing; as knowing az a tin weathercock.

This breed ov folks do a small bizzness on a big capital, they alwus know all the sekrets within ten miles, that aint worth keeping, they are a bundle of faggot fakts, and kan tell which sow in the neighborhood haz got the most pigs, and what Squire Benson got for marrying hiz last couple.

All ov this iz the result ov not knowing how to use a few brains to advantage, if they only knew a little less they would be fools, and a little more would enable them to tend a fresh lettered gideboard, with credit to themselfs, and not confusion to the travelers.

The Bizzy Body iz az full ov leizure az a yearling heifer, hiz time (nor noboddy else's) aint worth nothing to him, he will button hole an auctioneer on the block, or a minister in the

pulpit, and wouldn't hesitate tew stop a phuneral procession to ask what the corpse died of. They are az familiar with every boddy az a cockroach, but are no more use to you, az a friend, than a sucked orange.

Theze bizzy people are of awl genders—maskuline, feminine and nuter, and sumtimes are old maids, and then are az necessary in a community as dried herbs in the garret.

One bizzy old maid, who enjoys her vittles, and dont keep a lot ov tame kats for stiddy employment, is worth more than a daily paper; she iz better than the "Cook's Own Book," or a volume of household receipts, and works harder and makes more trips every day than a railroad hoss on the Third avenue cars.

The bizzybody iz generally az free from malice az a fly; he lights on you only for a roost, but iz always az unprofitable to know, or to hav ennything to do with, az a jewelry peddlar.

Thare are sum ov the bizzy folks who are like the hornets —never bizzy only with their stings. Theze are vipers, and are to be feared, not trifled with; but my bizzybody has no gaul in his liver; his whole karackter iz his face, and he iz as eazy to inventory az the baggage of a traveling colporter.

They are a cheerful, moderately virtuous, extremely patient, modestly impudent, ginger-pop set ov vagrants, who have got more leggs than brains, and whose really greatest sin iz not their waste ov facultys, but waste ov time. But time, to one ov theze fellows, flies as unconscious az it duz tew a tin watch in a toy shop window.

They are welcomed, not bekauze they are necessary, but bekauze they aint feared, and are soon dropt, like peanut shells, on the floor.

Thare iz no radikal cure for the bizzybody, no more than thare iz for the fleas in a long-haired dogg—if yu git rid ov

the fleas yu hav got the dogg left, and if yu git rid ov the dogg yu hav got the fleas left, and so, whare are you?

Bizzyness and bissness are two diffrent things, altho they pronounce out loud similar.

But after all i don't want tew git shut ov the Bizzy people; they are a noosanse for a small amount, but sumboddy haz got to be a noosance, and being aktive about nothing, and energetically lazy, iz no doubt a virtuous dodge, but iz 10 per cent better than counterfitting, or even the grand larceny bizziness. Thare iz one thing about them, they are seldum deceitful, they trade on a floating capital, and only deal in second-hand articles; they haint got the tallent to invent, they seldum lie, bekauze their bizziness don't require it; thare iz stale truth enuff lieing around loose for their purpose.

Don't trust them only with what you want to have scattered, they will find a ready market for every thing that a prudent man would hesitate tew offer, and they always suppoze they are learned, for they mistake rumors, skandals, and gossip for wisdum.

It iz a sad sight to see a whole life being swooped off for the glory of telling what good people don't love to hear, and what viscious ones only value for the malice it contains. I should rather be the keeper ov a rat pit, or ketch kats for a shilling a head to feed an anaconda with.—"*Complete Works.*"

Tight Boots

I WOULD jist like to kno who the man waz who fust invented *tite boots*.

He must hav bin a narrow and kontrakted kuss.

If he still lives, i hope he haz repented ov hiz sin, or iz enjoying grate agony ov sum kind.

I hav bin in a grate menny tite spots in mi life, but generally could manage to make them average; but thare iz no sich thing az making a pair of tite boots average.

Enny man who kan wear a pair ov tite boots, and be humble, and penitent, and not indulge profane literature, will make a good husband.

Oh! for the pen ov departed Wm. Shakspear, to write an anethema aginst tite boots, that would make anshunt Rome wake up, and howl agin az she did once before on a previous ockashun.

Oh! for the strength ov Herkules, to tare into shu strings all the tite boots ov creashun, and skatter them tew the 8 winds ov heaven.

Oh! for the buty ov Venus, tew make a bigg foot look hansum without a tite boot on it.

Oh! for the payshunce ov Job, the Apostle, to nuss a tite boot and bles it, and even pra for one a size smaller and more pinchfull.

Oh! for a pair of boots bigg enuff for the foot ov a mountain.

I have been led into the above assortment ov *Oh's!* from having in my posseshun, at this moment, a pair ov number nine boots, with a pair ov number eleven feet in them.

Mi feet are az uneasy az a dog's noze the fust time he wears a muzzle.

I think mi feet will eventually choke the boots to deth.

I liv in hopes they will.

I suppozed i had lived long enuff not to be phooled agin in this way, but i hav found out that an ounce ov vanity weighs more than a pound ov reazon, espeshily when a man mistakes a bigg foot for a small one.

Avoid tite boots, mi friend, az you would the grip of the devil; for menny a man haz cought for life a fust rate habit for swareing bi encouraging hiz feet to hurt hiz boots.

I hav promised mi two feet, at least a dozen ov times during mi checkured life, that they never should be strangled agin, but i find them to-day az phull ov pain az the stummuk ake from a suddin attak ov tite boots.

But this iz solemly the last pair ov tite boots i will ever wear; i will hereafter wear boots az bigg az mi feet, if i have to go barefoot to do it.

I am too old and too respektable to be a phool enny more.

Eazy boots iz *one* of the luxurys ov life, but i forgit what the other luxury iz, but i don't kno az i care, provided i kan git rid ov this pair ov tite boots.

Enny man kan hav them for seven dollars, just half what they kost, and if they don't make his feet ake wuss than an angle worm in hot ashes, he needn't pay for them.

Methuseles iz the only man, that i kan kall to mind now who could hav afforded to hav wore tite boots, and enjoyed them, he had a grate deal ov waste time tew be miserable in, but life now days, iz too short, and too full ov aktual bizzness to phool away enny ov it on tite boots.

Tite boots are an insult to enny man's understanding.

He who wears tite boots will hav too acknowledge the corn.

Tite boots hav no bowells or mersy, their insides are wrath, and promiskious cussing.

Beware ov tite boots.—"*Complete Works.*"

A Hen

A HEN is a darn phool, they was born so bi natur.

When natur undertakes tew make a phool, she hits the mark the fust time.

Most all the animile kritters hav instinkt, which is wuth more to them than reason would be, for instinkt don't make enny blunders.

If the animiles had reason, they would akt just as ridikilus as we men folks do.

But a hen don't seem tew hav even instinkt, and was made expressly for a phool.

I hav seen a hen fly out ov a good warm shelter, on the 15th ov January, when the snow was 3 foot high, and lite on the top ov a stun wall, and coolly set thare, and freeze tew deth.

Noboddy but a darn phool would do this, unless it was tew save a bet.

I hav saw a human being do similar things, but they did it tew win a bet.

To save a bet, is self-preservashun, and self-preservashun, is the fust law ov natur, so sez Blakstone, and he is the best judge ov law now living.

If i couldn't be Josh Billings, i would like, next in suit tew be Blakstone, and compoze sum law.

Thare iz one law i would compoze, which iz this, "no yung

snob shall walk on 5th avenew on the Sabbath day, and twitch hiz hat oph more than two times, on each block, to persons on the opposite side ov the street, whom he dont kno, and who dont know him."

I would hav this law compozed in brass, and send a coppy ov it to all the bar tenders, and cigar shop clerks, in the city.

This would soon put a stop tew this kind ov snobosity.

But notwithstanding all this, a hen continues tew be a darn phool.

I like all kinds ov phools, they cum nearer tew filling their destiny than ennyboddy i kno ov.

They don't never make enny blunders, but tend rite tew bizzness.

The principal bizzness, ov an able boddyed hen, iz tew lay eggs, and when she haz laid 36 ov them, then she iz ordained tew set still on them, until they are born, this iz the way yung hens fust see life.

The hen haz tew spred herself pretty well tew cover 36 eggs, but i hav seen her do it, and hatch out 36 yung hens.

When a hen fust walks out, with 36 yung hens supporting her, the party looks like a swarm ov bumble bees.

Thare aint nothing phoolish in all this, but yu put 36 white stuns, under this same hen, and she will set thare till she hatches out the stones.

I hav seen them do this too—i dont wish tew say, that i hav seen them *hatch out the stones*, but i hav seen them set on the stones, untill i left that naberhood, which waz two years ago, and i dont hesitate tew say, the hen iz still at work, on that same job.

Noboddy but a phool would stik tew bizzness az cluss as this.

Hens are older than Methuseler, and gro older till they die.

Now I dont want it understood, that enny one hen ken, kan commense life, with the usual kapital, and live 999 years.

This waz the exact age ov Methuseler, if I have been informed correktly.

I simply want tew be understood, that hens (az a speciality) laid, cackled, and sot a long time before Methuseler did.

After reading this last statement over agin, i dont kno az i make myself fluently understood yet.

I dont undertake tew say, that Mr. Methuseler, *cackled*, and *sot*, what i want tew prove, iz the fakt, that hens were here, and doing bizzness in their line, before Methuseler waz.

Now I hav got it.

Thare iz one thing about a hen that looks like wisdum, they don't cackle mutch untill after they have laid their egg.

Sum pholks are alwus a bragging, and a cackling, what they are going tew do before-hand.

A hen will set on one egg just az honest az she will set on 36 eggs, but a hen with one chicken iz always a painful sight tew me.

I never knu an only chicken do fust rate, the old hen spiles them waiting on them, and then it tires out the old hen, more than 36 chickens would.

I think this rule works both ways, among poultry, and among other pholks.

I have seen a hen set on 36 duck eggs, and hatch the whole ov them out, and then try tew learn them tew skratch in the garden.

But a ducks phoot aint bilt right for skratching in the ground, it iz better composed for skratching in the water.

When the young ducks takes tew the water, it iz melankolly, and hart brakeing, tew see the old hen, stand on the brim ov the mil pond, and wring her hands, and holler tew the ducks,

tew come right strate out ov that water, or they will all git drowned.

I have seen this did too, but i never see the ducks come out till they got reddy, nor never see a young duck git drowned.

Yu kant drown a young duck, they will stand az mutch water az a sponge will.

One egg, per diem, iz all that a hen ought to lay, espeshily a nu beginner, but there iz sum smart writers on the subjekt, who claim they ought tew lay two.

This needs more testimony.

Az an artikle ov diet, thare is but phew things that surpass cooked hen, if eaten in the days ov their youth and innosense, but after they git old, and kross, they kontrakt a habit ov eating tuff.

After thinking the thing over, and over, and over, I am still prepared tew say, that a hen is a darn phool, ennyhow you kan fix it.

I don't speak of this as enny disgrace two the hen, it only shows that natur dont even make a phool without a destiny.

Az long as hens phill their destiny, eggs won't git tew be worth over 25 cents a dozen, and broiled chicken will be one ov the luxurys ov life.

Thare iz grate proffit, and sum loss, in razeing chickens, the *loss* iz the heavyest when sum boddy brakes into the chicken coop, and steals all the chickens.

Thare iz a grate menny breeds ov hens, just now, but the old-fashioned speckled hen breed iz the most flattering.

After they hav laid an egg, they aint afraid tew say so, and kan outkackle all other breeds ov hens, and when yu come tew scratching up a garden, they are wuth two ov enny other kind.

I dont kno ov enny sight that pleases me more than tew see

an old speckled hen cum sputtering oph from her nest and pitch, feet fust, into a new made garden.

I suppoze if I owned the garden this thing might not look so phunny tew me, but yu see, I dont own enny garden.

I belong tew that misfortunate klass ov real estate men who dont own enny garden, and I have sumtimes wondered if it want just about az proffitable for me tew enjoy the skratching up ov the garden, and let them other folks who own the hens and the garden do their own gitting mad and swearing.

—"*Complete Works.*"

The Gote

The gote iz a koarse wollen sheep.

They hav a split hoof and a whole tail.

They hav a good appetite, and a sanguine digestion.

They swallo what they eat, and will eat ennything they kan bite.

Their moral karakters are not polished, they had rather steal a rotten turnip, out ov a garbage-box, than tew cum honestly bi a pek ov oats.

The male gote haz two horns on the ridge ov hiz hed, and a mustash on hiz bottom lip, and iz the plug ugly ov hiz naberhood.

A maskuline gote will fite ennything, from an elephant down to hiz shadder on a ded wall.

They strike from their but-end, insted ov the shoulder, and are az likely tew hit, az a hammer iz a nailhed.

They are a hi seazoned animal, az mutch so az a pound ov assifidity.

They are faithful critters, and will stick tew a friend az long az he livs in a shanty.

They kan klime ennything but a greast pole, and kno the way up a rock, az natral az a woodbine.

They are az certain tew raize az yung ones, sum familys are haff gotes, and the other haff children. They are good eating when they are yung, but they leave it oph az they git stronger.

They are alwus poor in the boddy, but phatt in the stumick, what they eat seems to all go to appetight, yu mite az well agree tew phatt an injun-rubber over shew bi filling it with klam shells, az tew raize enny adipoze membrane on the outside bust ov a gote.

A phatt gote would be a literary curiosity.

They use the same dialekt az the sheep, and the yung ones speak the language more fluently than the parients do.

Thare iz only two animals ov the earth that will eat tobakko —one iz a man and tuther iz a gote, but the gote understands it the most, for he swallers the spit, chaw and all.

The male gote, when he iz pensiv, iz a venerable and philosophy looking old cuss, and wouldn't make a bad proffessor ov arithmetik in sum ov our colleges.

They are handy at living a long time, reaching an advanced age without arriving at enny definite konklusion.

How long a gote livs without giving it up, thare iz no man now old enuff tew tell.

Methuzeler, if hiz memory waz bad at forgetting, mite giv a good-sized guess, but unfortunately for science and this essa, Methuzeler aint here.

Gotes will liv in enny klimate, and on enny vittles, except tanbark, and if they ever cum to a square death, it iz a profound sekret, in the hands of a few, to this day.

I wouldn't like tew beleave enny man under oath who had ever seen a maskuline gote acktually die, and stay so.

Speaking ov Methuzeler, puts me in mind ov the fackt, if a man should liv now daze, as mutch az he did, and only hav one eye tew see things with, he would hav to hav an addishun bilt onto the back ov hiz head tew sto away things into.

The femail gote iz either the mother, or sister, or cuzzin ov the male gote, ackording tew the prevailing circumstansis in the case, or else i labour under a delusion, i forget witch.

They giv milk intuitively about a quart, before it iz watered, in twelve hours, which iz the subjickt ov nourishment in various ways.

This milk, whitch is extrakted from the female gote, iz excellent tew finish up yung ones on, but is apt to make them bellycose, and fightful.

It iz not unkommon for a babe, while inhaleing this pugnashus fluid, to let oph hiz left colleckshun or diggit and ketch the nurse on the pinnakle ov the smeller, and tap it for claret.

This iz a kommon fakt amung irish babes, and explains the reazon whi, in after life, these same babes make such brilliant hits.

In writing the history ov the male and female gote tew adorn the pages ov futer times, i flatter miself that i hav stuck tew the truth, and haven't allowed mi imaginashun tew boss the job.

A grate menny ov our best bilt historians are apt tew mistake opinyuns for facts, this iz an eazy mistake tew make, but when i strike a goose, or bed bugg, or gote, yu notis one thing, i stay with them.—Finis.—"*Complete Works.*"

James Russell Lowell

A Letter from Mr. Ezekiel Biglow

THRASH away, you'll *hev* to rattle
  On them kittle-drums o' yourn,
'Tain't a knowin' kind o' cattle
  Thet is ketched with moldy corn;
Put in stiff, you fifer feller,
  Let folks see how spry you be—
Guess you'll toot till you are yeller
  'Fore you git a-hold o' me!

Thet air flag's a leetle rotten,
  Hope it ain't your Sunday's best—
Fact! it takes a sight o' cotton
  To stuff out a soger's chest;
Sence we farmers hev to pay fer't,
  Ef you must wear humps like these
S'posin' you should try salt hay fer't,
  It would du ez slick ez grease.

'Twouldn't suit them Southun fellers,
  They're a dreffle graspin' set,
We must ollers blow the bellers
  Wen they want their irons het;
Maybe it's all right ez preachin',
  But *my* narves it kind o' grates,
Wen I see the overreachin'
  O' them nigger-drivin' States.

Them that rule us, them slave-traders,
  Hain't they cut a thunderin' swath
(Helped by Yankee renegaders),
  Thru the vartu o' the North!
We begin to think it's natur
  To take sarse an' not be riled—
Who'd expect to see a tater
  All on eend at bein' biled?

Ez fer war, I call it murder—
  There you hev it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no furder
  Than my Testament fer that;
God hez sed so plump an' fairly,
  It's ez long ez it is broad,
An' you've gut to git up airly
  Ef you want to take in God.

'Tain't your eppyletts an' feathers
  Make the thing a grain more right;
'Tain't a-follerin' your bell-wethers
  Will excuse ye in His sight;
Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
  An' go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment ain't to answer for it,
  God'll send the bill to you.

Wut's the use o' meetin'-goin'
  Every Sabbath, wet or dry,
Ef it's right to go a-mowin'
  Feller-men like oats an' rye?

I dunno but wut it's pooty
  Trainin' round in bobtail coats—
But it's curus Christian dooty
  This 'ere cuttin' folks's throats.

They may talk o' Freedom's airy
  Tell they're pupple in the face—
It's a grand gret cemetary
  Fer the barthrights of our race;
They jest want this Californy
  So's to lug new slave States in
To abuse ye, an' to scorn ye,
  An' to plunder ye like sin.

Ain't it cute to see a Yankee
  Take sech everlastin' pains,
All to git the Devil's thankee
  Helpin' on 'em weld their chains?
Wy, it's jest ez clear ez figures,
  Clear ez one an' one make two,
Chaps thet make black slaves o' niggers
  Want to make wite slaves o' you.

Tell ye jest the eend I've come to
  Arter cipherin' plaguy smart,
An' it makes a handy sum, tu,
  Any gump could larn by heart;
Laborin' man an' laborin' woman
  Hev one glory an' one shame.
Ev'ythin' thet's done inhuman
  Injers all on 'em the same.

'Tain't by turnin' out to hack folks
  You're agoin' to git your rights,
Nor by lookin' down on black folks
  Coz you're put upon by wite;
Slavery ain't o' nary color,
  'Tain't the hide thet makes it wus,
All it keers fer is a feller
  'S jest to make him fill his pus.

Want to tackle *me* in, du ye?
  I expect you'll hev to wait;
Wen cold lead puts daylight thru ye
  You'll begin to kal'late;
S'pose the crows wun't fall to pickin'
  All the carkiss from your bones,
Coz you helped to give a lickin'
  To them poor half-Spanish drones?

Jest go home an' ask our Nancy
  Wether I'd be sech a goose
Ez to jine ye—guess you'd fancy
  The etarnal bung wuz loose!
She wants me fer home consumption,
  Let alone the hay's to mow—
Ef you're arter folks o' gumption,
  You've a darned long row to hoe.

Take them editors thet's crowin'
  Like a cockerel three months old—
Don't ketch any on 'em goin',
  Though they *be* so blasted bold;

Ain't they a prime lot o' fellers?
'Fore they think on't they will sprout
(Like a peach that's got the yellers),
With the meanness bustin' out.

Wal, go 'long to help 'em stealin'
Bigger pens to cram with slaves,
Help the men thet's ollers dealin'
Insults on your fathers' graves;
Help the strong to grind the feeble,
Help the many agin the few,
Help the men that call your people
Witewashed slaves an' peddlin' crew?

Massachusetts, God forgive her,
She's a-kneelin' with the rest,
She, thet ough' to ha' clung ferever
In her grand old eagle-nest;
She thet ough' to stand so fearless
Wile the wracks are round her hurled,
Holdin' up a beacon peerless
To the oppressed of all the world!

Hain't they sold your colored seamen?
Hain't they made your env'ys wiz?
Wut'll make ye act like freemen?
Wut'll git your dander riz?
Come, I'll tell ye wut I'm thinkin'
Is our dooty in this fix,
They'd ha' done 't ez quick ez winkin'
In the days o' seventy-six.

Clang the bells in every steeple,
  Call all true men to disown
The tradoocers of our people,
  The enslavers o' their own;
Let our dear old Bay State proudly
  Put the trumpet to her mouth,
Let her ring this messidge loudly
  In the ears of all the South—

"I'll return ye good fer evil
  Much ez we frail mortils can,
But I wun't go help the Devil
  Makin' man the cuss o' man;
Call me coward, call me traiter,
  Jest ez suits your mean idees—
Here I stand a tyrant-hater,
  An' the friend o' God an' Peace!"

Ef I'd *my* way I hed ruther
  We should go to work an' part—
They take one way, we take t'other—
  Guess it wouldn't break my heart;
Man hed ought to put asunder
  Them thet God has noways jined;
An' I shouldn't gretly wonder
  Ef there's thousands o' my mind.

—"*Biglow Papers.*"

The Yankee Recruit

MISTER BUCKINUM, the follerin Billet was writ hum by a Yung feller of our town that wuz cussed fool enuff to goe a-trottin' inter Miss Chiff arter a Drum and fife. It ain't Nater for a feller to let on that he's sick o' any bizness that he went intu off his own free will and a Cord, but I rather cal'late he's middlin tired o' voluntearin' By this time. I bleeve yu may put dependunts on his statemence. For I never heered nothin' bad on him let Alone his havin' what Parson Wilbur cals a *pongshong* for cocktales, and ses it wuz a soshiashun of idees sot him agoin' arter the Crootin' Sargient cos he wore a cocktale onto his hat.

his Folks gin the letter to me and I shew it to parson Wilbur and he says it oughter Bee printed. send it to mister Buckinum, ses he, i don't ollers agree with him, ses he, but by Time, ses he, I *du* like a feller that ain't a Feared.

I have intusspussed a Few refleckshuns hear and thair. We're kind o' prest with Hayin'.

Ewers respecfly,

HOSEA BIGLOW.

This kind o' sogerin' aint a mite like our October trainin',
A chap could clear right out from there ef't only looked like rainin'.
An' th' Cunnles, tu, could kiver up their shappoes with bandanners,
An' sen the insines skootin' to the barroom with their banners
(Fear o' gittin' on 'em spotted), an' a feller could cry quarter,
Ef he fired away his ramrod artur tu much rum an' water.

Recollect wut fun we hed, you'n I on' Ezry Hollis,
Up there to Waltham plain last fall, ahavin' the Cornwallis?
This sort o' thing ain't *jest* like thet—I wished thet I wuz furder—
Ninepunce a day fer killin' folks comes kind o' low for murder.
(Wy I've worked out to slarterin' some fer Deacon Cephas Billins,
An' in the hardest times there wuz I ollers teched ten shillins),
There's sutthin' gits into my throat thet makes it hard to swaller,
It comes so nateral to think about a hempen collar;
It's glory—but, in spite o' all my tryin' to git callous,
I feel a kind o' in a cart, aridin' to the gallus.
But wen it comes to *bein'* killed—I tell ye I felt streaked
The fust time ever I found out wy baggonets wuz peaked;
Here's how it wuz: I started out to go to a fandango,
The sentinul he ups an' sez, "Thet's furder 'an you can go."
"None o' your sarse," sez I; sez he, "Stan' back!" "Ain't you a buster?"
Sez I, "I'm up to all thet air, I guess I've ben to muster;
I know wy sentinuls air sot; you aint agoin' to eat us;
Caleb haint no monopoly to court the scenoreetas;
My folks to hum hir full ez good ez hisn be, by golly!"
An' so ez I wuz goin' by, not thinkin' wut would folly,
The everlastin' cus he stuck his one-pronged pitchfork in me
An' made a hole right thru my close ez ef I was an in'my.
Wal, it beats all how big I felt hoorawin' in old Funnel
Wen Mister Bolles he gin the sword to our Leftenant Cunnle
(It's Mister Secondary Bolles, thet writ the prize peace essay;
Thet's wy he didn't list himself along o' us, I dessay).
An' Rantoul, tu, talked pooty loud, but don't put *his* foot in it,
Coz human life's so sacred thet he's principled agin' it—

Though I myself can't rightly see it's any wus achokin' on 'em
Than puttin' bullets thru their lights, or with a bagnet pokin' on 'em;
How dreffle slick he reeled it off (like Blitz at our lyceam
Ahaulin' ribbins from his chops so quick you skeercely see 'em),
About the Anglo-Saxon race (an' saxons would be handy
To du the buryin' down here upon the Rio Grandy),
About our patriotic pas an' our star-spangled banner,
Our country's bird alookin' on an' singin' out hosanner,
An' how he (Mister B—— himself) wuz happy fer Ameriky—
I felt, ez sister Patience sez, a leetle mite histericky.
I felt, I swon, ez though it wuz a dreffle kind o' privilege
Atrampin' round thru Boston streets among the gutter's drivelage;
I act'ally thought it wuz a treat to hear a little drummin',
An' it did bonyfidy seem millanyum wuz acomin';
Wen all on us got suits (darned like them wore in the state prison),
An' every feller felt ez though all Mexico was hisn.
This 'ere's about the meanest place a skunk could wal diskiver
(Saltillo's Mexican, I b'lieve, fer wut we call Salt river).
The sort o' trash a feller gits to eat doos beat all nater,
I'd give a year's pay fer a smell o' one good blue-nose tater;
The country here thet Mister Bolles declared to be so charmin'
Throughout is swarmin' with the most alarmin' kind o' varmin'.
He talked about delishes froots, but then it was a wopper all,
The holl on't 's mud an' prickly pears, with here an' there a chapparal;
You see a feller peekin' out, an', fust you know, a lariat
Is round your throat an' you a copse, 'fore you can say, "Wut air ye at?"

You never see sech darned gret bugs (it may not be irrelevant
To say I've seen a *scarabæus pilularius*[1] big ez a year old
elephant),
The rigiment come up one day in time to stop a red bug
From runnin' off with Cunnle Wright—'twuz jest a common
cimex lectularius.
One night I started up on eend an' thought I wuz to hum
agin,
I heern a horn, thinks I it's Sol the fisherman hez come agin,
His bellowses is sound enough—ez I'm a livin' creeter,
I felt a thing go thru my leg—'twuz nothin' more 'n a skeeter!
Then there's the yeller fever, tu, they call it here *el vomito*—
(Come, thet wun't du, you landcrab there, I tell ye to le' go
my toe!
My gracious! it's a scorpion thet's took a shine to play with 't,
I darsn't skeer the tarnel thing fer fear he'd run away with 't).
Afore I came away from hum I hed a strong persuasion
Thet Mexicans worn't human beans—an ourang outang nation,
A sort o' folks a chap could kill an' never dream on't arter,
No more'n a feller'd dream o' pigs thet he had hed to slarter;
I'd an idee thet they were built arter the darkie fashion all,
And kickin' colored folks about, you know, 's a kind o'
national;
But wen I jined I won't so wise ez thet air queen o' Sheby,
Fer, come to look at 'em, they aint much diff'rent from wut
we be,
An' here we air ascrougin' 'em out o' thir own dominions,
Ashelterin' 'em, ez Caleb sez, under our eagle's pinions,

[1] it waz "tumblebug" as he Writ it, but the parson put the Latten instid. i said tother maid better meeter, but he said tha was eddykated peepl to Boston and tha wouldn't stan' it no how, idnow as tha *wood* and idnow *as* tha wood.—H. B.

Wich means to take a feller up jest by the slack o' 's trowsis
An' walk him Spanish clean right out o' all his homes and houses;
Wal, it does seem a curus way, but then hooraw fer Jackson!
It must be right, fer Caleb sez it's reg'lar Anglo-Saxon.
The Mex'cans don't fight fair, they say, they piz'n all the water,
An' du amazin' lots o' things thet isn't wut they ough' to;
Bein' they haint no lead, they make their bullets out o' copper
An' shoot the darned things at us, tu, wich Caleb sez ain't proper;
He sez they'd ough' to stan' right up an' let us pop 'em fairly
(Guess when he ketches 'em at thet he'll hev to git up airly),
Thet our nation's bigger'n theirn an' so its rights air bigger,
An' thet it's all to make 'em free thet we air pullin' trigger,
Thet Anglo-Saxondom's idee's abreakin' 'em to pieces,
An' thet idee's thet every man doos jest wut he damn pleases;
Ef I don't make his meanin' clear, perhaps in some respex I can,
I know thet "every man" don't mean a nigger or a Mexican;
An' there's another thing I know, an' thet is, ef these creeturs,
Thet stick an Anglo-Saxon mask onto State prison feeturs,
Should come to Jalam Center fer to argify an' spout on 't,
The gals 'ould count the silver spoons the minnit they cleared out on 't.

This goin' ware glory waits ye haint one agreeable feetur,
And ef it worn't fer wakin' snakes, I'd home agin short meter;
Oh, wouldn't I be off, quick time, ef't worn't thet I wuz sartin
They'd let the daylight into me to pay me fer desartin'!
I don't approve o' tellin' tales, but jest to you I may state
Our ossifers aint wut they wuz afore they left the Bay State;

Then it wuz "Mister Sawin, sir, you're midd'lin' well now, be ye?
Step up an' take a nipper, sir; I'm dreffle glad to see ye";
But now it's, "Ware's my eppylet? Here, Sawin, step an' fetch it!
An' mind your eye, be thund'rin' spry, or damn ye, you shall ketch it!"
Wal, ez the Doctor sez, some pork will bile so, but by mighty,
Ef I hed some on 'em to hum, I'd give 'em linkumvity,
I'd play the rogue's march on their hides an' other music follerin'——
But I must close my letter here for one on 'em 's a hollerin',
These Anglosaxon ossifers—wal, taint no use a jawin',
I'm safe enlisted fer the war,

Yourn,

BIRDOFREDOM SAWIN.

What Mr. Robinson Thinks

GUVENER B. is a sensible man;
He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks;
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,
An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez he wun't vote fer Guvener B.

My! ain't it terrible? Wut shall we du?
We can't never choose him o' course—thet's flat;
Guess we shall hev to come round (don't you?)
An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all that;

Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez he wun't vote fer Guvener B.

Gineral C. is a dreffle smart man:
He's ben on all sides thet give places or pelf;
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan—
He's ben true to *one* party—an' thet is himself;
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

Gineral C. he goes in fer the war;
He don't vally principle more'n an old cud;
Wut did God make us raytional creeturs fer,
But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood?
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,
With good old idees o' wut's right an' wut ain't,
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,
An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took,
An' President Polk, you know, *he* is our country.
An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a book
Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the *per contry ;*

An' John P.
Robinson he
Sez this is his view o' the things to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argimunts lies;
Sez they're nothin' on airth but jest *fee, faw, fum:*
An' thet all this big talk of our destinies
Is half on it ign'ance an' t'other half rum;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez it ain't no sech thing; an', of course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail coats,
An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,
To git some on 'em office, and some on 'em votes;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us
The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I vow—
God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,
To start the world's team w'en it gits in a slough;
Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez the world'll go right, ef he hollers out Gee!

A Letter

From a Candidate for the Presidency in Answer to Suttin Questions Proposed by Mr. Hosea Biglow, Inclosed in a Note from Mr. Biglow to S. H. Gay, Esq., Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

. . . . . .

DEER SIR its gut to be the fashun now to rite letters to the candid 8s and i wus chose at a publick Meetin in Jaalam to du wut wus nessary fur that town. i writ to 271 ginerals and gut ansers to 209. tha air called candid 8s but I don't see nothin candid about em. this here 1 wich I send wus thought satty's factory. I dunno as it's ushle to print Poscrips, but as all the ansers I got hed the saim, I sposed it wus best. times has gretly changed. Formaly to knock a man into a cocked hat wus to use him up, but now it ony gives him a chance fur the cheef madgustracy.—H. B.

DEAR SIR,—You wish to know my notions
On sartin pints thet rile the land;
There's nothin' thet my natur so shuns
Ez bein' mum or underhand:
I'm a straight-spoken kind o' creetur
Thet blurts right out wut's in his head,
An' ef I've one pecooler feetur,
It is a nose thet wunt be led.

So, to begin at the beginnin',
An' come direcly to the pint,
I think the country's underpinnin'
Is some consid'ble out o' jint;

I ain't agoin' to try your patience
  By tellin' who done this or thet,
I don't make no insinooations,
  I jest let on I smell a rat.

Thet is, I mean, it seems to me so,
  But, ef the public think I'm wrong,
I wunt deny but wut I be so,—
  An', fact, it don't smell very strong;
My mind's tu fair to lose its balance
  An' say wich party hez most sense;
There may be folks o' greater talence
  Thet can't set stiddier on the fence.

I'm an eclectic; ez to choosin'
  'Twixt this an' thet, I'm plaguy lawth;
I leave a side thet looks like losin',
  But (wile there's doubt) I stick to both;
I stan' upon the Constitution,
  Ez preudunt statesmun say, who've planned
A way to git the most profusion
  O' chances ez to *ware* they'll stand.

Ez fer the war, I go agin it,—
  I mean to say I kind o' du,—
Thet is, I mean thet, bein' in it,
  The best way wuz to fight it thru;
Not but wut abstract war is horrid,
  I sign to thet with all my heart,—
But civlyzation *doos* git forrid
  Sometimes upon a powder-cart.

About thet darned Proviso matter
  I never hed a grain o' doubt,

Nor I aint one my sense to scatter
So's no one couldn't pick it out;
My love fer North an' South is equil,
So I'll jest answer plump an' frank,
No matter wut may be the sequil,—
Yes, Sir, I *am* agin a Bank.

Ez to the answerin' o' questions,
I'm an off ox at bein' druv,
Though I aint one thet ary test shuns
'Ill give our folks a helpin' shove;
Kind o' promiscoous I go it
Fer the holl country, an' the ground
I take, ez nigh ez I can show it,
Is pooty gen'ally all round.

I don't appruve o' givin' pledges;
You'd ough' to leave a feller free,
An' not go knockin' out the wedges
To ketch his fingers in the tree;
Pledges air awfle breachy cattle
Thet preudunt farmers don't turn out,
Ez long 'z the people git their rattle,
Wut is there fer 'm to grout about?

Ez to the slaves, there's no confusion
In *my* idees consarnin' them,—
I think they air an Institution,
A sort of—yes, jest so,—ahem:
Do *I* own any? Of my merit
On thet pint you yourself may jedge:
All is, I never drink no sperit,
Nor I haint never signed no pledge.

Ez to my principles, I glory
In hevin' nothin' o' the sort
I aint a Wig, I aint a Tory,
I'm jest a candidate, in short;
Thet's fair an' square an' parpendicler,
But, ef the Public cares a fig
To hev me an' thin' in particler,
Wy, I'm a kind o' peri-wig.

P. S.

Ez we're a sort o' privateerin',
O' course, you know, it's sheer an' sheer,
An' there is sutthin' wuth your hearin'
I'll mention in *your* privit ear;
Ef you git *me* inside the White House,
Your head with ile I'll kin' o' 'nint
By gittin' *you* inside the Lighthouse
Down to the eend o' Jaalam Pint.

An' ez the North hez took to brustlin'
At bein' scrouged frum off the roost,
I'll tell ye wut'll save all tusslin'
An' give our side a harnsome boost,—
Tell 'em thet on the Slavery question
I'm RIGHT, although to speak I'm lawth;
This gives you a safe pint to rest on,
An' leaves me frontin' South by North.

—"*Biglow Papers.*"

The Soldier's Return

A Second Letter from B. Sawin, Esq.

[In the following epistle, we behold Mr. Sawin returning a *miles emeritus*, to the bosom of his family. *Quantum mutatus*. . . .]

I SPOSE you wonder ware I be; I can't tell, fer the soul o' me,
Exacly ware I be myself,—meanin' by thet the holl o' me.
Wen I left hum, I hed two legs, an' they worn't bad ones neither,
(The scaliest trick they ever played wuz bringin' on me hither,)
Now one on 'em's I dunno ware;—they thought I wuz adyin',
An' sawed it off because they said 'twuz kin' o' mortifyin';
I'm willin' to believe it wuz, an' yit I don't see, nuther,
Wy one should take to feelin' cheap a minnit sooner 'n t'other,
Sence both wuz equilly to blame; but things is ez they be;
It took on so they took it off, an' thet's enough fer me:
There's one good thing, though, to be said about my wooden new one,—
The liquor can't git into it ez 't used to in the true one;
So it saves drink; an' then, besides, a feller couldn't beg
A gretter blessin' then to hev one ollers sober peg;
It's true a chap's in want o' two fer follerin' a drum,
But all the march I'm up to now is jest to Kingdom Come.

I've lost one eye, but thet's a loss it's easy to supply
Out o' the glory thet I've gut, fer thet is all my eye;
An' one is big enough, I guess, by diligently usin' it,
To see all I shall ever git by way o' pay fer losin' it;
Off'cers, I notice, who git paid fer all our thumps an' kickins,
Du wal by keepin' single eyes arter the fattest pickins;

So, ez the eye's put fairly out, I'll larn to go without it,
An' not allow *myself* to be no gret put out about it.
Now, le' me see, thet isn't all; I used, 'fore leavin' Jaalam,
To count things on my finger-ends, but sutthin' seems to ail 'em:
Ware's my left hand? Oh, darn it, yes, I recollect wut's come on 't;
I haint no left arm but my right, an' thet's gut jest a thumb on 't;
It aint so hendy ez it wuz to cal'late a sum on 't.

I've hed some ribs broke,—six (I b'lieve),—I haint kep' no account on 'em;
Wen pensions git to be the talk, I'll settle the amount on 'em.
An' now I'm speakin' about ribs, it kin' o' brings to mind
One thet I couldn't never break,—the one I lef' behind;
Ef you should see her, jest clear out the spout o' your invention
An' pour the longest sweetnin' in about an annooal pension,
An' kin o' hint (in case, you know, the critter should refuse to be
Consoled) I aint so 'xpensive now to keep ez wut I used to be;
There's one arm less, ditto one eye, an' then the leg thet's wooden
Can be took off an' sot away wenever ther' 's a puddin'.

I spose you think I'm comin' back ez opperlunt ez thunder,
With shiploads o' gold images an' varus sorts o' plunder;
Wal, 'fore I vullinteered, I thought this country wuz a sort o'
Canaan, a reg'lar Promised Land flowin' with rum an' water,
Ware propaty growed up like time, without no cultivation,
An' gold wuz dug ez taters be among our Yankee nation,
Ware nateral advantages were pufficly amazin',
Ware every rock there wuz about with precious stuns wuz blazin',

Ware mill-sites filled the country up ez thick ez you could cram
'em,
An' desput rivers run about abeggin' folks to dam 'em;
Then there were meetinhouses, tu, chockful o' gold an' silver
Thet you could take, an' no one couldn't hand ye in no bill
fer;—
Thet's wut I thought afore I went, thet's wut them fellers told
us
Thet stayed to hum an' speechified an' to the buzzards sold us;
I thought thet gold mines could be gut cheaper than china as-
ters,
An' see myself acomin' back like sixty Jacob Astors;
But sech idees soon melted down an' didn't leave a grease-spot;
I vow my holl sheer o' the spiles wouldn't come nigh a V spot;
Although, most anywares we've ben, you needn't break no
locks,
Nor run no kin' o' risks, to fill your pocket full o' rocks.
I guess I mentioned in my last some o' the nateral feeturs
O' this all-fiered buggy hole in th' way o' awfle creeturs,
But I fergut to name (new things to speak on so abounded)
How one day you'll most die o' thust, an' 'fore the next git
drownded.
The clymit seems to me jest like a teapot made o' pewter
Our Prudence hed, thet wouldn't pour (all she could du) to suit
her;
Fust place the leaves 'ould choke the spout, so's not a drop 'ould
dreen out,
Then Prude 'ould tip an' tip an' tip, till the holl kit bust clean
out,
The kiver-hinge-pin bein' lost, tea-leaves an' tea an' kiver
'ould all come down *kerswosh!* ez though the dam broke in a
river.

Jest so 'tis here; holl months there aint a day o' rainy weather,
An' jest ez th' officers 'ould be alayin' heads together
Ez t' how they'd mix their drink at sech a milingtary deepot,—
'T 'ould pour ez though the lid wuz off the everlastin' teapot.
The cons'quence is, thet I shall take, wen I'm allowed to leave here,
One piece o' propaty along,—an' thet's the shakin' fever;
It's riggilar employment, though, an' thet aint thought to harm one,
Nor 'taint so tiresome ez it wuz with t'other leg an' arm on;
An' it's a consolation, tu, although it doosn't pay
To hev it said you're some gret shakes in any kin' o' way.
'Tworn't very long, I tell ye wut, I thought o' fortin-makin',—
One day a reg'lar shiver-de-freeze, an' next ez good ez bakin',—
One day abrilin' in the sand, then smoth'rin' in the mashes,—
Git up all sound, be put to bed a mess o' hacks an' smashes.
But then, thinks I, at any rate there's glory to be hed,—
Thet's an investment, arter all, thet mayn't turn out so bad;
But somehow, wen we'd fit an' licked, I ollers found the thanks
Gut kin' o' lodged afore they come ez low down ez the ranks;
The Gin'rals gut the biggest sheer, the Cunnles next, an' so on,—
We never gut a blasted mite o' glory ez I know on;
An' spose we hed, I wonder how you're goin' to contrive its
Division so's to give a piece to twenty thousand privits;
Ef you should multiply by ten the portion o' the brav'st one,
You wouldn't git more'n half enough to speak of on a grave-stun;
We git the licks,—we're jest the grist thet's put into War's hop-pers;
Leftenants is the lowest grade thet helps pick up the coppers.
It may suit folks thet go agin a body with a soul in 't,
An' aint contented with a hide without a bagnet hole in 't;

But glory is a kin' o' thing *I* shan't pursue no furder,
Coz thet's the off'cers parquisite,—yourn's on'y jest the murder.

Wal, arter I git glory up, thinks I at least there's one
Thing in the bills we aint hed yit, an' thet's the GLORIOUS FUN;
Ef once we git to Mexico, we fairly may presume we
All day an' night shall revel in the halls o' Montezumy.
I'll tell ye wut *my* revels wuz, an' see how you would like 'em;
We never gut inside the hall: the nighest ever *I* come
Wuz stan'in' sentry in the sun (an', fact, it *seemed* a cent'ry)
A ketchin' smells o' biled an' roast thet come out thru the entry,
An' hearin', ez I sweltered thru my passes an' repasses,
A rat-tat-too o' knives an' forks, a clinkty-clink o' glasses:
I can't tell off the bill o' fare the Gin'rals hed inside;
All I know is, thet out o' doors a pair o' soles wuz fried,
An' not a hundred miles away frum ware this child wuz posted,
A Massachusetts citizen wuz baked an' biled an' roasted;
The on'y thing like revellin' thet ever come to me
Wuz bein' routed out o' sleep by thet darned revelee.

They say the quarrel's settled now; fer my part I've some doubt on 't,
'T'll take more fish-skin than folks think to take the rile clean out on 't;
At any rate, I'm so used up I can't do no more fightin',
The on'y chance thet's left to me is politics or writin';
Now, ez the people's gut to hev a milingtary man,
An' I aint nothin' else jest now, I've hit upon a plan;
The can'idatin' line, you know, 'ould suit me to a T,
An' ef I lose, 'twunt hurt my ears to lodge another flea;
So I'll set up ez can'idate fer any kin' o' office,
(I mean fer any thet includes good easy-cheers an' soffies;

Fer ez to runnin' fer a place ware work's the time o' day,
You know thet's wut I never did,—except the other way;)
Ef it's the Presidential cheer fer wich I'd better run,
Wut two legs anywares about could keep up with my one?
There ain't no kin' o' quality in can'idates, it's said,
So useful ez a wooden leg,—except a wooden head;
There's nothin' aint so poppylar—(wy, it's a parfect sin
To think wut Mexico hez paid fer Santy Anny's pin;)—
Then I haint gut no principles, an', sence I wuz knee-high,
I never *did* hev any gret, ez you can testify;
I'm decided peace-man, tu, an' go agin the war,—
Fer now the holl on 't 's gone an' past, wut is there to go *for?*
Ef, wile you're 'lectioneerin' round, some curus chaps should beg
To know my views o' state affairs, jest answer WOODEN LEG!
Ef they aint settisfied with thet, an' kin' o' pry an' doubt
An' ax fer sutthin' deffynit, jest say ONE EYE PUT OUT!
Thet kin' o' talk I guess you'll find'll answer to a charm,
An' wen you're druv tu nigh the wall, hol' up my missin' arm;
Ef they should nose round fer a pledge, put on a vartoous look
An' tell 'em thet's percisely wut I never gin nor—took!

Then you can call me "Timbertoes,"—thet's wut the people likes;
Sutthin' combinin' morril truth with phrases sech ez strikes;
Some say the people's fond o' this, or thet, or wut you please,—
I tell ye wut the people want is jest correct idees;
"Old Timbertoes," you see, 's a creed it's safe to be quite bold on,
There's nothin' in 't the other side can any ways git hold on;
It's a good tangible idee, a sutthin' to embody
Thet valooable class o' men who look thru brandy-toddy;

It gives a Party Platform, tu, jest level with the mind
Of all right-thinkin', honest folks thet mean to go it blind;
Then there air other good hooraws to dror on ez you need 'em,
Sech ez the ONE-EYED SLARTERER, the BLOODY BIRDOFREDUM:
Them's wut takes hold o' folks thet think, ez well ez o' the masses,
An' makes you sartin o' the aid o' good men of all classes.

There's one thing I'm in doubt about; in order to be Presidunt,
It's absolutely ne'ssary to be a Southern residunt;
The Constitution settles thet, an' also thet a feller
Must own a nigger o' some sort, jet black, or brown, or yeller.
Now I haint no objections agin particklar climes,
Nor agin ownin' anythin' (except the truth sometimes),
But, ez I haint no capital, up there among ye, may be,
You might raise funds enough fer me to buy a low-priced baby,
An' then, to suit the No'thern folks, who feel obleeged to say
They hate an' cuss the very thing they vote fer every day,
Say you're assured I go full butt fer Libbaty's diffusion
An' made the purchis on'y jest to spite the Institootion;—
But, golly! there's the currier's hoss upon the pavement pawin'!
I'll be more 'xplicit in my next.

Yourn,

BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN.

—"*Biglow Papers.*"

The Courtin'

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
  Fur'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill
  All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
  An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
  'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
  With half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
  To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
  Toward the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced about
  The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
  An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's-arm thet Gran'ther Young
  Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
  Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
  Ez the apple she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
  On sech a blessed cretur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
  Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
  Clear grit an' human natur';
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
  Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
  He'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
  All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
  All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
  Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
  Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made "Ole Hundred" ring,
  She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
  When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
  O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *somel*
  She seemed to've gut a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
  Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it, tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper—
All ways to once her feelin's flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfle o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him furder
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
"Wal—no—I come dasignin'——"
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals act so or so,
Or don't 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other.
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"
Says she, "Think likely, Mister:"
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An'—— Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
  Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
  An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
  Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
  Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
  Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
  An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
  Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
  In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

Without and Within

My coachman, in the moonlight there,
  Looks through the side-light of the door;
I hear him with his brethren swear,
  As I could do—but only more.

Flattening his nose against the pane,
  He envies me my brilliant lot,
Breathes on his aching fist in vain,
  And dooms me to a place more hot.

He sees me in to supper go,
A silken wonder by my side,
Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row
Of flounces, for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm,
'Neath its white-gloved and jeweled load;
And wishes me some dreadful harm,
Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile I inly curse the bore
Of hunting still the same old coon,
And envy him, outside the door,
The golden quiet of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold
As the bright smile he sees me win,
Nor the host's oldest wine so old
As our poor gabble, sour and thin.

I envy him the rugged prance
By which his freezing feet he warms,
And drag my lady's chains and dance
The galley-slave of dreary forms.

Oh, could he have my share of din,
And I his quiet—past a doubt
'Twould still be one man bored within
And just another bored without.

Richard Grant White

My Lord Entertains Two Americans

Erelong a servant entered, with a card upon a salver, which he presented to our hostess, who, after glancing at it a moment with a puzzled look, said, "To my lord." On receiving it, his lordship handed it to me, saying, "From your friend. He sent me a letter of introduction from Tooptoe at Oxford; said he couldn't come just now himself, and asked the favor of introducin', just for a mornin' visit, an American gentleman, in whom he felt sure I should be interested. It's all right, I suppose?" It was simply Humphreys's card, with a line in pencil, "introducing the Hon. Washington J. Adams."

"I don't know Mr. Adams," I said; "but I do know that Mansfield Humphreys would give a card to no one who might not be properly received by the gentleman to whom it was addressed."

Here Captain Surcingle, whose attention had been arrested, and who had heard my reply, cried out, "'Mewican? Have him up, Toppin 'em, have him up! Those fellows are such fun! I always go to see the 'Mewican Cousin. Not faw Dundweawy. Can't see what they make such a doosid fuss about him faw. Does nothin' but talk just like 'fellow at the Wag; wegla' muff. Nevah saw such a boa. But Twenchard's awful fun; good as goin' to 'Mewica without the boa of goin'."

As the Honorable John began his appeal, his lady cousin stepped across the terrace to pluck a rose which peered at us over the stone balustrade, blushing with shame at its beautiful intrusion; and as she swept past him, I partly heard and partly

saw her say, in an earnest whisper, "Jack, *do* be quiet; and *don't* be such a goose!"

She had hardly returned with her flower, when the servant who had been sent out reappeared, announcing "Mr. Adams"; and all eyes followed our host, as he stepped forward to receive the unknown guest. As unabashed as a comet crossing the orbit of Jupiter on its way to the sun, the Honorable Washington entered the Priory circle, and advanced to Lord Toppingham. The earl offered him his hand. He took it, and then he shook it—shook it well; and to a few of the usual words of welcome he replied, "I'm very glad to see you, my lord; most happy to hev the pleasure of meetin' your lordship" (looking round) "here in your elegant doughmain and gorjis castle. My friend Mr. Humphreys told me I'd find everything here fuss class; an' I hev. Your man help down-stairs wuz a leetle slow, to be sure; but don't apologize; difference of institootions, I s'pose. Everything moves a leetle slower here."

As Lord Toppingham led Mr. Adams to our hostess, eyes of wonder, not unmixed with pleasure, were bent upon him. He was a man of middle size, neither tall nor slender; but he stooped a little from his hips, and his head was slightly thrust forward, with an expression of eagerness, as he slouched along the terrace. His upper lip was shaved; but his sallow face terminated in that adornment known at the West as "chin-whiskers." His hat, which he kept on, was of felt, with a slightly conical crown. It rested rather on the back than on the top of his head, and from it fell a quantity of longish straight brown hair. His splendid satin scarf was decorated with a large pin, worthy of its position; and the watch-chain that stretched across his waistcoat would have held a yacht to its moorings. His outer garment left the beholder in doubt whether it was an overcoat that he was wearing as a duster,

or a duster doing service as an overcoat. Into the pockets of this he thrust his hands deep, and moved them back and forth from time to time, giving the skirts a wing-like action. Having taken Lady Toppingham's hand, and shaken that too, and assured her of his pleasure in meeting her also, he put his own back into its appropriate pocket, and, gently flapping his wings, repeated, "Yes, ma'am; very happy to hev the pleasure of meetin' your ladyship. Hope my call ain't put you out any; but I s'pose you're used to seein' a goodle o' company in the surprise way."

"I am always pleased to receive any friend of my lord's or of Dr. Tooptoe's," said Lady Toppingham, seating herself upon one of the stone benches of the terrace; and Lord Toppingham turned as if to lead Mr. Adams away. But that gentleman immediately sat himself down by her side, and, crossing his legs, was evidently preparing to make himself agreeable. A slight shade of reserve with which she had taken her seat deepened for a moment, and then instantly gave way to a look of good-natured amusement; and I saw, to my relief, that she appreciated the situation. "You've been in our little England before, I suppose, Mr. Adams?"

"No, ma'am, I hevn't. My plit'cle dooties as a member of the legislater of the Empire State hev pervented. Empire State's Noo York, 'z I s'pose your ladyship knows. Motto, Ex-celsior, an' the risin' sun; out of Longfeller's poem, you know."

"I do know Mr. Longfellow's charming poem. We're great admirers of Mr. Longfellow in England; indeed, we think him quite an English poet."

"Wal, ma'am, you're 'baout right there; 'xcept in callin' him an English poet. He's a true Muh'kin; an' he kin beat Tennyson, an' all the rest of 'em, at writin' po'try, any day,

let 'em do their level best. Why, he's written more vollums of poetry—fuss-class poetry, too—than any man that ever lived; more'n Dr. Holland. Lives in fuss-class style, too, if he is a poet. Shouldn't wonder if there wa'n't a broker in Wall Street that lives in higher style 'n Longfeller."

At this triumphant utterance Mr. Adams took off his hat, and I feared he was about to wave it; but the movement was only one of momentary relief, perhaps, to his enthusiasm, and he at once restored it to its perilous inclination.

Lord Toppingham now stepped up to create a diversion in favor of his beleaguered wife, and, standing before the pair, asked Mr. Adams if he had been in London while Parliament was sitting.

"Wal, yaas, I wuz," replied the legislator, keeping his seat and looking up; "'n' I went to see it; 'n' to tell the truth 'n' the hull truth, I wuz dis'pinted. Gladstone's a smart man, but slow, I shed say, mighty slow; ain't learned not to craowd himself, nuther; bites off more'n he kin chaw. 'N' I didn't hear no elo-quence; nobody didn't seem to take no intrust into what was goin' on. You hev got a powerful han'some buildin' fur the meetin' of your legislater; but jess you wait 'n' see the noo Capitol 't Albany, 'n' you'll sing small, I—tell—you. Yes, siree."

As this conversation went on, some of the other guests had approached, and there was a little group around our hostess and Mr. Adams, who now, to the evident horror of some of them, drew from his pocket a gigantic knife, with a set-spring at the back; indeed, it was a clasp bowie-knife. Opening it with a tremendous click, he strapped it a little on his shoe, and then looked doubtfully at the bench on which he sat. Evidently dissatisfied with the inducement which its stone surface offered, he drew from one of his capacious pockets a piece of pine wood

about as thick as a heavy broomstick, and began to cut it in a meditative manner.

"Don't git much whittlin' into your effete old monarchies. Even the benches, when they ain't stun, air oak, that'd turn the edge of any gen'leman's knife; 'n' so I carry suthin' comfortable raound with me;" and as he spoke the light shavings curled away from his stick, and rolled upon the terrace floor.

Lady Toppingham was as serene as a harvest moon, and was evidently much amused with her visitor; and the rest looked on with an interest and a satisfaction which were manifest in their countenances.

"Your lordship does suthin' in this way, I reckon. Guess all you lords air in the lumber line; 'n' I seen some fuss-class trees inter the vacant lots raound your haouse—castle, I mean. S'pose that's the reason you don't improve. Much doin' in lumber naow?"

"Not much," said our host, with a pleasant smile. "I'm more inclined to keep my trees than to sell them, at present. But let me make you acquainted with some of my friends. Mr. Grimstone, member for Hilchester Towers."

"Haow do you do, Mr. Grimstone?" said Adams, rising; and shifting his knife to his left hand, he took the M. P.'s, and shaking it vigorously, said, "Happy to hev the pleasure of meetin' you, sir. Don't know you personally, but know you very well by reputtation."

As our host looked next at me, I managed to convey to him an unspoken request not to be introduced, which he respected; but my friend the captain, stepping forward, was presented, with the added comment that Mr. Adams would find him well up about guns and rifles and firearms of all kinds; quite an authority, indeed, upon that subject.

"Dew tell? Why, I'm glad to hev the pleasure of meetin'

you, sir. Look a' here! I kin show you suthin' fuss-class in that line;" and putting his hand behind him, underneath his coat, he produced a large pistol, a navy revolver, which he exhibited in a demonstrative way to the captain, saying, "Naow that's suthin' satisfactory fur a gen'leman to hev about him; no little pea-shootin' thing, that you might empty into a man 'thout troublin' him more'n so many fleabites."

The captain looked at it with interest, while some of the other guests shrank away. After a brief examination, he returned it, saying, "Vewy fine, vewy fine indeed; and I hear you use 'em at vewy long distances, almost like a wifle."

"Sartin," said Mr. Adams. "Look a' here! See that thar tree yonder?" and pointing to one on the other side of the garden, he threw up his left arm, and took a sight rest on it. Some of the ladies screamed, and the captain and Lord Toppingham both caught his arm, the latter exclaiming, "Beg pahdon, don't fire, please! Somebody might be passin' in the park."

"Wal, jess's *you* like, sir. You air to hum, 'n' I ain't. But that's the diff'kilty 'ith England. Th'r' ain't no libbuty here. You've allers got to be thinkin' 'baout somebody else."

The incident certainly created a little unpleasant excitement; yet after this had subsided, it seemed not to have diminished, but rather to have increased, the satisfaction with which Mr. Adams was regarded. The professor came up, and said, "Our Amerigan vrent is ferry kint sooch an exhipition of the manners and gustoms of his gountry to gif. Barehaps he vould a var-tance bareform vor the inztrugzion oond blaysure off dthe gompany."

"No, no, Professor Schlamm," said Lady Toppingham, smiling, "we won't put Mr. Adams to the trouble of a war-dance; and we've so narrowly escaped one *blessure* that we may well be willing to forego the other." As my hostess struck off

this little spark, I observed that her French was not that of the school of Stratford atte Bowe, which continues much in vogue in England, even among ladies of the prioress's rank.

Adams caught at the name as an introduction. "Is this," he said, "the celebrated Professor Schlamm?" and seizing his hand, he shook it well. "Happy to make your acquaintance, sir. Your fame, sir, is widely ex-tended over the civil-ized globe. Hevn't hed the pleasure of meetin' you before, sir, but know you very well by reputtation."

The professor, who had all the simple vanity of the vainest race in the world, beamed under the influence of this compliment, so that his very spectacles seemed to glow with warmth and light.

"You German gen'l'men air fond of our naytional plant," said Adams blandly. "Hev a cigar? Won't you jine me?" and he produced from his pocket two or three temptations.

"Dthanks; poot it might not to dthe laties pe acreeable."

"No? Wal, then, here goes fur the ginooine article. I'm 'baout tuckered aout fur some." Saying this he took from his pocket a brown plug, cut off a piece, and having shaped and smoothed it a little with his huge knife, he laid it carefully with his forefinger in his cheek. Then, his knife being out, he took the opportunity to clean his nails; and having scraped the edges until our blood curdled, he returned his weapon, after a loud click, to his pocket.

A look of distress had come over the face of our hostess when Mr. Adams produced his plug; and she called a servant, who, after receiving an order from her in a low voice, went out. Mr. Adams's supplementary toilet being completed, he slouched away toward the balustrade; and after looking a few moments across the garden, he turned about, and, leaning against the stone, he began an expectorative demonstration. After he

had made two or three violent and very obtrusive efforts of this kind, which, however, I must confess, did not seem to leave much visible witness before us, the servant returned hastily with a spittoon, the fabric and condition of which showed very plainly that it came from no part of the priory that rejoiced in the presence of Lady Toppingham. This the footman placed before Mr. Adams, within easy range.

"Nev' mind," said that gentleman—"nev' mind. Sorry you took the trouble, sonny. I don't set up fur style; don't travel onto it. I'm puffickly willin' to sit down along 'th my fren's, and spit raound sociable. I know I wear a biled shirt 'n' store clothes—that's a fact; but's a graceful con-ciliation *of* and deference *to* public opinion, considerin' I'm a member of the legislater of the Empire State."

"Biled?" said Captain Surcingle to me, inquiringly (for we had kept pretty close together). "Mean boiled?"

"Yes."

"Boil shirts in 'Mewica?"

"Always."

"Your shirt boiled?"

"N-no; not exactly. I should have said that all our wealthiest and most distinguished citizens, members of the legislature and the like, boil their shirts. I make no such pretensions."

The captain looked at me doubtfully. But our talk and Mr. Adams's performances were brought to a close by the announcement of luncheon, and an invitation from our host to the dining-room. This mid-day repast is quite informal; but, comparatively unrestrained as it is by etiquette, rank and precedence are never quite forgotten at it, or on any other occasion, in England; and there being no man of rank present, except our host, and Sir Charles being far down the terrace, talking hunt and horse with another squire, Mr. Grimstone

was moving toward Lady Toppingham, with the expectation of entering with her, when Mr. Adams stepped quickly up, and saying, "Wal, I don't keer ef I dew jine you; 'low me the pleasure, ma'am," he offered her his arm. She took it. Mr. Grimstone retreated in disorder, and we all went in somewhat irregularly. As we passed through the hall, and approached the dining-room, it occurred to Mr. Adams to remove his hat; and he then looked about, and up and down, in evident search of a peg on which to hang it. A servant stepped forward and held out his hand for it. After a brief hesitation he resigned it, saying, "Ain't ye goin' to give me no check for that? Haow do I know I'll git it agin? Haowever, it's Lord Toppingham's haouse, an' he's responsible, I guess. That's good law, ain't it, your lordship?"

"Excellent," said our host, evidently much pleased that Lady Toppingham had taken this opportunity to continue on her way to the dining-room, where we found her with Mr. Grimstone on her right hand, and a vacant seat on her left, between her and her cousin, to which she beckoned me; Mr. Adams, the Professor, and the two authoresses forming a little group near Lord Toppingham.

"I hope," said the M. P. to me, as we settled ourselves at table, "that you are pleased with your Mr. Washington Adams. I, for one, own that such a characteristic exhibition of genuine American character and manners is, if not exactly agreeable, a very entertaining subject of study."

The taunt itself was less annoying than its being flung at me across our hostess; but as I could not tell him so without sharing his breach of good manners, I was about to let his remark pass, with a silent bow, when a little look of encouragement in Lady Toppingham's eyes led me to say, "As to your entertainment, sir, I have no doubt that you might find as good at home

without importing your Helots. As to Mr. Adams being my Mr. Washington Adams, he is neither kith nor kin of any of my people, to whom he would be an occasion of as much curious wonder as he is to any person at this table."

"Oh, that won't do at all. He is one of your legislators—the Honorable Washington Adams. You Americans are a very strange people; quite incomprehensible to our poor, simple English understandings." I did not continue the discussion, which I saw would be as fruitless as, under the circumstances, it was unpleasant, and indeed almost inadmissible, notwithstanding the gracious waiver of my hostess.

Luncheon engaged the attention of us all for a while, notwithstanding the presence of Mr. Adams; but nevertheless he continued to be the chief object of attention, and erelong he was heard saying, with an elevated voice, in evident continuation of a description of a legislative scene, "The feller, sir, had the lip to perpose to investigate me; but I told him, sir, that I courted investigation, and I claimed that he was no better than a scallawag and a shyster; and I gripped him, sir, and skun him—skun him clean as an eel."

Captain Surcingle, who had been regarding the speaker with all the earnestness that his glass admitted, turned to me, and said, with soft inquiry:

"Skun? 'Mewican for skinned?"

"Yes; all true Americans say skun."

"Vewy queeah way of speakin' English;" and he was about to subside into silence, when all at once a bright gleam of intelligence came into his face, and he broke out, "Oh, I say! that won't do. You're 'Mewican; an' you don't say skun or scallawag;" and the good fellow regarded me with a look of triumph.—"*The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys.*"

Edward Everett Hale

My Double and How He Undid Me

It is not often that I trouble the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. I should not trouble them now, but for the importunities of my wife, who "feels to insist" that a duty to society is unfulfilled till I have told why I had to have a double, and how he undid me. She is sure, she says, that intelligent persons cannot understand that pressure upon public servants which alone drives any man into the employment of a double. And while I fear she thinks, at the bottom of her heart, that my fortunes will never be remade, she has a faint hope that, as another Rasselas, I may teach a lesson to future publics from which they may profit, though we die. Owing to the behaviour of my double, or, if you please, to that public pressure which compelled me to employ him, I have plenty of leisure to write this communication.

I am, or rather was, a minister of the Sandemanian connection. I was settled in the active, wide-awake town of Naguadavick, on one of the finest water-powers in Maine. We used to call it a Western town in the heart of the civilization of New England. A charming place it was and is. A spirited, brave young parish had I, and it seemed as if we might have all "the joy of eventful living" to our heart's content.

Alas! how little we knew on the day of my ordination, and in those halcyon moments of our first housekeeping. To be the confidential friend of a hundred families in the town—cutting the social trifle, as my friend Haliburton says, "from the top of the whipped syllabub to the bottom of the sponge-

cake, which is the foundation"—to keep abreast of the thought of the age in one's study, and to do one's best on Sunday to interweave that thought with the active life of an active town and to inspirit both and to make both infinite by glimpses of the Eternal Glory, seemed such an exquisite forelook into one's life! Enough to do, and all so real and so grand! If this vision could only have lasted!

The truth is, this vision was not in itself a delusion, nor, indeed, half bright enough. If one could only have been left to do his own business, the vision would have accomplished itself and brought out new paraheliacal visions, each as bright as the original. The misery was, and is, as we found out, I and Polly, before long, that besides the vision, and besides the usual human and finite failures in life (such as breaking the old pitcher that came over in the *Mayflower*, and putting into the fire the Alpenstock with which her father climbed Mont Blanc)—besides these, I say (imitating the style of Robinson Crusoe), there were pitchforked in on us a great rowen-heap of humbugs, handed down from some unknown seed-time, in which we were expected, and I chiefly, to fulfil certain public functions before the community, of the character of those fulfilled by the third row of supernumeraries who stand behind the Sepoys in the spectacle of the "Cataract of the Ganges." They were the duties, in a word, which one performs as member of one or another social class or subdivision, wholly distinct from what one does as A. by himself A. What invisible power put these functions on me it would be very hard to tell. But such power there was and is. And I had not been at work a year before I found I was living two lives, one real and one merely functional—for two sets of people, one my parish, whom I loved, and the other a vague public, for whom I did not care two straws. All this was a vague notion, which everybody

had and has, that this second life would eventually bring out some great results, unknown at present, to somebody somewhere.

Crazed by this duality of life, I first read Doctor Wigan on the "Duality of the Brain," hoping that I could train one side of my head to do these outside jobs, and the other to do my intimate and real duties. . . . But Doctor Wigan does not go into these niceties of this subject, and I failed. It was then that, on my wife's suggestion, I resolved to look out for a Double.

I was at first singularly successful. We happened to be recreating at Stafford Springs that summer. We rode out one day, for one of the relaxations of that watering-place, to the great Monson Poorhouse. We were passing through one of the large halls, when my destiny was fulfilled!

He was not shaven. He had on no spectacles. He was dressed in a green baize roundabout and faded blue overalls, worn sadly at the knee. But I saw at once that he was of my height—five feet four and a half. He had black hair, worn off by his hat. So have and have not I. He stooped in walking. So do I. His hands were large, and mine. And—choicest gift of Fate in all—he had, not "a strawberry-mark on his left arm," but a cut from a juvenile brickbat over his right eye, slightly affecting the play of that eyebrow. Reader, so have I! My fate was sealed!

A word with Mr. Holly, one of the inspectors, settled the whole thing. It proved that this Dennis Shea was a harmless, amiable fellow, of the class known as shiftless, who had sealed his fate by marrying a dumb wife, who was at that moment ironing in the laundry. Before I left Stafford I had hired both for five years. We had applied to Judge Pynchon, then the probate judge at Springfield, to change the name of Dennis

Shea to Frederic Ingham. We had explained to the judge, what was the precise truth, that an eccentric gentleman wished to adopt Dennis, under this new name, into his family. It never occurred to him that Dennis might be more than fourteen years old. And thus, to shorten this preface, when we returned at night to my parsonage at Naguadavick, there entered Mrs. Ingham, her new dumb laundress, myself, who am Mr. Frederic Ingham, and my double, who was Mr. Frederic Ingham, by as good right as I.

Oh, the fun we had the next morning in shaving his beard to my pattern, cutting his hair to match mine, and teaching him how to wear and how to take off gold-bowed spectacles! Really, they were electro-plate, and the glass was plain (for the poor fellow's eyes were excellent). Then in four successive afternoons I taught him four speeches. I had found these would be quite enough for the supernumerary-Sepoy line of life, and it was well for me they were; for though he was good-natured, he was very shiftless, and it was, as our national proverb says, "like pulling teeth" to teach him. But at the end of the next week he could say, with quite my easy and frisky air:

1. "Very well, thank you. And you?" This for an answer to casual salutations.

2. "I am very glad you liked it."

3. "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time."

4. "I agree, in general, with my friend the other side of the room."

At first I had a feeling that I was going to be at great cost for clothing him. But it proved, of course, at once, that, whenever he was out, I should be at home. And I went, during the bright period of his success, to so few of those awful pageants which require a black dress-coat and what the ungodly call,

after Mr. Dickens, a white choker, that in the happy retreat of my own dressing-gowns and jackets my days went by as happily and cheaply as those of another Thalaba. And Polly declares there never was a year when the tailoring cost so little. He lived (Dennis, not Thalaba) in his wife's room over the kitchen. He had orders never to show himself at that window. When he appeared in the front of the house, I retired to my sanctissimum and my dressing-gown. In short, the Dutchman and his wife, in the old weather-box, had not less to do with each other than he and I. He made the furnace fire and split the wood before daylight; then he went to sleep again, and slept late; then came for orders, with a red silk bandanna tied round his head, with his overalls on, and his dress-coat and spectacles off. If we happened to be interrupted, no one guessed that he was Frederic Ingham as well as I; and in the neighborhood there grew up an impression that the minister's Irishman worked daytimes in the factory village at New Coventry. After I had given him his orders, I never saw him till the next day.

I launched him by sending him to a meeting of the Enlightenment Board. The Enlightenment Board consists of seventy-four members, of whom sixty-seven are necessary to form a quorum. . . . At this particular time we had had four successive meetings, averaging four hours each—wholly occupied in whipping in a quorum. At the first only eleven men were present; at the next, by force of three circulars, twenty-seven; at the third, thanks to two days' canvasing by Auchmuty and myself, begging men to come, we had sixty. Half the others were in Europe. But without a quorum we could do nothing. All the rest of us waited grimly for four hours and adjourned without any action. At the fourth meeting we had flagged, and only got fifty-nine together.

But on the first appearance of my double—whom I sent on this fatal Monday to the fifth meeting—he was the *sixty-seventh* man who entered the room. He was greeted with a storm of applause! The poor fellow had missed his way—read the street signs ill through his spectacles (very ill, in fact, without them)—and had not dared to inquire. He entered the room—finding the president and secretary holding to their chairs two judges of the Supreme Court, who were also members *ex officio*, and were begging leave to go away. On his entrance all was changed. *Presto*, the by-laws were suspended, and the Western property was given away. Nobody stopped to converse with him. He voted, as I had charged him to do, in every instance, with the minority. I won new laurels as a man of sense, though a little unpunctual—and Dennis, *alias* Ingham, returned to the parsonage, astonished to see with how little wisdom the world is governed. He cut a few of my parishioners in the street; but he had his glasses off, and I am known to be near-sighted. Eventually he recognized them more readily than I. . . .

After this he went to several Commencements for me, and ate the dinners provided; he sat through three of our Quarterly Conventions for me—always voting judiciously, by the simple rules mentioned above, of siding with the minority. And I meanwhile, who had before been losing caste among my friends, as holding myself aloof from the association of the body, began to rise in everybody's favor. "Ingham's a good fellow—always on hand;" "never talks much, but does the right thing at the right time;" "is not as unpunctual as he used to be—he comes early, and sits through to the end." "He has got over his old talkative habit, too. I spoke to a friend of his about it once; and I think Ingham took it kindly," etc., etc. . . . Polly is more rash than I am, as the reader has

observed in the outset of this memoir. She risked Dennis one night under the eyes of her own sex. Governor Gorges had always been very kind to us, and, when he gave his great annual party to the town, asked us. I confess I hated to go. I was deep in the new volume of Pfeiffer's "Mystics," which Haliburton had just sent me from Boston. "But how rude," said Polly, "not to return the Governor's civility and Mrs. Gorges's, when they will be sure to ask why you are away!" Still I demurred, and at last she, with the wit of Eve and of Semiramis conjoined, let me off by saying that, if I would go in with her and sustain the initial conversations with the Governor and the ladies staying there, she would risk Dennis for the rest of the evening. And that was just what we did. She took Dennis in training all that afternoon, instructed him in fashionable conversation, cautioned him against the temptations of the supper table—and at nine in the evening he drove us all down in the carryall. I made the grand star *entrée* with Polly and the pretty Walton girls, who were staying with us. We had put Dennis into a great rough top-coat, without his glasses; and the girls never dreamed, in the darkness, of looking at him. He sat in the carriage, at the door, while we entered. I did the agreeable to Mrs. Gorges, was introduced to her niece, Miss Fernanda; I complimented Judge Jeffries on his decision in the great case of D'Aulnay *vs.* Laconia Mining Company; I stepped into the dressing-room for a moment, stepped out for another, walked home after a nod with Dennis and tying the horse to a pump; and while I walked home, Mr. Frederic Ingham, my double, stepped in through the library into the Gorges's grand saloon.

Oh! Polly died of laughing as she told me of it at midnight! And even here, where I have to teach my hands to hew the beech for stakes to fence our cave, she dies of laughing at the

recalls it—and says that single occasion was worth all we have paid for it. Gallant Eve that she is! She joined Dennis at the library door, and in an instant presented him to Doctor Ochterlony, from Baltimore, who was on a visit in town, and was talking with her as Dennis came in. "Mr. Ingham would like to hear what you were telling us about your success among the German population." And Dennis bowed and said, in spite of a scowl from Polly, "I'm very glad you liked it." But Doctor Ochterlony did not observe, and plunged into the tide of explanation; Dennis listened like a prime minister, and bowing like a mandarin, which is, I suppose, the same thing. . . . So was it that before Doctor Ochterlony came to the "success," or near it, Governor Gorges came to Dennis and asked him to hand Mrs. Jeffries down to supper, a request which he heard with great joy.

Polly was skipping round the room, I guess, gay as a lark. Auchmuty came to her "in pity for poor Ingham," who was so bored by the stupid pundit—and Auchmuty could not understand why I stood it so long. But when Dennis took Mrs. Jeffries down, Polly could not resist standing near them. He was a little flustered, till the sight of the eatables and drinkables gave him the same Mercian courage which it gave Diggory. A little excited then, he attempted one or two of his speeches to the Judge's lady. But little he knew how hard it was to get in even a *promptu* there edgewise. "Very well, I thank you," said he, after the eating elements were adjusted; "and you?" And then did not he have to hear about the mumps, and the measles, and arnica, and belladonna, and camomile flower, and dodecatheon, till she changed oysters for salad; and then about the old practice and the new, and what her sister said, and what her sister's friend said, and what the physician to her sister's friend said, and then what was

said by the brother of the sister of the physician of the friend of her sister, exactly as if it had been in Ollendorff? There was a moment's pause, as she declined champagne. "I am very glad you like it," said Dennis again, which he never should have said but to one who complimented a sermon. "Oh! you are so sharp, Mr. Ingham! No! I never drink any wine at all—except sometimes in summer a little currant shrub—from our own currants, you know. My own mother —that is, I call her my own mother, because, you know, I do not remember," etc., etc., etc.; till they came to the candied orange at the end of the feast, when Dennis, rather confused, thought he must say something, and tried No. 4—"I agree, in general, with my friend the other side of the room"—which he never should have said but at a public meeting. But Mrs. Jeffries, who never listens excepting to understand, caught him up instantly with, "Well, I'm sure my husband returns the compliment; he always agrees with you—though we do worship with the Methodists; but you know, Mr. Ingham," etc., etc., etc., till they move upstairs; and as Dennis led her through the hall, he was scarcely understood by any but Polly, as he said, "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time."

His great resource the rest of the evening was standing in the library, carrying on animated conversations with one and another in much the same way. Polly had initiated him in the mysteries of a discovery of mine, that it is not necessary to finish your sentences in a crowd, but by a sort of mumble, omitting sibilants and details. This, indeed, if your words fail you, answers even in public extempore speech, but better where other talking is going on. Thus: "We missed you at the Natural History Society, Ingham." Ingham replies, "I am very gligloglum, that is, that you were mmmmm." By

gradually dropping the voice, the interlocutor is compelled to supply the answer. "Mrs. Ingham, I hope your friend Augusta is better." Augusta has not been ill. Polly cannot think of explaining, however, and answers, "Thank you, ma'am; she is very reareson wewahwewoh," in lower and lower tones. And Mrs. Throckmorton, who forgot the subject of which she spoke as soon as she asked the question, is quite satisfied. Dennis could see into the card-room, and came to Polly to ask if he might not go and play all-fours. But, of course, she refused. At midnight they came home delighted —Polly, wild to tell me the story of the victory; only both the pretty Walton girls said, "Cousin Frederic, you did not come near me all the evening." . . .

But I see I loiter on my story, which is rushing to the plunge. Let me stop an instant more, however, to recall, were it only to myself, that charming year while all was yet well. After the double had become a matter of course, for nearly twelve months before he undid me, what a year it was! Full of active life, full of happy love, of the hardest work, of the sweetest sleep, and the fulfilment of so many of the fresh aspirations and dreams of boyhood! Dennis went to every school-committee meeting, and sat through all those late wranglings which used to keep me up till midnight and awake till morning. He attended all the lectures to which foreign exiles sent me tickets begging me to come for the love of Heaven and of Bohemia. He accepted and used all the tickets for charity concerts which were sent to me. He appeared everywhere where it was specially desirable that "our denomination," or "our party," or "our class," or "our family," or "our street," or "our town," or "our country," or "our State," should be fully represented. . . .

Freed from these necessities, that happy year I began to

know my wife by sight. We saw each other sometimes. In those long mornings when Dennis was in the study explaining to map-pedlers that I had eleven maps of Jerusalem already, and to school-book agents that I would see them hanged before I would be bribed to introduce their text-books into the schools, she and I were at work together, as in those old dreamy days—and in these of our log-cabin again. But all this could not last, and at length poor Dennis, my double, overtasked in turn, undid me.

It was thus it happened. There is an excellent fellow—once a minister—I will call him Isaacs—who deserves well of the world till he dies, and after, because he once, in a real exigency, did the right thing, in the right way, at the right time, as no other man could do it. In the world's great football match, the ball by chance found him loitering on the outside of the field; he closed with it, "camped" it, charged it home—yes, right through the other side—not disturbed, not frightened by his own success—and breathless found himself a great man, as the Great Delta rang applause. But he did not find himself a rich man; and the football has never come in his way again. From that moment to this moment he has been of no use, that one can see, at all. Still, for that great act we speak of Isaacs gratefully and remember him kindly; and he forges on, hoping to meet the football somewhere again. In that vague hope he had arranged a "movement" for a general organization of the human family into Debating Clubs, County Societies, State Unions, etc., etc., with a view of inducing all children to take hold of the handles of their knives and forks, instead of the metal. Children have bad habits in that way. The movement, of course, was absurd; but we all did our best to forward, not it, but him. It came time for the annual county meeting on this subject to be held at Naguadavick.

Isaacs came round, good fellow! to arrange for it—got the town-hall, got the Governor to preside (the saint! He ought to have triplet doubles provided him by law), and then came to get me to speak. "No," I said, "I would not speak if ten Governors presided. I do not believe in the enterprise. If I spoke, it should be to say children should take hold of the prongs of the forks and the blades of the knives. I would subscribe ten dollars, but I would not speak a mill." So poor Isaacs went his way sadly, to coax Auchmuty to speak, and Delafield. I went out. Not long after, he came back and told Polly that they promised to speak, the Governor would speak, and he himself would close with the quarterly report and some interesting anecdotes regarding Miss Biffin's way of handling her knife and Mr. Nellis's way of footing his fork. "Now, if Mr. Ingham will only come and sit on the platform, he need not say one word; but it will show well in the paper—it will show that the Sandemanians take as much interest in the movement as the Armenians or the Mesopotamians, and will be a great favor to me." Polly, good soul! was tempted, and she promised. She knew Mrs. Isaacs was starving, and the babies—she knew Dennis was at home—and she promised! Night came, and I returned. I heard her story. I was sorry. I doubted. But Polly had promised to beg me, and I dared all! I told Dennis to hold his peace, under all circumstances, and sent him down.

It was not half an hour before he returned wild with excitement—in a perfect Irish fury—which it was long before I understood. But I knew at once that he had undone me!

What happened was this. The audience got together, attracted by Governor Gorges's name. There were a thousand people. Poor Gorges was late from Augusta. They became impatient. He came in direct from the train at last, really

ignorant of the object of the meeting. He opened it in the fewest possible words, and said other gentlemen were present who would entertain them better than he.

The audience were disappointed, but waited. The Governor, prompted by Isaacs, said, "The Honorable Mr. Delafield will address you." Delafield had forgotten the knives and forks, and was playing the Ruy Lopez opening at the chess club.

"The Reverend Mr. Auchmuty will address you." Auchmuty had promised to speak late, and was at the school committee.

"I see Doctor Stearns in the hall; perhaps he will say a word." Doctor Stearns said he had come to listen and not to speak.

The Governor and Isaacs whispered. The Governor looked at Dennis, who was resplendent on the platform; but Isaacs, to give him his due, shook his head. But the look was enough.

A miserable lad, ill-bred, who had once been in Boston, thought it would sound well to call for me, and peeped out "Ingham!" A few more wretches cried "Ingham! Ingham!" Still Isaacs was firm; but the Governor, anxious, indeed, to prevent a row, knew I would say something, and said: "Our friend, Mr. Ingham, is always prepared; and, though we had not relied upon him, he will say a word perhaps."

Applause followed, which turned Dennis's head. He rose, fluttered, and tried No. 3: "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not longer occupy the time!" and sat down, looking for his hat; for things seemed squally.

But the people cried "Go on! Go on!" and some applauded. Dennis, still confused, but flattered by the applause, to which

neither he nor I are used, rose again, and this time tried No. 2: "I am very glad you liked it!" in a sonorous, clear delivery. My best friends stared. All the people who did not know me personally yelled with delight at the aspect of the evening; the Governor was beside himself, and poor Isaacs thought he was undone! Alas, it was I! A boy in the gallery cried in a loud tone, "It's all an infernal humbug," just as Dennis, waving his hand, commanded silence, and tried No. 4: "I agree, in general, with my friend the other side of the room." The Governor doubted his senses and crossed to stop him—not in time, however. The same gallery boy shouted, "How's your mother?" and Dennis, now completely lost, tried, as his last shot, No. 1, vainly: "Very well, thank you; and you?"

I think I must have been undone already. But Dennis, like another Lockhard, chose "to make sicker."

The audience rose in a whirl of amazement, rage, and sorrow. Some other impertinence, aimed at Dennis, broke all restraint, and, in pure Irish, he delivered himself of an address to the gallery, inviting any person who wished to fight to come down and do so, stating that they were all dogs and cowards and the sons of dogs and cowards, that he would take any five of them single-handed. "Shure, I have said all his Riverence and the Misthress bade me say," cried he in defiance; and, seizing the Governor's cane from his hand, brandished it, quarter-staff fashion, above his head. He was, indeed, got from the hall only with the greatest difficulty by the Governor, the City Marshal, who had been called in, and the Superintendent of my Sunday-school.

The universal impression, of course, was that the Reverend Frederic Ingham had lost all command of himself in some of those haunts of intoxication which for fifteen years I had been laboring to destroy. Till this moment, indeed, that is the

impression in Naguadavick. This number of the *Atlantic* will relieve from it a hundred friends of mine who have been sadly wounded by that notion now for years; but I shall not be likely ever to show my head there again.

No. My double has undone me.

We left town at seven the next morning. I came to No. 9, in the Third Range, and settled on the Minister's Lot. In the new towns in Maine, the first settled minister has a gift of a hundred acres of land. I am the first settled minister in No. 9. My wife and little Paulina are my parish. We raise corn enough to live on in summer. We kill bear's meat enough to carbonize it in winter. I work on steadily on my "Traces of Sandemanianism in the Sixth and Seventh Centuries," which I hope to persuade Phillips, Sampson & Company to publish next year. We are very happy, but the world thinks we are undone.—*If, yes, and perhaps.*

Donald G. Mitchell—"Ik Marvel"

Over a Wood Fire

I HAVE got a quiet farmhouse in the country, a very humble place, to be sure, tenanted by a worthy enough man of the old New England stamp, where I sometimes go for a day or two in the winter, to look over the farm accounts and to see how the stock is thriving on the winter's keep.

One side the door, as you enter from the porch, is a little parlor, scarce twelve feet by ten, with a cozy-looking fireplace, a heavy oak floor, a couple of armchairs, and a brown table with carved lions' feet. Out of this room opens a little cabinet, only big enough for a broad bachelor bedstead, where I sleep upon feathers, and wake in the morning with my eye upon a saucy colored lithographic print of some fancy "Bessy."

It happens to be the only house in the world of which I am *bona fide* owner, and I take a vast deal of comfort in treating it just as I choose. I manage to break some article of furniture almost every time I pay it a visit; and if I cannot open the window readily of a morning, to breathe the fresh air, I knock out a pane or two of glass with my boot. I lean against the walls in a very old armchair there is on the premises, and scarce ever fail to worry such a hole in the plastering as would set me down for a round charge for damages in town, or make a prim housewife fret herself into a raging fever. I laugh out loud with myself, in my big armchair, when I think that I am neither afraid of one nor the other.

As for the fire, I keep the little hearth so hot as to warm half the cellar below, and the whole space between the jams roars for two hours together with white flame. To be sure, the

windows are not very tight, between broken panes and bad joints, so that the fire, large as it is, is by no means an extravagant comfort.

As night approaches, I have a huge pile of oak and hickory placed beside the hearth; I put out the tallow candle on the mantel (using the family snuffers, with one leg broken), then, drawing my chair directly in front of the blazing wood, and setting one foot on each of the old iron fire-dogs (until they grow too warm), I dispose myself for an evening of such sober and thoughtful quietude as I believe, on my soul, that very few of my fellow men have the good fortune to enjoy.

My tenant, meantime, in the other room, I can hear now and then—though there is a thick stone chimney, and broad entry between—multiplying contrivances with his wife to put two babies to sleep. This occupies them, I should say, usually an hour, though my only measure of time (for I never carry a watch into the country) is the blaze of my fire. By ten, or thereabouts, my stock of wood is nearly exhausted; I pile upon the hot coals what remains, and sit watching how it kindles, and blazes, and goes out—even like our joys—and then slip by the light of the embers into my bed, where I luxuriate in such sound and healthful slumber as only such rattling window-frames and country air can supply.

But to return: the other evening—it happened to be on my last visit to my farmhouse—when I had exhausted all the ordinary rural topics of thought, had formed all sorts of conjectures as to the income of the year; had planned a new wall around one lot, and the clearing up of another, now covered with patriarchal wood; and wondered if the little rickety house would not be after all a snug enough box to live and to die in—I fell on a sudden into such an unprecedented line of thought, which took such deep hold of my sympathies—sometimes even

starting tears—that I determined, the next day, to set as much of it as I could recall on paper.

Something—it may have been the home-looking blaze (I am a bachelor of, say, six-and-twenty), or possibly a plaintive cry of the baby in my tenant's room, had suggested to me the thought of—marriage.

I piled upon the heated fire-dogs the last armful of my wood; "and now," said I, bracing myself courageously between the arms of my chair, "I'll not flinch; I'll pursue the thought wherever it leads, though it leads me to the d—— (I am apt to be hasty)—at least," continued I, softening, "until my fire is out."

The wood was green, and at first showed no disposition to blaze. It smoked furiously. Smoke, thought I, always goes before blaze; and so does doubt go before decision: and my reverie, from that very starting-point, slipped into this shape:

I. Smoke—Signifying Doubt

A wife? thought I. Yes, a wife.

And why?

And pray, my dear sir, why not—why? Why not doubt? why not hesitate; why not tremble?

Does a man buy a ticket in a lottery—a poor man whose whole earnings go in to secure the ticket—without trembling, hesitating, and doubting?

Can a man stake his bachelor respectability, his independence, and comfort, upon the die of absorbing, unchanging, relentless marriage, without trembling at the venture?

Shall a man who has been free to chase his fancies over the wide world, without let or hindrance, shut himself up to marriage-ship, within four walls called home, that are to claim

him, his time, his trouble, and his tears, thenceforward forevermore, without doubts thick, and thick-coming as smoke?

Shall he who has been hitherto a mere observer of other men's cares and business—moving off where they made him sick of heart, approaching whenever and wherever they made him gleeful—shall he now undertake administration of just such cares and business, without qualms? Shall he, whose whole life has been but a nimble succession of escapes from trifling difficulties, now broach without doubtings—that matrimony, where if difficulty beset him there is no escape? Shall this brain of mine, careless-working, never tired with idleness, feeding on long vagaries and high, gigantic castles, dreaming out beatitudes hour by hour—turn itself at length to such dull task-work as thinking out a livelihood for wife and children?

Where thenceforward will be those sunny dreams, in which I have warmed my fancies, and my heart, and lighted my eye with crystal? This very marriage, which a brilliant working imagination has invested time and again with brightness and delight, can serve no longer as a mine for teeming fancy. All, alas! will be gone—reduced to the dull standard of the actual. No more room for intrepid forays of imagination—no more gorgeous realm-making. All will be over!

Why not, I thought, go on dreaming?

Can any wife be prettier than an after-dinner fancy, idle and yet vivid, can paint for you? Can any children make less noise than the little rosy-cheeked ones who have no existence except in the *omnium gatherum* of your own brain? Can any housewife be more unexceptionable than she who goes sweeping daintily the cobwebs that gather in your dreams? Can any domestic larder be better stocked than the private larder of your head dozing on a cushioned chair-back at Delmonico's? Can any family purse be better filled than the

exceeding plump one you dream of, after reading such pleasant books as Munchausen or Typee?

But if, after all, it must be—duty, or what-not, making provocation—what then? And I clapped my feet hard against the fire-dogs, and leaned back, and turned my face to the ceiling, as much as to say, And where on earth, then, shall a poor devil look for a wife?

Somebody says—Lyttleton or Shaftesbury, I think—that "marriages would be happier if they were all arranged by the Lord Chancellor." Unfortunately, we have no Lord Chancellor to make this commutation of our misery.

Shall a man then scour the country on a mule's back, like Honest Gil Blas of Santillane? or shall he make application to some such intervening providence as Madame St. Marc, who, as I see by the *Presse*, manages these matters to one's hand, for some five per cent on the fortunes of the parties?

I have trouted when the brook was so low and the sky so hot that I might as well have thrown my fly upon the turnpike; and I have hunted hare at noon, and woodcock in snow-time—never despairing, scarce doubting; but for a poor hunter of his kind, without traps or snares, or any aid of police or constabulary, to traverse the world, where are swarming, on a moderate computation, some three hundred and odd millions of unmarried women, for a single capture—irremediable, unchangeable—and yet a capture which by strange metonymy, not laid down in the books, is very apt to turn captor into captive and make game of hunter—all this, surely, surely may make a man shrug with doubt!

Then, again, there are the plaguy wife's relations. Who knows how many third, fourth, or fifth cousins will appear at careless complimentary intervals long after you had settled into the placid belief that all congratulatory visits were at an

end? How many twisted-headed brothers will be putting in their advice, as a friend to Peggy?

How many maiden aunts will come to spend a month or two with their "dear Peggy," and want to know every tea-time "if she isn't a dear love of a wife?" Then, dear father-in-law will beg (taking dear Peggy's hand in his) to give a little wholesome counsel; and will be very sure to advise just the contrary of what you had determined to undertake. And dear mamma-in-law must set her nose into Peggy's cupboard, and insist upon having the key to your own private locker in the wainscot.

Then, perhaps, there is a little bevy of dirty-nosed nephews who come to spend the holidays, and eat up your East India sweetmeats; and who are forever tramping over your head or raising the old Harry below, while you are busy with your clients. Last, and worse, is some fidgety old uncle, forever too cold or too hot, who vexes you with his patronizing airs, and impudently kisses his little Peggy!

That could be borne, however; for perhaps he has promised his fortune to Peggy. Peggy, then, will be rich (and the thought made me rub my shins, which were now getting comfortably warm upon the fire-dogs). Then she will be forever talking of *her* fortune; and pleasantly reminding you, on occasion of a favorite purchase, how lucky that *she* had the means; and dropping hints about economy; and buying very extravagant Paisleys.

She will annoy you by looking over the stock-list at breakfast-time, and mention quite carelessly to your clients that she is interested in *such* or such a speculation.

She will be provokingly silent when you hint to a tradesman that you have not the money by you for his small bill—in short, she will tear the life out of you, making you pay in

righteous retribution of annoyance, grief, vexation, shame, and sickness of heart, for the superlative folly of "marrying rich."

But if not rich, then poor. Bah! the thought made me stir the coals; but there was still no blaze. The paltry earnings you are able to wring out of clients by the sweat of your brow will now be all *our* income; you will be pestered for pin-money, and pestered with your poor wife's relations. Ten to one, she will stickle about taste—"Sir Visto's"—and want to make this so pretty, and that so charming, if she *only* had the means; and is sure Paul (a kiss) can't deny his little Peggy such a trifling sum, and all for the common benefit.

Then she, for one, means that *her* children sha'n't go a-begging for clothes—and another pull at the purse. Trust a poor mother to dress her children in finery!

Perhaps she is ugly—not noticeable at first, but growing on her, and (what is worse) growing faster on you. You wonder why you didn't see that vulgar nose long ago; and that lip—it is very strange, you think, that you ever thought it pretty. And then, to come to breakfast with her hair looking as it does, and you not so much as daring to say, "Peggy, *do* brush your hair!" Her foot, too—not very bad when decently *Chausse;* but now since she's married she does wear such infernal slippers! And yet for all this, to be prigging up for an hour, when any of my old chums come to dine with me!

"Bless your kind hearts, my dear fellows," said I, thrusting the tongs into the coals and speaking out loud, as if my voice could reach from Virginia to Paris, "not married yet!"

Perhaps Peggy is pretty enough, only shrewish.

No matter for cold coffee; you should have been up before.

What sad, thin, poorly cooked chops, to eat with your rolls!

She thinks they are very good, and wonders how you can set such an example to your children.

The butter is nauseating.

She has no other, and hopes you'll not raise a storm about butter a little turned. I think I see myself, ruminated I, sitting meekly at table, scarce daring to lift up my eyes, utterly fagged out with some quarrel of yesterday, choking down detestably sour muffins, that my wife thinks are "delicious—slipping in dried mouthfuls of burnt ham off the side of my forktines—slipping off my chair sideways at the end, and slipping out with my hat between my knees, to business, and never feeling myself a competent, sound-minded man till the oak door is between me and Peggy.

"Ha-ha! not yet!" said I, and in so earnest a tone that my dog started to his feet, cocked his eye to have a good look into my face, met my smile of triumph with an amiable wag of the tail, and curled up again in the corner.

Again, Peggy is rich enough, well enough, mild enough, only she doesn't care a fig for you. She has married you because father or grandfather thought the match eligible, and because she didn't wish to disoblige them. Besides, she didn't positively hate you, and thought you were a respectable enough young person; she has told you so repeatedly at dinner. She wonders you like to read poetry; she wishes you would buy her a good cook-book; and insists upon your making your will at the birth of the first baby.

She thinks Captain So-and-So a splendid-looking fellow, and wishes you would trim up a little, were it only for appearance' sake.

You need not hurry up from the office so early at night, she, bless her dear heart! does not feel lonely. You read to her a love tale: she interrupts the pathetic parts with directions to her seamstress. You read of marriages: she sighs, and asks if Captain So-and-So has left town. She hates to be mewed

up in a cottage, or between brick walls; she does *so* love the Springs!

But, again, Peggy loves you—at least she swears it, with her hand on "The Sorrows of Werter." She has pin-money which she spends for the "Literary World" and the "Friends in Council." She is not bad-looking, save a bit too much of forehead; nor is she sluttish, unless a *negligé* till three o'clock, and an ink-stain on the forefinger be sluttish; but then she is such a sad blue!

You never fancied, when you saw her buried in a three-volume novel, that it was anything more than a girlish vagary; and when she quoted Latin, you thought innocently that she had a capital memory for her samplers.

But to be bored eternally about divine Dante and funny Goldoni is too bad. Your copy of Tasso, a treasure print of 1680, is all bethumbed and dog's-eared, and spotted with baby gruel. Even your Seneca—an Elzevir—is all sweaty with handling. She adores La Fontaine, reads Balzac with a kind of artist scowl, and will not let Greek alone.

You hint at broken rest and an aching head at breakfast, and she will fling you a scrap of Anthology—in lieu of the camphor-bottle—or chant the *αἰαῖ αἰαῖ* of tragic chorus.

The nurse is getting dinner; you are holding the baby; Peggy is reading Bruyère.

The fire smoked thick as pitch, and puffed out little clouds over the chimney-piece. I gave the fore-stick a kick, at the thought of Peggy, baby, and Bruyère.

Suddenly the flame flickered bluely athwart the smoke—caught at a twig below—rolled round the mossy oak-stick—twined among the crackling tree-limbs—mounted—lit up the whole body of smoke, and blazed out cheerily and bright. Doubt vanished with smoke, and hope began with flame.

G. H. Derby—"Phœnix," "Squibob"

Illustrated Newspapers

A YEAR or two since, a weekly paper was started in London called the *Illustrated News*. It was filled with tolerably executed woodcuts, representing scenes of popular interest; and though perhaps better calculated for the nursery than the reading-room, it took very well in England, where few can read but all can understand pictures, and soon attained immense circulation. As when the inimitable London *Punch* attained its world-wide celebrity, supported by such writers as Thackeray, Jerrold, and Hood, would-be funny men on this side of the Atlantic attempted absurd imitations—the *Yankee Doodle*, the *John Donkey*, etc.—which as a matter of course proved miserable failures; so did the success of this illustrated affair inspire our money-loving publishers with hopes of dollars, and soon appeared from Boston, New York, and other places pictorial and illustrated newspapers, teeming with execrable and silly effusions, and filled with the most fearful wood-engravings, "got up regardless of expense" or anything else; the contemplation of which was enough to make an artist tear his hair and rend his garments. A Yankee named Gleason, of Boston, published the first, we believe, calling it *Gleason's Pictorial* (it should have been *Gleason's Pickpocket*) *and Drawing-Room Companion.* In this he presented to his unhappy subscribers views of his house in the country, and his garden, and, for aught we know, of "his ox and his ass, and the stranger within his gates." A detestable invention for transferring daguerreotypes to plates for engraving, having

come into notice about this time, was eagerly seized upon by Gleason for further embellishing his catchpenny publication —duplicates and uncalled-for pictures were easily obtained, and many a man has gazed in horror-stricken astonishment on the likeness of a respected friend as a "Portrait of Monroe Edwards," or that of his deceased grandmother in the character of "One of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence." They love pictures in Yankeedom; every tin-pedler has one on his wagon, and an itinerant lecturer can always obtain an audience by sticking up a likeness of some unhappy female, with her ribs laid open in an impossible manner, for public inspection, or a hairless gentleman, with the surface of his head laid out in eligible lots duly marked and numbered. The factory girls of Lowell, the professors of Harvard, all bought the new *Pictorial*. (Professor Webster was reading one when Doctor Parkman called on him on the morning of the murder.) Gleason's speculation was crowned with success, and he bought himself a new cooking-stove, and erected an outbuilding on his estate, with both of which he favored the public in a new woodcut immediately.

Inspired by his success, old Feejee-Mermaid-Tom-Thumb-Woolly-Horse-Joyce-Heth-Barnum forthwith got out another illustrated weekly, with pictures far more extensive, letter-press still sillier, and engravings more miserable, if possible, than Yankee Gleason's. And then we were bored and buffeted by having incredible likenesses of Santa Anna, Queen Victoria and poor old Webster thrust beneath our nose, to that degree that we wished the respected originals had never existed, or that the art of wood-engraving had perished with that of painting on glass.

It was, therefore, with the most intense delight that we saw a notice the other day of the failure and stoppage of *Barnum's*

Illustrated News; we rejoiced thereat greatly, and we hope that it will never be revived, and that Gleason will also fail as soon as he conveniently can, and that his trashy *Pictorial* will perish with it.

It must not be supposed from the tenor of these remarks that we are opposed to the publication of a properly conducted and creditably executed illustrated paper. "On the contrary, quite the reverse." We are passionately fond of art ourselves, and we believe that nothing can have a stronger tendency to refinement in society than presenting to the public chaste and elaborate engravings, copies of works of high artistic merit, accompanied by graphic and well-written essays. It was for the purpose of introducing a paper containing these features to our appreciative community that we have made these introductory remarks, and for the purpose of challenging comparison, and defying competition, that we have criticized so severely the imbecile and ephemeral productions mentioned above. At a vast expenditure of money, time, and labor, and after the most incredible and unheard-of exertion on our part, individually, we are at length able to present to the public an illustrated publication of unprecedented merit, containing engravings of exceeding costliness and rare beauty of design, got up on an expensive scale which never has been attempted before in this or any other country.

We furnish our readers this week with the first number, merely premising that the immense expense attending its issue will require a corresponding liberality of patronage on the part of the Public, to cause it to be continued.

PHŒNIX'S PICTORIAL

And Second Story Front Room Companion

Vol. 1.] San Diego, Oct. 1, 1853. [No. 1.

Portrait of His Royal Highness Prince Albert.—Prince Albert, the son of a gentleman named Coburg, is the husband of Queen Victoria of England, and the father of many of her children. He is the inventor of the celebrated "Albert hat," which has been lately introduced with great effect in the U. S. Army. The Prince is of German extraction, his father being a Dutchman and his mother a Duchess.

Mansion of John Phœnix, Esq., San Diego, California.

House in which Shakespeare was born, in Stratford-on-Avon.

G. H. Derby

Abbotsford, the residence of Sir Walter Scott, author of Byron's "Pilgrim's Progress," etc.

The Capitol at Washington

Residence of Governor Bigler, at Benicia, California.

Battle of Lake Erie (*see remarks*, p. 96).

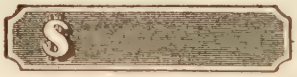
[Page 96.]

The Battle of Lake Erie, of which our Artist presents a spirited engraving, copied from the original painting by Hannibal Carracci, in the possession of J. P. Haven, Esq., was fought in 1836, on Chesapeake Bay, between the U. S. frigates *Constitution* and *Guerrière* and the British troops, under General Putnam. Our glorious flag, there as everywhere, was victorious, and "Long may it wave, o'er the land of the free, and the home of *the slave*."

Fearful accident on the Camden and Amboy Railroad!! Terrible loss of life!!!

View of the City of San Diego, by Sir Benjamin West.

Interview between Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and the Duchess of Sutherland, from a group of Statuary by Clarke Mills.



Bank Account of J. Phœnix, Esq., at Adams and Company, Bankers, San Francisco, California.

Gas Works, San Diego *Herald* office.

G. H. Derby

Steamer Goliah

View of a California Ranch—Landseer.

Shell of an oyster once eaten by General Washington; showing the General's manner of opening oysters.

There! This is but a specimen of what we can do if liberally sustained. We wait with anxiety to hear the verdict of the public before proceeding to any further and greater outlays.

Subscription, $5 per annum, payable invariably in advance.

Inducements for Clubbing

Twenty copies furnished for one year for fifty cents. Address John Phœnix, Office of the San Diego *Herald.*

Tushmaker's Toothpuller

Doctor Tushmaker was never regularly bred as a physician or surgeon, but he possessed naturally a strong mechanical genius and a fine appetite; and finding his teeth of great service in gratifying the latter propensity, he concluded that he could do more good in the world, and create more real happiness therein, by putting the teeth of its inhabitants in good order than in any other way; so Tushmaker became a dentist. He was the man who first invented the method of placing small cog-wheels in the back teeth for the more perfect mastication of food, and he claimed to be the original discoverer of that method of filling cavities with a kind of putty which, becoming hard directly, causes the tooth to ache so grievously that it has to be pulled, thereby giving the dentist two successive fees for the same job.

Tushmaker was one day seated in his office, in the city of Boston, Massachusetts, when a stout old fellow named Byles presented himself to have a back tooth drawn. The dentist seated his patient in the chair of torture, and, opening his mouth, discovered there an enormous tooth, on the right-hand side, about as large, as he afterward expressed it, "as a small Polyglot Bible."

"I shall have trouble with this tooth," thought Tushmaker, but he clapped on his heaviest forceps and pulled. It didn't come. Then he tried the turn-screw, exerting his utmost strength, but the tooth wouldn't stir. "Go away from here," said Tushmaker to Byles, "and return in a week, and I'll draw that tooth for you or know the reason why." Byles got up, clapped a handkerchief to his jaw, and put forth. Then

the dentist went to work, and in three days he invented an instrument which he was confident would pull anything. It was a combination of the lever, pulley, wheel and axle, inclined plane, wedge, and screw. The castings were made, and the machine put up in the office, over an iron chair rendered perfectly stationary by iron rods going down into the foundations of the granite building. In a week old Byles returned; he was clamped into the iron chair, the forceps connected with the machine attached firmly to the tooth, and Tushmaker, stationing himself in the rear, took hold of a lever four feet in length. He turned it slightly. Old Byles gave a groan and lifted his right leg. Another turn, another groan, and up went the leg again.

"What do you raise your leg for?" asked the Doctor.

"I can't help it," said the patient.

"Well," rejoined Tushmaker, "that tooth is bound to come out now."

He turned the lever clear round with a sudden jerk, and snapped old Byles's head clean and clear from his shoulders, leaving a space of four inches between the severed parts!

They had a *post-mortem* examination—the roots of the tooth were found extending down the right side, through the right leg, and turning up in two prongs under the sole of the right foot!

"No wonder," said Tushmaker, "he raised his right leg."

The jury thought so, too, but they found the roots much decayed; and five surgeons swearing that mortification would have ensued in a few months, Tushmaker was cleared on a verdict of "justifiable homicide."

He was a little shy of that instrument for some time afterward; but one day an old lady, feeble and flaccid, came in to have a tooth drawn, and thinking it would come out very easy, Tushmaker concluded, just by way of variety, to try the ma-

chine. He did so, and at the first turn drew the old lady's skeleton completely and entirely from her body, leaving her a mass of quivering jelly in her chair! Tushmaker took her home in a pillow-case.

The woman lived seven years after that, and they called her the "India-Rubber Woman." She had suffered terribly with the rheumatism, but after this occurrence never had a pain in her bones. The dentist kept them in a glass case. After this, the machine was sold to the contractor of the Boston Custom-House, and it was found that a child of three years of age could, by a single turn of the screw, raise a stone weighing twenty-three tons. Smaller ones were made on the same principle and sold to the keepers of hotels and restaurants. They were used for boning turkeys. There is no moral to this story whatever, and it is possible that the circumstances may have become slightly exaggerated. Of course, there can be no doubt of the truth of the main incidents.

George William Curtis

Miss Minerva Tattle at Saratoga and Newport

NEWPORT, August.

IT certainly is not papa's fault that he doesn't understand French; but he ought not to pretend to. It does put one in such uncomfortable situations occasionally. In fact, I think it would be quite as well if we could sometimes "sink the paternal," as Timon Crœsus says. I suppose everybody has heard of the awful speech pa made in the parlor at Saratoga. My dearest friend, Tabby Dormouse, told me she had heard of it everywhere, and that it was ten times as absurd each time it was repeated. By the bye, Tabby is a dear creature, isn't she? It's so nice to have a spy in the enemy's camp, as it were, and to hear everything that everybody says about you. She is not handsome—poor, dear Tabby! There's no denying it, but she can't help it. I was obliged to tell young Downe so, quite decidedly, for I really think he had an idea she was good-looking. The idea of Tabby Dormouse being handsome! But she is a useful little thing in her way; one of my intimates.

The true story is this.

Ma and I had persuaded pa to take us to Saratoga, for we heard the English party were to be there, and we were anxious they should see *some* good society, at least. It seems such a pity they shouldn't know what handsome dresses we really do have in this country! And I mentioned to some of the most English of our young men, that there might be something to be done at Saratoga. But they shrugged their shoulders, especially Timon Crœsus and Gauche Boosey, and said—

"Well, really, the fact is, Miss Tattle, all the Englishmen I have ever met are—in fact—a little snobbish. However."

That was about what they said. But I thought, considering their fondness of the English model in dress and manner, that they might have been more willing to meet some genuine aristocracy. Yet, perhaps, that handsome Col. Abattew is right in saying with his grand military air,—

"The British aristocracy, madam,—the British aristocracy is vulgar."

Well, we all went up to Saratoga. But the distinguished strangers did not come. I held back that last muslin of mine, the yellow one, embroidered with the Alps. and a distant view of the isles of Greece worked on the flounces, until it was impossible to wait longer. I meant to wear it at dinner the first day they came, with the pearl necklace and the opal studs, and that heavy ruby necklace (it is a low-necked dress). The dining-room at the "United States" is so large that it shows off those dresses finely, and if the waiter doesn't let the soup or the gravy slip, and your neighbor (who is, like as not, what Tabby Dormouse, with her incapacity to pronounce the *r*, calls "some 'aw, 'uff man from the country") doesn't put the leg of his chair through the dress, and if you don't muss it sitting down—why, I should like to know a prettier place to wear a low-necked muslin, with jewels, than the dining-room of the "United States" at Saratoga. . . .

I am as bad as dear Mrs. Potiphar about coming to the point of my story. But the truth is, that in such engrossing places as Saratoga and Newport, it is hardly possible to determine which is the pleasantest and most important thing among so many. I am so fond of that old, droll Kurz Pacha, that if I begin to talk about him I forget everything else. He says such nice things about people that nobody else would dare to say,

and that everybody is so glad to hear. He is invaluable in society. And yet one is never safe. People say he isn't gentlemanly; but when I see the style of man that is called gentlemanly, I am very glad he is not. All the solemn, pompous men who stand about like owls, and never speak, nor laugh, nor move, as if they really had any life or feeling, are called "gentlemanly." Whenever Tabby says of a new man—"But then he is so gentlemanly!" I understand at once. It is another case of the well-dressed wooden image. Good heavens! do you suppose Sir Philip Sidney, or the Chevalier Bayard, or Charles Fox, were "gentlemanly" in this way? Confectioners who undertake parties might furnish scores of such gentlemen, with hands and feet of any required size, and warranted to do nothing "ungentlemanly." For my part, I am inclined to think that a gentleman is something positive, not merely negative. And if sometimes my friend the Pacha says a rousing and wholesome truth, it is none the less gentlemanly because it cuts a little. He says it's very amusing to observe how coolly we play this little farce of life—how placidly people get entangled in a mesh at which they all rail, and how fiercely they frown upon anybody who steps out of the ring. "You tickle me and I'll tickle you; but, at all events, you tickle me," is the motto of the crowd.

"*Allons!*" says he, "who cares? lead off to the right and left —down the middle and up again. Smile all around, and bow gracefully to your partner; then carry your heavy heart to your chamber, and drown in your own tears. Cheerfully, cheerfully, my dear Miss Minerva. Saratoga until August, then Newport until the frost, the city afterward; and so an endless round of happiness."

And he steps off humming *Il segreto per esser felice!*

Well, we were all sitting in the great drawing-room at the "United States." We had been bowling in our morning

dresses, and had rushed in to ascertain if the distinguished English party had arrived. They had not. They were in New York, and would not come. That was bad, but we thought of Newport and probable scions of nobility there, and were consoled. But while we were in the midst of the talk, and I was whispering very intimately with that superb and aristocratic Nancy Fungus, who should come in but father, walking toward us with a wearied air, dragging his feet along, but looking very well dressed for him. I smiled sweetly when I saw that he was quite presentable, and had had the good sense to leave that odious white hat in his room, and had buttoned his waistcoat. The party stopped talking as he approached; and he came up to me.

"Minna, my dear," said he, "I hear everybody is going to Newport."

"Oh! yes, dear father," I replied, and Nancy Fungus smiled. Father looked pleased to see me so intimate with a girl he always calls "so aristocratic and high-bred-looking," and he said to her—

"I believe your mother is going, Miss Fungus?"

"Oh! yes, we always go," replied she, "one must have a few weeks of Newport."

"Precisely, my dear," said poor papa, as if he rather dreaded it, but must consent to the hard necessity of fashion. "They say, Minna, that all the *parvenus* are going this year, so I suppose we shall have to go along."

There was a blow! There was perfect silence for a moment, while poor pa looked amiable, as if he couldn't help embellishing his conversation with French graces. I waited in horror; for I knew that the girls were tittering inside, and every moment it became more absurd. Then out it came. Nancy Fungus leaned her head on my shoulder, and fairly shook with laughter.

The others hid behind their fans, and the men suddenly walked off to the windows, and slipped on to the piazza. Papa looked bewildered, and half smiled. But it was a very melancholy business, and I told him that he had better go up and dress for dinner.

It was impossible to stay after that. The unhappy slip became the staple of Saratoga conversation. Young Boosey (Mrs. Potiphar's witty friend) asked Morris audibly at dinner, "Where do the *parvenus* sit? I want to sit among the *parvenus*."

"Of course you do, sir," answered Morris, supposing he meant the circle of the *crême de la crême.*

And so the thing went on mulitplying itself. Poor papa doesn't understand it yet. I don't dare to explain. Old Fungus, who prides himself so upon his family (it is one of the very ancient and honorable Virginia families, that came out of the ark with Noah, as Kurz Pacha says of his ancestors, when he hears that the founder of a family "came over with the Conqueror"), and who cannot deny himself a joke, came up to pa, in the barroom, while a large party of gentlemen were drinking cobblers, and said to him with a loud laugh:

"So, all the *parvenus* are going to Newport: are they, Tattle?"

"Yes!" replied pa innocently, "that's what they say. So I suppose we shall all have to go, Fungus."

There was another roar that time, but not from the representative of Noah's ark. It was rather thin joking, but it did very well for the warm weather, and I was glad to hear a laugh against anybody but poor pa.

We came to Newport, but the story came before us, and I have been very much annoyed at it. . . . By the bye, that Polly Potiphar has been mean enough to send out to Paris for

the very silk that I relied upon as this summer's *cheval de bataille*, and has just received it superbly made up. The worst of it is that it is just the thing for her. She wore it at the ball the other night, and expected to have crushed me, in mine. Not she! I have not summered it at Newport for—well, for several years, for nothing, and although I am rather beyond the strict white-muslin age, I thought I could yet venture a bold stroke. So I arrayed *à la* Daisy Clover—not too much, *pas trop jeune*. And awaited the onset.

Kurz Pacha saw me across the room, and came up, with his peculiar smile. He did not look at my dress, but he said to me, rather wickedly, looking at my bouquet:

"Dear me! I hardly hoped to see spring flowers so late in the summer."

Then he raised his eyes to mine, and I am conscious that I blushed.

"It's very warm. You feel very warm, I am sure, my dear Miss Tattle," he continued, looking straight at my face.

"You are sufficiently cool, at least, I think," replied I.

"Naturally," said he, "for I've been in the immediate vicinity of the boreal pole for a half an hour—a neighborhood in which, I am told, even the most ardent spirits sometimes freeze —so you must pardon me if I am more than usually dull, Miss Minerva."

And the Pacha beat time to the waltz with his head.

I looked at the part of the room from which he had just come, and there, sure enough, in the midst of a group, I saw the tall and stately and still Ada Aiguille.

"He is a hardy navigator," continued Kurz Pacha, "who sails for the boreal pole. It is glittering enough, but shipwreck by daylight upon a coral reef is no pleasanter than by night upon Newport shoals."

"Have you been shipwrecked, Kurz Pacha?" asked I, suddenly.

He laughed softly: "No, Miss Minerva, I am not one of the hardy navigators; I keep close into the shore. Upon the slightest symptom of an agitated sea, I furl my sails and creep into a safe harbor. Besides, dear Miss Minna, I prefer tropical cruises to the Antarctic voyage."

And the old wretch actually looked at my black hair. I might have said something—approving his taste, perhaps, who knows?—when I saw Mrs. Potiphar. She was splendidly dressed in the silk, and it's a pity she doesn't become a fine dress better. She made for me directly.

"Dear Minna, I'm so glad to see you. Why, how young and fresh you look to-night. Really, quite blooming! And such a sweet pretty dress, too, and the darling baby-waist and all."

"Yes," said that witty Gauche Boosey, "permit me, Miss Tattle—quite an incarnate seraphim, upon my word."

"You are too good," replied I; "my dear Polly, it is your dress which deserves admiration, and I flatter myself in saying so, for it is the very counterpart of one I had made some months ago."

"Yes, darling, and which you have not yet worn," replied she. "I said to Mr. P——, 'Mr. P——,' said I, 'there are few women upon whose amiability I can count as I can upon Minerva Tattle's, and, therefore, I am going to have a dress like hers. Most women would be vexed about it, and say ill-natured things if I did so. But if I have a friend, it is Minerva Tattle; and she will never grudge it to me for a moment.' It's pretty; isn't it? Just look here at this trimming."

And she showed me the very handsomest part of it, and so much handsomer than mine, that I can never wear it.

"Polly, I am so glad that you know me so well," said I. "I'm delighted with the dress. To be sure, it's rather *prononcé* for your style; but that's nothing."

Just then a polka struck up. "Come along! give me this turn," said Boosey, and putting his arm round Mrs. Potiphar's waist, he whirled her off into the dance.

How I did hope somebody would come to ask me. Nobody came.

"You don't dance?" asked Kurz Pacha, who stood by during my little talk with Polly P——.

"Oh, yes," answered I, and hummed the polka.

Kurz Pacha hummed too, looked on at the dancers a few minutes, then turned to me, and looking at my bouquet said:

"It is astonishing how little taste there is for spring flowers."

At that moment young Crœsus "came in," warm with the whirl of the dance, with Daisy Clover.

"It's very warm," said he, in a gentlemanly manner.

"Dear me! yes, very warm," said Daisy.

"Been long in Newport?"

"No; only a few days. We always come, after Saratoga, for a couple of weeks. But isn't it delightful?"

"Quite so," said Timon coolly, and smiling at the idea of anybody's being enthusiastic about anything. That elegant youth has pumped life dry; and now the pump only wheezes.

"Oh!" continued Daisy, "it's so pleasant to run away from the hot city, and breathe this cool air. And then Nature is so beautiful. Are you fond of Nature, Mr. Crœsus?"

"Tolerably," returned Timon.

"Oh! but Mr. Crœsus! to go to the glen and skip stones, and to walk on the cliff, and drive to Bateman's, and the fort, and to go to the beach by moonlight; and then the bowling-alley,

and the archery, and the Germania. Oh! it's a splendid place. But, perhaps, you don't like natural scenery, Mr. Crœsus?"

"Perhaps not," said Mr. Crœsus.

"Well, some people don't," said darling little Daisy, folding up her fan, as if quite ready for another turn.

"Come now; there it is," said Timon, and, grasping her with his right arm, they glided away.

"Kurz Pacha," said I, "I wonder who sent Ada Aiguille that bouquet?"

"Sir John Franklin, I presume," returned he.

"What do you mean by that?" asked I.

Before he could answer, Boosey and Mrs. Potiphar stopped by us.

"No, no, Mr. Boosey," panted Mrs. P——, "I will not have him introduced. They say his father actually sells dry-goods by the yard in Buffalo."

"Well, but *he* doesn't, Mrs. Potiphar."

"I know that, and it's all very well for you young men to know him, and to drink, and play billiards, and smoke with him. And he is handsome to be sure, and gentlemanly, and, I am told, very intelligent. But, you know, we can't be visiting our shoemakers and shop-men. That's the great difficulty of a watering-place, one does n't know who's who. Why, Mrs. Gnu was here three summers ago, and there sat next to her, at table, a middle-aged foreign gentleman, who had only a slight accent, and who was so affable and agreeable, so intelligent and modest, and so perfectly familiar with all kinds of little ways, you know, that she supposed he was the Russian Minister, who, she heard, was at Newport incognito for his health. She used to talk with him in the parlor, and allowed him to join her upon the piazza. Nobody could find out who he was. There were suspicions, of course, But he paid his bills, drove

his horses, and was universally liked. Dear me! appearances are so deceitful! who do you think he was?"

"I'm sure I can't imagine."

"Well, the next spring she went to a music store in Philadelphia, to buy some guitar strings for Claribel, and who should advance to sell them but the Russian Minister! Mrs. Gnu said she colored——"

"So I've always understood," said Gauche, laughing.

"Fie! Mr. Boosey," continued Mrs. P——, smiling. "But the music-seller didn't betray the slightest consciousness. He sold her the strings, received the money, and said nothing, and looked nothing. Just think of it! She supposed him to be a gentleman, and he was really a music-dealer. You see that's the sort of thing one is exposed to here, and though your friend may be very nice, it isn't safe for me to know him. In a country where there's no aristocracy one can't be too exclusive. Mrs. Peony says she thinks that in the future she shall really pass the summer in a farmhouse, or if she goes to a watering-place, confine herself to her own rooms and her carriage, and look at people through the blinds. I'm afraid myself it's coming to that. Everybody goes to Saratoga now, and you see how Newport is crowded. For my part I agree with the Rev. Cream Cheese, that there are serious evils in a republican form of government. What a hideous head-dress that is of Mrs. Settum Downe's! What a lovely polka-redowa!"

"So it is, by Jove! Come on," replied the gentlemanly Boosey, and they swept down the hall.—*Potiphar Papers.*

Aurelia

ALTHOUGH my person is not present at your dinner, my fancy is. I see Aurelia's carriage stop, and behold white-gloved servants opening wide doors. There is a brief glimpse of magnificence for the dull eyes of the loiterers outside; then the door closes. But my fancy went in with Aurelia. With her, it looks at the vast mirror, and surveys her form at length in the Psyche-glass. It gives the final shake to the skirt, the last flirt to the embroidered handkerchief, carefully held, and adjusts the bouquet, complete as a tropic nestling in orange leaves. It descends with her, and marks the faint blush upon her cheek at the thought of her exceeding beauty; the consciousness of the most beautiful woman, that the most beautiful woman is entering the room. There is the momentary hush, the subdued greeting, the quick glance of the Aurelias who have arrived earlier, and who perceive in a moment the hopeless perfection of that attire; the courtly gaze of gentlemen, who feel the serenity of that beauty. All this my fancy surveys; my fancy, Aurelia's invisible cavalier.

You approach with hat in hand and the thumb of your left hand in your waistcoat pocket. You are polished and cool, and have an irreproachable repose of manner. There are no improper wrinkles in your cravat; your shirt-bosom does not bulge; the trousers are accurate about your admirable boot. But you look very stiff and brittle. You are a little bullied by your unexceptionable shirt-collar, which interdicts perfect freedom of movement in your head. You are elegant, undoubtedly, but it seems as if you might break and fall to pieces, like a porcelain vase, if you were roughly shaken.

Now, here, I have the advantage of you. My fancy quietly surveying the scene, is subject to none of these embarrassments. My fancy, will not utter commonplaces. That will not say to the superb lady, who stands with her flowers, incarnate May, "What a beautiful day, Miss Aurelia." That will not feel constrained to say something, when it has nothing to say; nor will it be obliged to smother all the pleasant things that occur, because they would be too flattering to express. My fancy perpetually murmurs in Aurelia's ear, "Those flowers would not be fair in your hand, if you yourself were not fairer. That diamond necklace would be gaudy, if your eyes were not brighter. That queenly movement would be awkward, if your soul were not queenlier."

You could not say such things to Aurelia, although, if you are worthy to dine at her side, they are the very things you are longing to say. What insufferable stuff you are talking about the weather, and the opera, and Alboni's delicious voice, and Newport, and Saratoga! They are all very pleasant subjects, but do you suppose Ixion talked Thessalian politics when he was admitted to dine with Juno?

I almost begin to pity you, and to believe that a scarcity of white waistcoats is true wisdom. For now dinner is announced, and you, oh rare felicity, are to hand down Aurelia. But you run the risk of tumbling her expansive skirt, and you have to drop your hat upon a chance chair, and wonder, *en passant*, who will wear it home, which is annoying. My fancy runs no such risk; is not at all solicitous about its hat, and glides by the side of Aurelia, stately as she. There! you stumble on the stair, and are vexed at your own awkwardness, and are sure you saw the ghost of a smile glimmer along that superb face at your side. My fancy doesn't tumble down-stairs, and what kind of looks it sees upon Aurelia's face are its own secret.

Is it any better, now you are seated at table? Your companion eats little because she wishes little. You eat little because you think it is elegant to do so. It is a shabby, second-hand elegance, like your brittle behavior. It is just as foolish for you to play with the meats, when you ought to satisfy your healthy appetite generously, as it is for you, in the drawing-room, to affect that cool indifference when you have real and noble interests.

I grant you that fine manners, if you please, are a fine art. But is not monotony the destruction of art? Your manners, oh happy Ixion, banqueting with Juno, are Egyptian. They have no perspective, no variety. They have no color, no shading. They are all on a dead level; they are flat. Now, for you are a man of sense, you are conscious that those wonderful eyes of Aurelia see straight through all this network of elegant manners in which you have entangled yourself, and that consciousness is uncomfortable to you. It is another trick in the game for me, because those eyes do not pry into my fancy. How can they, since Aurelia does not know of my existence?

Unless, indeed, she should remember the first time I saw her. It was only last year, in May. I had dined, somewhat hastily, in consideration of the fine day, and of my confidence that many would be wending dinnerward that afternoon. I saw my Prue comfortably engaged in seating the trousers of Adoniram, our eldest boy—an economical care to which my darling Prue is not unequal, even in these days and in this town—and then hurried toward the avenue. It is never much thronged at that hour. The moment is sacred to dinner. As I paused at the corner of Twelfth Street, by the church, you remember, I saw an apple-woman, from whose stores I determined to finish my dessert, which had been imperfect at home. But, mindful of meritorious and economical Prue, I was not the man to pay

exorbitant prices for apples, and while still haggling with the wrinkled Eve who had tempted me, I became suddenly aware of a carriage approaching, and, indeed, already close by. I raised my eyes, still munching an apple which I held in one hand, while the other grasped my walking-stick (true to my instincts of dinner-guests, as young women to a passing wedding or old ones to a funeral), and beheld Aurelia!

Old in this kind of observation as I am, there was something so graciously alluring in the look that she cast upon me, as unconsciously, indeed, as she would have cast it upon the church, that, fumbling hastily for my spectacles to enjoy the boon more fully, I thoughtlessly advanced upon the apple-stand, and, in some indescribable manner, tripping, down we all fell into the street, old woman, apples, baskets, stand, and I, in promiscuous confusion. As I struggled there, somewhat bewildered, yet sufficiently self-possessed to look after the carriage, I beheld that beautiful woman looking at us through the back window (you could not have done it; the integrity of your shirt-collar would have interfered), and smiling pleasantly, so that her going around the corner was like a gentle sunset, so seemed she to disappear in her own smiling; or—if you choose, in view of the apple difficulties—like a rainbow after a storm.

If the beautiful Aurelia recalls that event, she may know of my existence; not otherwise. And even then she knows me only as a funny old gentleman, who, in his eagerness to look at her, tumbled over an apple-woman.

My fancy from that moment followed her. How grateful I was to the wrinkled Eve's extortion, and to the untoward tumble, since it procured me the sight of that smile. I took my sweet revenge from that. For I knew that the beautiful Aurelia entered the house of her host with beaming eyes, and my fancy heard her sparkling story. You consider yourself happy be-

cause you are sitting by her and helping her to a lady-finger, or a macaroon, for which she smiles. But I was her theme for ten mortal minutes. She was my bard, my blithe historian. She was the Homer of my luckless Trojan fall. She set my mishap to music, in telling it. Think what it is to have inspired Urania; to have called a brighter beam into the eyes of Miranda, and do not think so much of passing Aurelia the mottoes, my dear young friend.

There was the advantage of not going to that dinner. Had I been invited, as you were, I should have pestered Prue about the buttons on my white waistcoat, instead of leaving her placidly piercing adolescent trousers. She would have been flustered, fearful of being too late, of tumbling the garment, of soiling it, fearful of offending me in some way (admirable woman!), I, in my natural impatience, might have let drop a thoughtless word, which would have been a pang in her heart and a tear in her eye, for weeks afterward.

As I walked nervously up the avenue (for I am unaccustomed to prandial recreations), I should not have had that solacing image of quiet Prue, and the trousers, as the background in the pictures of the gay figures I passed, making each, by contrast, fairer. I should have been wondering what to say and do at the dinner. I should surely have been very warm, and yet not have enjoyed the rich, waning sunlight. Need I tell you that I should not have stopped for apples, but instead of ecónomically tumbling into the street with apples and apple-women, whereby I merely rent my trousers across the knee, in a manner that Prue can readily, and at little cost, repair, I should, beyond peradventure, have split a new dollar-pair of gloves in the effort of straining my large hands into them, which would, also, have caused me additional redness in the face, and renewed fluttering.

Above all, I should not have seen Aurelia passing in her car-

riage, nor would she have smiled at me, nor charmed my memory with her radiance, nor the circle at dinner with the sparkling Iliad of my woes. Then at the table, I should not have sat by her. You would have had that pleasure; I should have led out the maiden aunt from the country, and have talked poultry, when I talked at all. Aurelia would not have remarked me. Afterward, in describing the dinner to her virtuous parents, she would have concluded, "and one old gentleman, whom I didn't know."

No, my polished friend, whose elegant repose of manner I yet greatly commend, I am content, if you are. How much better it was that I was not invited to that dinner, but was permitted, by a kind fate, to furnish a subject for Aurelia's wit.

There is one other advantage in sending your fancy to dinner, instead of going yourself. It is, that then the occasion remains wholly fair in your memory. You, who devote yourself to dining out, and who are to be daily seen affably sitting down to such feasts, as I know mainly by hearsay—by the report of waiters, guests, and others who were present—you cannot escape the little things that spoil the picture, and which the fancy does not see.

For instance, in handing you the *potage à la Bisque*, at the very commencement of this dinner to-day, John, the waiter, who never did such a thing before, did this time suffer the plate to tip, so that a little of that rare soup dripped into your lap—just enough to spoil those trousers, which is nothing to you, because you can buy a great many more trousers, but which little event is inharmonious with the fine porcelain dinner-service, with the fragrant wines, the glittering glass, the beautiful guests, and the mood of mind suggested by all of these. There is, in fact, if you will pardon a free use of the vernacular, there is a grease-spot upon your remembrance of this dinner.

Or, in the same way, and with the same kind of mental result, you can easily imagine the meats a little tough; a suspicion of smoke somewhere in the sauces; too much pepper, perhaps, or too little salt; or there might be the graver dissonance of claret not properly attempered, or a choice Rhenish below the average mark, or the spilling of some of that Arethusa Madeira, marvelous for its innumerable circumnavigations of the globe, and for being as dry as the conversation of the host. These things are not up to the high level of the dinner; for wherever Aurelia dines, all accessories should be as perfect in their kind as she, the principal, is in hers.

That reminds me of a possible dissonance worse than all. Suppose that soup had trickled down the unimaginable *berthe* of Aurelia's dress (since it might have done so), instead of wasting itself upon your trousers! Could even the irreproachable elegance of your manners have contemplated, unmoved, a grease-spot upon your remembrance of the peerless Aurelia?

You smile, of course, and remind me that that lady's manners are so perfect that, if she drank poison, she would wipe her mouth after it as gracefully as ever. How much more then, you say, in the case of such a slight *contretemps* as spotting her dress, would she appear totally unmoved.

So she would, undoubtedly. She would be, and look, as pure as ever; but, my young friend, her dress would not. Once I dropped a pickled oyster in the lap of my Prue, who wore, on the occasion, her sea-green-silk gown. I did not love my Prue the less; but there certainly was a very unhandsome spot upon her dress. And although I know my Prue to be spotless, yet, whenever I recall that day, I see her in a spotted gown, and I would prefer never to have been obliged to think of her in such a garment.

Can you not make the application to the case, very likely to

happen, of some disfigurement of that exquisite toilet of Aurelia's? In going down-stairs, for instance, why should not heavy old Mr. Carbuncle, who is coming close behind with Mrs. Peony, both very eager for dinner, tread upon the hem of that garment which my lips would grow pale to kiss? The august Aurelia, yielding to natural laws, would be drawn suddenly backward—a very undignified movement—and the dress would be dilapidated. There would be apologies, and smiles, and forgiveness, and pinning up the pieces, nor would there be the faintest feeling of awkwardness or vexation in Aurelia's mind. But to you, looking on, and, beneath all that pure show of waistcoat, cursing old Carbuncle's carelessness, this tearing of dresses and repair of the toilet is by no means a poetic and cheerful spectacle. Nay, the very impatience that it produces in your mind jars upon the harmony of the moment.

You will respond, with proper scorn, that you are not so absurdly fastidious as to heed the little necessary drawbacks of social meetings, and that you have not much regard for "the harmony of the occasion" (which phrase I fear you will repeat in a sneering tone). You will do very right in saying this; and it is a remark to which I shall give all the hospitality of my mind, and I do so because I heartily coincide in it. I hold a man to be very foolish who will not eat a good dinner because the table-cloth is not clean, or who cavils at the spots upon the sun. But still a man who does not apply his eye to a telescope, or some kind of prepared medium, does not see those spots, while he has just as much light and heat as he who does.

So it is with me. I walk in the avenue, and eat all the delightful dinners, without seeing the spots upon the table-cloth, and behold all the beautiful Aurelias without swearing at old Carbuncle. I am the guest who, for the small price of invisibility, drinks only the best wines, and talks only to the most

agreeable people. That is something, I can tell you, for you might be asked to lead out old Mrs. Peony. My fancy slips in between you and Aurelia, sit you never so closely together. It not only hears what she says, but it perceives what she thinks and feels. It lies like a bee in her flowery thoughts, sucking all their honey. If there are unhandsome or unfeeling guests at table, it will not see them. It knows only the good and fair. As I stroll in the fading light and observe the stately houses, my fancy believes the host equal to his house, and the courtesy of his wife more agreeable than her conservatory.

It will not believe that the pictures on the wall and the statues in the corners shame the guests. It will not allow that they are less than noble. It hears them speak gently of error, and warmly of worth. It knows that they commend heroism and devotion, and reprobate insincerity. My fancy is convinced that the guests are not only feasted upon the choicest fruits of every land and season, but are refreshed by a consciousness of greater loveliness and grace in human character.

Now you, who actually go to the dinner, may not entirely agree with the view my fancy takes of that entertainment. Is it not, therefore, rather your loss? Or, to put it in another way, ought I to envy you the discovery that the guests *are* shamed by the statues and pictures—yes, and by the spoons and forks also, if they should chance neither to be so genuine nor so useful as those instruments? And, worse than this, when your fancy wishes to enjoy the picture which mine forms of that feast, it cannot do so, because you have foolishly interpolated the fact between the dinner and your fancy.

Of course, by this time it is late twilight, and the spectacle I enjoyed is almost over. But not quite, for as I return slowly along the streets, the windows are open, and only a thin haze of lace or muslin separates me from the Paradise within.

I see the graceful cluster of girls hovering over the piano, and the quiet groups of the elders in easy chairs, around little tables. I cannot hear what is said, nor plainly see the faces. But some hoyden evening wind, more daring than I, abruptly parts the cloud to look in, and out comes a gush of light, music and fragrance, so that I shrink away into the dark, that I may not seem, even by chance, to have invaded that privacy.

Suddenly there is singing. It is Aurelia, who does not cope with the Italian prima donna, nor sing indifferently to-night, what was sung superbly last evening at the opera. She has a strange, low, sweet voice, as if she only sang in the twilight. It is the ballad of "Allan Percy" that she sings. There is no dainty applause of kid gloves, when it is ended, but silence follows the singing, like a tear.

Then you, my young friend, ascend into the drawing-room, and, after a little graceful gossip, retire; or you wait, possibly, to hand Aurelia into her carriage, and to arrange a waltz for to-morrow evening. She smiles, you bow, and it is over. But it is not yet over with me. My fancy still follows her, and, like a prophetic dream, rehearses her destiny. For, as the carriage rolls away into the darkness and I return homeward, how can my fancy help rolling away also, into the dim future, watching her go down the years?—*Prue and I.*

Charles Godfrey Leland

Hans Breitmann's Party

Hans Breitmann gife a barty:
  Dey had biano-blayin':
I felled in lofe mit a 'Merican frau,
  Her name was Madilda Yane,
She hat haar as prown as a pretzel,
  Her eyes vas himmel-plue,
Und ven dey looket indo mine,
  Dey shplit mine heart in two.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty:
  I vent dere, you'll be pound.
I valtzet mit Madilda Yane
  Und vent shpinnen round und round.
De pootiest Fräulein in de house,
  She veyed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,
Und efery dime she gife a shoomp
  She make de vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty:
  I dells you it cost him dear.
Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks
  Of foost rate Lager Beer,
Und venefer dey knocks de shpicket in
  De Deutschers gifes a cheer.
I dinks dat so vine a barty
  Nefer coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty:
  Dere all vas Souse und Brouse;
Ven de sooper comed in, de gompany
  Did make demselfs to house.
Dey ate das Brot und Gensy broost,
  De Bratwurst und Braten fine,
Und vash der Abendessen down
  Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty:
  We all got troonk ash pigs.
I poot mine mout to a parrel of beer,
  Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs.
Und denn I gissed Madilda Yane
  Und she shlog me on the kop,
Und de gompany fited mit dable-lecks
  Dill de coonshthable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—
  Where ish dat barty now!
Where ish de lofely golden cloud
  Dat float on the mountain's prow?
Where ish de himmelstrahlende Stern—
  De shtar of de shpirit's light?
All goned afay mit de Lager Beer—
  Afay in de Ewigkeit!

Ballad

Der noble Ritter Hugo
Von Schwillensaufenstein
Rode out mit shpeer and helmet,
Und he coom to de panks of de Rhine.

Und oop dere rose a meer maid,
Vot hadn't got nodings on,
Und she say, "Oh, Ritter Hugo,
Vhere you goes mit yourself alone?"

Und he says, "I rides in de creenwood
Mit helmet und mit shpeer,
Till I cooms into em Gasthaus,
Und dere I trinks some beer."

Und den outshpoke de maiden
Vot hadn't got nodings on:
"I ton't dink mooch of beoplesh
Dat goes mit demselfs alone.

"You'd petter coom down in de wasser,
Vere dere's heaps of dings to see,
Und have a shplendid tinner
Und drafel along mit me.

"Dere you sees de fisch a-schwimmin,
Und you catches dem efery one"—
So sang dis wasser maiden
Vot hadn't got nodings on.

"Dere ish drunks all full mit money
In ships dat vent down of old;
Und you helpsh yourself, by dunder!
To shimmerin crowns of gold.

"Shoost look at dese shpoons und vatches!
Shoost see dese diamant rings!
Coom down und full your bockets,
Und I'll giss you like averydings.

"Vot you vantsh mit your schnapps und lager?
Coom down into der Rhine!
Der ish pottles der Kaiser Charlemagne
Vonce filled mit gold-red wine!"

Dat fetched him—he shtood all shpellpound;
She pooled his coat-tails down,
She drawed him oonder der wasser,
De maiden mit nodings on.

Breitmann in Battle

"*Tunc tapfre ausführere Streitum et Rittris dignum potuere erjägere lobum*"

Der Fader und der Son

"I DINKS I'll go a fitin"—outspoke der Breitmann,
"It's eighteen hoonderd fordy-eight since I kits swordt in hand;
Deese fourdeen years mit Hecker all roostin I haf been,
Boot now I kicks der Teufel oop and goes for sailin in."

"If you go land out-ridin," said Caspar Pickletongue,
"Foost ding you knows you cooms across some repels prave
and young,
Away down Sout' in Tixey, dey'll split you like a clam"—
"For dat," spoke out der Breitmann, "I doos not gare one
tam!

"Who der Teufel pe's de repels und vhere dey kits deir sass,
If dey make a run on Breitmann he'll soon let out de gas;
I'll shplit dem like kartoffels: I'll slog em on de kop;
I'll set de plackguarts roonin so dey don't know vhere to shtop."

Und den outshpoke der Breitmann, mit his schlaeger py his
side:
"Forvarts, my pully landsmen! it's dime to run und ride;
Will riden, will fighten—der Copitain I'll pe,
It's sporn und horn und saddle now—all in de Cavallrie!"

Und ash dey rode troo Winchester, so herrlich to pe seen,
Dere coomed some repel cavallrie a riden on de creen;
Mit a sassy repel Dootchman—an colonel in gommand:
Says he, "Vot Teufel makes you here in dis mein Faderland?

"You're dressed oop like a shentleman mit your plackguard
Yankee crew,
You mudsils and meganics! Der Teufel put you troo!
Old Yank you ought to shtay at home und dake your liddle
horn,
Mit some oldt voomans for a noorse"—der Breitmann laugh
mit shkorn.

"Und should I trink mein lager-bier und roost mine self to
home?
Ife got too many dings like you to mash beneat' my thoom:

In many a fray und fierce foray dis Deutschman will be feared
Pefore he stops dis vightin trade—'twas dere he grayed his peard."

"I pools dat peard out by de roots—I gifes him sooch a dwist
Dill all de plood roons out, you tamned old Apolitionist!
Your creenpacks mit your swordt und watch right ofer you moost shell,
Und den you goes to Libby straight—und after dat to h–ll!"

"Mein creenpacks und mein schlaeger, I kits 'em in New York,
To gife dem up to creenhorns, young man, is not de talk;"
De heroes shtopped deir sassin' here und grossed deir sabres dwice,
Und de vay dese Deutschers vent to vork vos von pig ding on ice.

Der younger fetch de older such a gottallmachty smack
Der Breitmann dinks he really hears his skool go shplit und crack;
Der repel choomps dwelfe paces back, und so he safe his life:
Der Breitmann says: "I guess dem choomps you learns dem of your vife."

"If I should learn of vomans I dinks it vere a shame,
Bei Gott I am a shentleman, aristograt, and game.
My fader vos anoder—I lose him fery young—
Ter Teufel take your soul! Coom on! I'll split your waggin' tongue!"

A Yankee drick der Breitmann dried—dat oldt gray-pearded man—
For ash the repel raised his swordt, beneat' dat swordt he ran.

All roundt der shlim yoong repel's waist his arms oldt Breitmann pound,
Und shlinged him down oopon his pack und laidt him on der ground.

"Who rubs against olt kittle-pots may keep vite—if he can,
Say vot you dinks of vightin now mit dis old shentleman?
Your dime is oop; you got to die, und I your breest vill pe;
Peliev'st dou in Moral Ideas? If so I lets you free."

"I don't know nix apout Ideas—no more dan pout Saint Paul,
Since I peen down in Tixey I kits no books at all;
I'm greener ash de clofer-grass; I'm shtupid as a shpoon;
I'm ignoranter ash de nigs—for dey takes de *Tribune.*

"Mein fader's name vas Breitmann, I heard mein mutter say,
She read de bapers dat he died after she rooned afay;
Dey say he leaf some broperty—berhaps 'twas all a sell—
If I could lay mein hands on it I likes it mighty well."

"Und vas dy fader Breitmann? *Bist du* his kit und kin?
Denn know dat *ich* der Breitmann dein lieber Vater bin?"
Der Breitmann poolled his hand-shoe off und shooked him py de hand;
"Ve'll hafe some drinks on strengt of dis—or else may I pe tam'd!"

"Oh! fader, how I shlog your kop," der younger Breitmann said;
"I'd den dimes sooner had it coom right down on mine own headt!"
"Oh, never mind—dat soon dry oop—I shticks him mit a blaster;
If I had shplit you like a fish, dat vere an vorse tisasder."

Dis fight did last all afternoon—*wohl* to de fesper tide,
Und droo de streeds of Vinchesder, der Breitmann he did ride.
Vot vears der Breitmann on his hat? De ploom of fictory!
Who's dat a ridin' py his side? "Dis here's mein son," says
he.

How stately rode der Breitmann oop!—how lordly he kit
down?
How glorious from de great *pokal* he drink de bier so prown!
But der Yunger bick der parrel oop and schwig him all at one.
"Bei Gott! dat settles all dis dings—I *know* dou art mein son!"

Der one has got a fader; de oder found a child.
Bote ride oopon one war-path now in pattle fierce und wild
It makes so glad our hearts to hear dat dey did so succeed—
Und damit hat sein' Ende DES JUNGEN BREITMANN'S LIED.

—*Hans Breitmann's Ballads.*

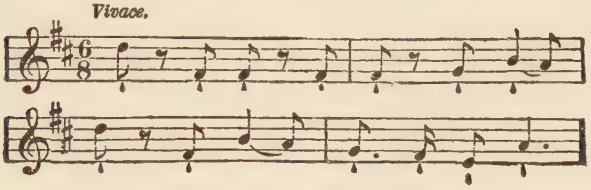
A Musical Duel

"I KNOW a story," suddenly exclaimed Count d'Egerlyn, one evening as we were taking supper at our parlor in the St. Nicholas, in New York. Now if the count had suddenly sung, "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows," he would not have excited more astonishment. For though the count was a gentleman of wit, a finished cosmopolite, and a thorough good fellow, and had moreover a beautiful wife, he was never known to tell tales of any description, either in school or out of it.

At the word up started Wolf Short and young C——, the latter declaring that he was, like Time, all ears, while the former, listening as if dreaming,

"—— heard him half in awe;
While Cabana's smoke came streaming
Through his open jaw."

In a calm, bland voice, our good count proceeded to narrate a curious incident, which I long afterward reduced to writing. As I remember it, the story would have been far better had it been given in the exact words in which it was originally told. But, alas! it was hardly concluded ere we had to scramble off to a party, and the next day we went all together to Boston; and it probably would never have been written out at all, had I not just been reminded of it by hearing "our nigger" Tom whistling through the hall, the air on which it is founded.



MENDELSSOHN was a great musician.

Mendelssohn signifies "The son of an almond." Had he been a twin, they would have christened him *Philip-ina.*

But as he was a Jew, they could not *christen* him. And as he was not a twin, he consequently remained single.

Which did not, however, prevent him from being wedded to Divine Lady Music, as amateurs call her.

Mendelssohn composed "Songs without words." Many modern poets give us words without songs.

"They shouldn't do so."

The story which I am about to relate is that of a duel which was fought as Mendelssohn's songs were sung—without words. The insult, the rejoinder, the rebutter, the sur-rebutter, and the challenge were all *whistled.*

But as, according to *Fadladeen* in "Lalla Rookh," it is impossible even for an angel to carry *a sigh* in his hand, the reader will not find it strange that such an imperfect sinner as myself should find it difficult to whistle on paper or in print.

I will, therefore, take the liberty of representing by words the few notes which were whistled upon this melancholy occasion. The which notes are given at the beginning of this story.

And here the intelligent reader may remark that most authors put their notes at the *end* of their works. Mine, however, come before.

An Englishman was once seated in solitary silence in the Café de France, solemnly sipping sherry and smoking a cigar. His reverie was unbroken, and his only desire on earth was that it should continue so.

Suddenly entered (as from the Grand Opera) a gay Frenchman, merrily whistling that odd little air from "Robert le Diable," so well known to all admirers of Meyerbeer and contemners of worldly wealth or sublunary riches:

"Oh, but gold is a chimera!
Money all a fleeting dream!" *

Now the interruption vexed our Englishman. At any time he would have wished the Frenchman in Jerusalem. At present, the whistling so much disturbed him, that he wished him in a far less holy place. Mind! I do not mean New York, though it be, like Milton's scaly sorceress, close by the "Gate of Hell."

Therefore, in a firm and decided tone (which said, as plainly

* "*Folle è quei che l'oro aduna*
E nol sa come goder,
Non provò giammai fortuna
Che sta lunga dal piacer."

as if he had spoken it, "I wish, sir, you would hold your tongue"), he whistled—

"Oh, but gold is a chimera!
Money all a fleeting dream!"

But the Frenchman was in high feather, and not to be bluffed. He had had a dinner and a *gloria* of coffee and brandy, and some *eau sucrée* and a glass of *bruleau* (which, like *crambambuli*, consists of burnt brandy or rum, with sugar). He had had a cigarette, or a four-cent government cigar (I forget which), had winked at a pretty girl in the opera, and finally had heard the opera and Grisi. In fact, he had experienced a perfect bender. Now a bender is a batter, and a batter is a spree, and a spree is a jollification. And the tendency of a jollification is to exalt the mind and elevate the feelings. Therefore the feelings of the Frenchman were exalted, and in the coolest, indifferentest, impudentest, provokingest manner in the world, he answered in whistling—

"Oh, but gold is a chimera!
Money all a fleeting dream!"

Which, being interpreted, signified, "I care not a fig for the world in general—or you, sir, in particular! Stuff that you are! Out upon you! *Parbleu!* BAH!

"Do you think that because you are silent, all the world must be mum? *Par-'r-'r-'r-'r-bleu!* Am I to sneeze because you snuff? *Par-'r-'r-'r-bleu!* Ought I to blush because you are well *read? Par-'r-'r-'r-'r-'r-'r-bleu! Tra-li-ra!* Go to!"

All these words were distinctly intelligible in the chimes, intonations, and accentuations of the Frenchman's whistle. And to make assurance doubly sure, he sat himself down at the same *tête-à-tête* table whereon the Englishman leaned, at the opposite

seat; and displacing, with an impudent little shove, his cigar-case, continued to whistle, with all manner of irritating variations and aggravating canary-bird trills, his little air—

"Oh, but gold is a chimera!
Money all a fleeting dream!"

What I now wish you to believe is that John Bull was in no-wise either flattered or gratified by these little marks of attention. Drawing back in his chair, he riveted a stare of silent fury on the Frenchman, which might have bluffed a buffalo, and then, in deliberate, cast-iron accents, slowly whistled, as he rose from the table and beckoned his foe to follow, the air which had so greatly incensed him—

"Oh, but gold is a chimera!
Money all a fleeting dream!"

Now this last instrumento-vocal effort did not express much —but the little it *did* express went, like the widow's oil or a Paixhan shot, a great way. It simply signified—

"Coffee and pistols for two—without the coffee!"

To which the Frenchman, with a bow of the intensest politeness, replied—*toujours en sifflant*—always in whistling—

"Oh, but gold is a chimera!
Money all a fleeting dream!"

Which was not much more, and certainly no less than—

"Oh, if you come to that, two can play at that game. Poor devil! what a loss you will be to the worthy and estimable society of muffs and slow-coaches! What will that excellent individual, Milady Popkins, remark, when she hears that I have settled the account of her son without a surplus? After you, sir, if you please I will directly have the pleasure of following and killing you."

Out of the café, and along the boulevards, strode the Englishman, followed by his new acquaintance, both "whistling as they went"—certainly not "from want of thought." Whether it was "to keep their courage up," is not written in history.

They soon reached a hall, where the Englishman offered the only weapons in his possession, excepting "maulies," or fists—and these were a pair of rapiers.

And here it would appear, gracious reader (if you are gracious), that either I, or the Frenchman, or both of us, made a great mistake, when we understood the Englishman, by the sounds he uttered in his challenge, to signify the whistle of pistol bullets. It appears that it was the whiz of swords to which he had reference. But the Frenchman, who believed himself good at all things in general, and the *fleurette* in particular, made no scruples, but—drawing his sword with a long whistle—struck a salute, and held up a beautiful guard, accompanying every movement with a note from the original air of—

"Oh, but gold is a chimera!
Money all a fleeting dream!"

And now, reader, had I the pen of the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle, I would describe thee a duel in the real *comme il faut*, two-thirty style. Every note of the air was accompanied by a thrust or a parry. When the Englishman made a thrust of *low carte seconde*, the Frenchman guarded with a semicircle parade, or an octave (I forget which). When the Frenchman made an appel, a beat, or a glissade, the Englishman, in nowise put out, either remained firm or put in a time-thrust. Both marking time with the endless refrain—

"Oh, but gold is a chimera!
Money all a fleeting dream!"

At last, an untimely thrust from the Englishman's rapier settled the business. The Frenchman fell—dropped his sword—and whistled in slower, slower measure and broken accents, for the last time, his little melody.

Reader, I have no doubt that you have heard, ere now, the opera of "Lucia di Lammermoor," and can well recall the dying struggles and perishing notes of *Edgardo*—

"Se di-vi-si fummo in ter-ra,
Ne cong-iun-ga ne congiung-a il Nume in ciel!
Ne con-giun-ga, ah! oh!—Num' in ciel—
I-o—ti-i—se-guo!—oh!—oh!"

And so it was with our poor Frenchman, who panted forth, game to the last—

"Oh—but g-'g-'gold is a chi-mera!
M-'m-'mon-ey but a fleeee——"

And here—borne on the wings of a last expiring whistle—his soul took its flight.

Not a word had been spoken by either of the combatants!

—"*Meister Karl's Sketch-Book.*

William Allen Butler

Nothing to Wear

Miss Flora M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris,
And her father assures me, each time she was there,
That she and her friend, Mrs. Harris
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery),
Spent six consecutive weeks, without stopping,
In one continuous round of shopping—
Shopping alone, and shopping together,
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather,
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head, or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow
In front or behind, above or below;
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls;
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls;
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in;
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;
Dresses in which to do nothing at all;
Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall;
All of them different in color and shape,
Silk, muslin, and lace, velvet, satin, and crape,
Brocade and broadcloth, and other material,
Quite as expensive and much more ethereal;

In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
Or milliner, *modiste* or tradesman be bought of,
From ten-thousand-franc robes to twenty-sous frills;
In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,
While M'Flimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and swore,
They footed the streets, and he footed the bills!
The last trip, their goods shipped by the steamer *Arago*
Formed, M'Flimsey declares, the bulk of her cargo,
Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest,
Sufficient to fill the largest-sized chest,
Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,
But for which the ladies themselves manifested
Such particular interest, that they invested
Their own proper persons in layers and rows
Of muslins, embroideries, worked underclothes,
Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as those;
Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian beauties,
Gave *good-by* to the ship, and *go by* to the duties.
Her relations at home all marveled, no doubt,
Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout
For an actual belle and a possible bride;
But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out,
And the truth came to light, and the dry-goods besides,
Which, in spite of Collector and Custom-house sentry,
Had entered the port without any entry.
And yet, though scarce three months have passed since the day
This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broadway,
This same Miss M'Flimsey of Madison Square,
The last time we met was in utter despair,
Because she had nothing whatever to wear!

Nothing to wear! Now, as this is a true ditty,
I do not assert—this, you know, is between us—
That she's in a state of absolute nudity,
Like Powers's Greek Slave or the Medici Venus;
But I do mean to say, I have heard her declare,
When at the same moment she had on a dress
Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,
And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,
That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear!

I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's
Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,
I had just been selected as he who should throw all
The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,
Of those fossil remains which she called her "affections,"
And that rather decayed but well-known work of art
Which Miss Flora persisted in styling her "heart."
So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,
Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove,
But in a front parlor, most brilliantly lighted,
Beneath the gas-fixtures, we whispered our love.
Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,
Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions,
It was one of the quietest business transactions,
With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,
And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.
On her virginal lips, while I printed a kiss,
She exclaimed, as a sort of parenthesis,
And by way of putting me quite at my ease,
"You know I'm to polka as much as I please,

And flirt when I like—now, stop, don't you speak—
And you must not come here more than twice in the week,
Or talk to me either at party or ball,
But always be ready to come when I call;
So don't prose to me about duty and stuff,
If we don't break this off, there will be time enough
For that sort of thing; but the bargain must be
That, as long as I choose, I am perfectly free—
For this is a kind of engagement, you see,
Which is binding on you, but not binding on me."

Well, having thus wooed Miss M'Flimsey and gained her,
With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her,
I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder
At least in the property, and the best right
To appear as its escort by day and by night;
And it being the week of the Stuckups' grand ball—
Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,
And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe—
I considered it only my duty to call,
And see if Miss Flora intended to go.
I found her—as ladies are apt to be found,
When the time intervening between the first sound
Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter
Than usual—I found; I won't say—I caught her,
Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning
To see if perhaps it didn't need cleaning.
She turned as I entered—"Why, Harry, you sinner,
I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner!"
"So I did," I replied; "the dinner is swallowed,
And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine and more,

So being relieved from that duty, I followed
Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door;
And now will your ladyship so condescend
As just to inform me if you intend
Your beauty, and graces, and presence to lend
(All of which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)
To the Stuckups', whose party, you know, is to-morrow?"
The fair Flora looked up, with a pitiful air,
And answered quite promptly, "Why, Harry, *mon cher*,
I should like above all things to go with you there,
But really and truly—I've nothing to wear."
"Nothing to wear! Go just as you are;
Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,
I engage, the most bright and particular star
On the Stuckup horizon——" I stopped, for her eye,
Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,
Opened on me at once a most terrible battery
Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,
But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose
(That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,
"How absurd that any sane man should suppose
That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,
No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"
So I ventured again: "Wear your crimson brocade;"
(Second turn up of nose)—"That's too dark by a shade."
"Your blue silk"—"That's too heavy." "Your pink"—
"That's too light."
"Wear tulle over satin"—"I can't endure white."
"Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch"—
"I haven't a thread of point-lace to match."
"Your brown *moire antique*"—"Yes, and look like a Quaker."
"The pearl-colored"—"I would, but that plaguy dressmaker

Has had it a week." "Then that exquisite lilac,
In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock;"
(Here the nose took again the same elevation)—
"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."
"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it
As more *comme il faut*"—"Yes, but, dear me, that lean
Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,
And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen."
"Then that splendid purple, the sweet Mazarine;
That superb *point d'aiguille*, that imperial green,
That zephyr-like tarletan, that rich *grenadine*"—
"Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"
Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.
"Then wear," I exclaimed, in a tone which quite crushed
Opposition, "that gorgeous *toilette* which you sported
In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,
When you quite turned the head of the head of the nation,
And by all the grand court were so very much courted."
The end of the nose was portentously tipped up
And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,
As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,
"I have worn it three times, at the least calculation,
And that and most of my dresses are ripped up!"
Here I *ripped out* something, perhaps rather rash,
Quite innocent, though; but to use an expression
More striking than classic, it "settled my hash,"
And proved very soon the last act of our session.
"Fiddlesticks, is it, sir? I wonder the ceiling
Doesn't fall down and crush you—you men have no feeling;
You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,
Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers,
Your silly pretense—why, what a mere guess it is!
Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?

I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,
And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,
But you do not believe me" (here the nose went still higher).
"I suppose, if you dared, you would call me a liar.
Our engagement is ended, sir—yes, on the spot;
You're a brute, and a monster, and—I don't know what."
I mildly suggested the words Hottentot,
Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar, and thief,
As gentle expletives which might give relief;
But this only proved as a spark to the powder,
And the storm I had raised came faster and louder;
It blew and it rained, thundered, lightened, and hailed
Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed
To express the abusive, and then its arrears
Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears,
And my last faint, despairing attempt at an obs-
Ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too,
Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,
In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay
Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say;
Then, without going through the form of a bow,
Found myself in the entry—I hardly know how,
On doorstep and sidewalk, past lamp-post and square,
At home and upstairs, in my own easy-chair;
Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,
And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,
"Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar
Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,
On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare,
If he married a woman with nothing to wear?"

Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruited
Abroad in society, I've instituted
A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,
On this vital subject, and find, to my horror,
That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising,
  But that there exists the greatest distress
In our female community, solely arising
  From this unsupplied destitution of dress,
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air
With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to wear."

Researches in some of the "Upper Ten" districts
Reveal the most painful and startling statistics,
Of which let me mention only a few:
In one single house on the Fifth Avenue,
Three young ladies were found, all below twenty-two,
Who have been three whole weeks without anything new
In the way of flounced silks, and thus left in the lurch,
Are unable to go to ball, concert, or church;
In another large mansion near the same place
Was found a deplorable, heartrending case
Of entire destitution of Brussels point-lace.
In a neighboring block there was found, in three calls,
Total want, long continued, of camel's-hair shawls;
And a suffering family, whose case exhibits
The most pressing need of real ermine tippets;
One deserving young lady almost unable
To survive for the want of a new Russian sable;
Still another, whose tortures have been most terrific
Ever since the sad loss of the steamer *Pacific*,
In which were engulfed, not friend or relation
(For whose fate she, perhaps, might have found consolation,

Or borne it, at least, with serene resignation),
But the choicest assortment of French sleeves and collars
Ever sent out from Paris, worth thousands of dollars,
And all as to style most *recherché* and rare,
The want of which leaves her with nothing to wear,
And renders her life so drear and dyspeptic
That she's quite a recluse, and almost a skeptic,
For she touchingly says that this sort of grief
Cannot find in Religion the slightest relief,
And Philosophy has not a maxim to spare
For the victims of such overwhelming despair.
But the saddest, by far, of all these sad features,
Is the cruelty practised upon the poor creatures
By husbands and fathers, real Bluebeards and Timons,
Who resist the most touching appeals made for diamonds
By their wives and their daughters, and leave them for days
Unsupplied with new jewelry, fans or bouquets,
Even laugh at their miseries whenever they have a chance,
And deride their demands as useless extravagance.
One case of a bride was brought to my view,
Too sad for belief, but alas! 'twas too true,
Whose husband refused, as savage as Charon,
To permit her to take more than ten trunks to Sharon.
The consequence was, that when she got there,
At the end of three weeks she had nothing to wear;
And when she proposed to finish the season
At Newport, the monster refused, out and out,
For this infamous conduct alleging no reason,
Except that the waters were good for his gout;
Such treatment as this was too shocking, of course,
And proceedings are now going on for divorce.

But why harrow the feelings by lifting the curtain
From these scenes of wo? Enough, it is certain,
Has here been disclosed to stir up the pity
Of every benevolent heart in the city,
And spur up humanity into a canter
To rush and relieve these sad cases instanter.
Won't somebody, moved by this touching description,
Come forward to-morrow and head a subscription?
Won't some kind philanthropist, seeing that aid is
So needed at once by these indigent ladies,
Take charge of the matter? Or won't Peter Cooper
The corner-stone lay of some new splendid super-
Structure, like that which to-day links his name
In the Union unending of Honor and Fame,
And found a new charity just for the care
Of these unhappy women with nothing to wear,
Which, in view of the cash which would daily be claimed,
The *Laying-out* Hospital well might be named?
Won't Stewart, or some of our dry-goods importers,
Take a contract for clothing our wives and our daughters?
Or, to furnish the cash to supply these distresses,
And life's pathway strew with shawls, collars, and dresses,
Ere the want of them makes it much rougher and thornier,
Won't some one discover a new California?

Oh! ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day,
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,
From its swirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride
And the temples of Trade which tower on each side,
To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and Guilt
Their children have gathered, their city have built;
Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,

Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine broidered skirt,
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt.
Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair
To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,
Half starved and half naked, lie crouched from the cold;
See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street;
Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell
From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor;
Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of Hell,
As you sicken and shudder and fly from the door;
Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare—
Spoiled children of fashion—you've nothing to wear!

And Oh! if perchance there should be a sphere
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,
Where the glare and the glitter and tinsel of Time
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime,
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
Unscreened by its trappings and shows and pretense,
Must be clothed for the life and the service above,
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love,
Oh! daughters of Earth! foolish virgins, beware!
Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear!

John Townsend Trowbridge

Fred Trover's Little Iron-Clad

Did I never tell you the story? Is it possible? Draw up your chair. Stick of wood, Harry. Smoke?

You've heard of my Uncle Popworth, though. Why, yes! You've seen him—the eminently respectable elderly gentleman who came one day last summer just as you were going; book under his arm, you remember; weed on his hat; dry smile on bland countenance; tall, lank individual in very seedy black. With him my tale begins; for if I had never indulged in an Uncle Popworth I should never have sported an Iron-clad.

Quite right, sir; his arrival *was* a surprise to me. To know how great a surprise, you must understand why I left city, friends, business, and settled down in this quiet village. It was chiefly, sir, to escape the fascinations of that worthy old gentleman that I bought this place and took refuge here with my wife and little ones. Here we had respite, nepenthe from our memories of Uncle Popworth; here we used to sit down in the evenings and talk of the past with grateful and tranquil emotions, as people speak of awful things endured in days that are no more. To us the height of human happiness was raising green corn and strawberries in a retired neighborhood where uncles were unknown. But, sir, when that Phantom, that Vampire, that Fate, loomed before my vision that day, if you had said, "Trover, I'll give ye sixpence for this neat little box of yours," I should have said, "Done!" with the trifling proviso that you should take my uncle in the bargain.

The matter with him? What, indeed, could invest human flesh with such terrors—what but this? he was—he is—let me shriek it in your ear—a bore—a BORE! of the most malignant type; an intolerable, terrible, unmitigated BORE!

That book under his arm was a volume of his own sermons —nine hundred and ninety-nine octavo pages, Oh Heavens! It wasn't enough for him to preach and repreach those appalling discourses, but then the ruthless man must go and print 'em! When I consider what booksellers—worthy men, no doubt, many of them, deserving well of their kind—he must have talked nearly into a state of syncope before ever he found one to give way, in a moment of weakness, of utter exhaustion and despair, and consent to publish him; and when I reflect what numbers of inoffensive persons, in the quiet walks of life, have been made to suffer the infliction of that Bore's Own Book, I pause, I stand aghast at the inscrutability of Divine Providence.

Don't think me profane, and don't for a moment imagine I underrate the function of the preacher. There's nothing better than a good sermon—one that puts new life into you. But what of a sermon that takes life out of you, instead of a spiritual fountain, a spiritual sponge that absorbs your powers of body and soul, so that the longer you listen the more you are impoverished? A merely poor sermon isn't so bad; you will find, if you are the right kind of a hearer, that it will suggest something better than itself; a good hen will lay to a bit of earthen. But the discourse of your ministerial vampire, fastening by some mystical process upon the hearer who has life of his own—though not every one has that—sucks and sucks and sucks; and he is exhausted while the preacher is refreshed. So it happens that your born bore is never weary of his own boring; he thrives upon it; while he seems to be giving, he is mysteriously taking in—he is drinking your blood.

But you say nobody is obliged to *read* a sermon. Oh my unsophisticated friend! if a man will put his thoughts—or his words, if thoughts are lacking—between covers—spread his banquet, and respectfully invite Public Taste to partake of it, Public Taste being free to decline, then your observation is sound. If an author quietly buries himself in his book —very good! *hic jacet:* peace to his ashes!

> "The times have been,
> That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
> And there an end; but now they rise again,"

as Macbeth observes, with some confusion of syntax, excusable in a person of his circumstances. Now, suppose they—or he—the man whose brains are out—goes about with his coffin under his arm, like my worthy uncle, and suppose he blandly, politely, relentlessly insists upon reading to you, out of that octavo sarcophagus, passages which in his opinion prove that he is not only not dead, but immortal? If such a man be a stranger, snub him; if a casual acquaintance, met in an evil hour, there is still hope—doors have locks, and there are two sides to a street, and near-sightedness is a blessing, and (as a last resort) buttons may be sacrificed (you remember Lamb's story of Coleridge) and left in the clutch of the fatal fingers. But one of your own kindred, and very respectable, adding the claim of misfortune to his other claims upon you—pachydermatous to slights, smilingly persuasive, gently persistent—as imperturbable as a ship's wooden figurehead through all the ups and downs of the voyage of life, and as insensible to cold water—in short, an uncle like my uncle, whom there was no getting rid of—what the deuce would you do?

Exactly; run away as I did. There was nothing else to be done, unless, indeed, I had throttled the old gentleman; in

which case I am confident that one of our modern model juries would have brought in the popular verdict of justifiable insanity. But, being a peaceable man, I was averse to extreme measures. So I did the next best thing—consulted my wife, and retired to this village.

Then consider the shock to my feelings when I looked up that day and saw the enemy of our peace stalking into our little Paradise with his book under his arm and his carpetbag in his hand!—coming with his sermons and shirts, prepared to stay a week—that is to say a year—that is to say forever, if we would suffer him—and how was he to be hindered by any desperate measures short of burning the house down?

"My dear nephew!" says he, striding toward me with eager steps, as you perhaps remember, smiling his eternally dry, leathery smile—"Nephew Frederick!"—and he held out both hands to me, book in one and bag in t'other—"I am rejoiced! One would almost think you had tried to hide away from your old uncle, for I've been three days hunting you up. And how is Dolly? She ought to be glad to see me, after all the trouble I've had in finding you! And, Nephew Frederick—h'm!—can you lend me three dollars for the hackman? For I don't happen to have—— Thank you! I should have been saved this if you had only known I was stopping last night at a public house in the next village, for I know how delighted you would have been to drive over and fetch me!"

If you were not already out of hearing, you may have noticed that I made no reply to this affecting speech. The old gentleman has grown quite deaf of late years—an infirmity which was once a source of untold misery to his friends, to whom he was constantly appealing for their opinions, which they were obliged to shout in his ear. But now, happily, the world has about ceased responding to him, and he has almost

ceased to expect responses from the world. He just catches your eye, and when he says, "Don't you think so, sir?" or "What is your opinion, sir?" an approving nod does your business.

The hackman paid, my dear uncle accompanied me to the house, unfolding the catalogue of his woes by the way. For he is one of those worthy, unoffending persons whom an ungrateful world jostles and tramples upon—whom unmerciful disaster follows fast and follows faster. In his younger days he was settled over I don't know how many different parishes; but secret enmity pursued him everywhere, poisoning the parochial mind against him, and driving him relentlessly from place to place. Then he relapsed into agencies, and went through a long list of them, each terminating in flat failure, to his ever-recurring surprise—the simple old soul never suspecting, to this day, who his one great tireless, terrible nemesis is!

I got him into the library, and went to talk over this unexpected visit—or visitation—with Dolly. She bore up under it more cheerfully than could have been expected—suppressed a sigh—and said she would go down and meet him. She received him with a hospitable smile (I verily believe that more of the world's hypocrisy proceeds from too much good-nature than from too little) and listened patiently to his explanations.

"You will observe that I have brought my bag," says he, "for I knew you wouldn't let me off for a day or two—though I must positively leave in a week—in two weeks, at the latest. I have brought my volume, too, for I am contemplating a new edition" (he is always contemplating a new edition, making that a pretext for lugging the book about with him), "and I wish to enjoy the advantages of your and Frederick's criticism. I anticipate some good, comfortable, old-time talks over the old book, Frederick!"

We had invited some village friends to come in and eat strawberries and cream with us that afternoon; and the question arose, what should he done with the old gentleman? Harry, who is a lad of a rather lively fancy, coming in while we were taking advantage of his great-uncle's deafness to discuss the subject in his presence, proposed a pleasant expedient. "Trot him out into the cornfield, introduce him to the scarecrow, and let him talk to that," says he, grinning up into the visitor's face, who grinned down at him, no doubt thinking what a wonderfully charming boy he was! If he were as blind as he is deaf, he might have been disposed of very comfortably in some such ingenious way—the scarecrow, or any other lay figure, might have served to engage him in one of his immortal monologues. As it was, the suggestion bore fruit later, as you will see.

While we were consulting—keeping up our scattering fire of small-arms under the old talker's heavy guns—our parish minister called—old Doctor Wortleby, for whom we have a great liking and respect. Of course we had to introduce him to Uncle Popworth—for they met face to face; and of course Uncle Popworth fastened at once upon the brother clergyman. Being my guest, Wortleby could do no less than listen to Popworth, who is my uncle. He listened with interest and sympathy for the first half hour; and then continued listening for another half hour, after his interest and sympathy were exhausted. Then, attempting to go, he got his hat, and sat with it in his hand half an hour longer. Then he stood half an hour on his poor old gouty feet, desperately edging toward the door.

"Ah, certainly," says he, with a weary smile, repeatedly endeavoring to break the spell that bound him. "I shall be most happy to hear the conclusion of your remarks at some

future time" (even ministers can lie out of politeness); "but just now——"

"One word more, and I am done," cries my Uncle Popworth, for the fiftieth time; and Wortleby, in despair, sat down again

Then our friends arrived.

Dolly and I, who had all the while been benevolently wishing Wortleby would go, and trying to help him off, now selfishly hoped he would remain and share our entertainment—and our Uncle Popworth.

"I ought to have gone two hours ago," he said, with a plaintive smile, in reply to our invitation; "but, really, I am feeling the need of a cup of tea" (and no wonder!) "and I think I will stay."

We cruelly wished that he might continue to engage my uncle in conversation; but that would have been too much to hope from the sublime endurance of a martyr—if ever there was one more patient than he. Seeing the Lintons and the Greggs arrive, he craftily awaited his opportunity, and slipped off, to give them a turn on the gridiron. First Linton was secured; and you should have seen him roll his mute, appealing orbs, as he settled helplessly down under the infliction. Suddenly he made a dash. "I am ignorant of these matters," said he; but Gregg understands them—Gregg will talk with you." But Gregg took refuge behind the ladies. The ladies, receiving a hint from poor distressed Dolly, scattered. But no artifice availed against the dreadful man. Piazza, parlor, garden—he ranged everywhere, and was sure to seize a victim.

At last tea was ready, and we all went in. The Lintons and Greggs were people of the world, who would hardly have cared to wait for a blessing on such lovely heaps of strawberries, in mugs of cream they saw before them; but, there being two clergymen at the table, the ceremony was evidently expected.

We were placidly seated; there was a hush, agreeably filled with the fragrance of the delicious fruit; even my Uncle Popworth, from long habit, turned off his talk at that suggestive moment; when I did what I thought a shrewd thing. I knew too well my relative's long-windedness at his devotions, as at everything else. (I wonder if Heaven itself isn't bored by such fellows!) I had suffered, I had seen my guests suffer, too much from him already to think of deliberately yielding him a fearful advantage over us; so I coolly passed him by, and gave an expressive nod to the old Doctor.

Wortleby began; and I was congratulating myself on my adroit management of a delicate matter, when—conceive my consternation!—Popworth—not to speak it profanely—followed suit! The reverend egotist couldn't take in the possibility of anybody but himself being invited to say grace at our table, he being present—he hadn't noticed my nod to the Doctor, and the Doctor's low, earnest voice didn't reach him—and there, with one blessing going on one side of the table, he, as I said, pitched in on the other! His eyes shut, his hands spread over his plate, his elbows on the board, his head bowed, he took care that grace should abound with us for once! His mill started, I knew there was no stopping it, and I hoped Wortleby would desist. But he didn't know his man. He seemed to feel that he had the stroke-oar, and he pulled away manfully. As Popworth lifted up his loud, nasal voice, the old Doctor raised his voice, in the vain hope, I suppose, of making himself heard by his lusty competitor. If you have never had two blessings running opposition at your table, in the presence of invited guests, you can never imagine how astounding, how killingly ludicrous it was! I felt that both Linton and Gregg were ready to tumble over, each in an apoplexy of suppressed emotions; while I had recourse to my handkerchief to hide

my tears. At length, poor Wortleby yielded to fate—withdrew from the unequal contest—hauled off—for repairs, and the old seventy-two gun-ship thundered away in triumph.

At last (as there must be an end to everything under the sun) my uncle came to a close; and a moment of awful silence ensued, during which no man durst look at another. But in my weak and jelly-like condition I ventured a glance at him, and noticed that he looked up and around with an air of satisfaction at having performed a solemn duty in a becoming manner, blissfully unconscious of having run a poor brother off the track. Seeing us all with moist eyes and much affected—two or three handkerchiefs still going—he no doubt flattered himself that the pathetic touches in his prayer had told.

This will give you some idea of the kind of man we had on our hands; and I won't risk making myself as great a bore as he is, by attempting a history of his stay with us; for I remember I set out to tell you about my little Iron-clad. I'm coming to that.

Suffice it to say, he stayed—he *stayed*—he STAYED!—five mortal weeks; refusing to take hints when they almost became kicks; driving our friends from us, and ourselves almost to distraction; his misfortunes alone protecting him from a prompt and vigorous elimination; when a happy chance helped me to a solution of this awful problem of destiny.

More than once I had recalled Harry's vivacious suggestion of the scarecrow—if one could only have been invented that would sit composedly in a chair and nod when spoken to! I was wishing for some such automaton, to bear the brunt of the boring with which we were afflicted, when one day there came a little man into the garden, where I had taken refuge.

He was a short, swarthy, foreign looking, diminutive, stiff, rather comical fellow—little figure mostly head, little head

mostly face, little face mostly nose, which was by no means little—a sort of human vegetable (to my horticultural eye) running marvelously to seed in that organ. The first thing I saw, on looking up at the sound of footsteps, was the said nose coming toward me, among the sweet-corn tassels. Nose of a decidedly Hebraic cast—the bearer respectably dressed, though his linen had an unwholesome sallowness, and his cloth a shiny, much-brushed, second-hand appearance.

Without a word he walks up to me, bows solemnly, and pulls from his pocket (I thought he was laying his hand on his heart) the familiar, much-worn weapon of his class—the folded, torn yellow paper, ready to fall to pieces as you open it—in short, the respectable beggar's certificate of character. With another bow (which gave his nose the aspect of the beak of a bird of prey making a pick at me) he handed me the document. I found that it was dated in Milwaukee, and signed by the mayor of that city, two physicians, three clergymen, and an editor, who bore united testimony to the fact that Jacob Menzel—I think that was his name—the bearer, anyway—was a deaf mute, and, considering that fact, a prodigy of learning, being master of no less than five different languages (a pathetic circumstance, considering that he was unable to speak one); moreover, that he was a converted Jew; and, furthermore, a native of Germany, who had come to this country in company with two brothers, both of whom had died of cholera in St. Louis in one day; in consequence of which affliction, and his recent conversion, he was now anxious to return to the Fatherland, where he proposed to devote his life to the conversion of his brethren—the upshot of all which was that good Christians and charitable souls everywhere were earnestly recommended to aid the said Jacob Menzel in his pious undertaking.

I was fumbling in my pocket for a little change wherewith to

dismiss him—for that is usually the easiest way of getting off your premises and your conscience the applicant for "aid," who is probably an impostor, yet possibly not—when my eye caught the words (for I still held the document), "would be glad of any employment which may help to pay his way." The idea of finding employment for a man of such a large nose and little body, such extensive knowledge and diminutive legs—who had mastered five languages yet could not speak or understand a word of any of them—struck me as rather pleasant, to say the least; yet, after a moment's reflection—wasn't he the very thing I wanted, the manikin, the target for my uncle?

Meanwhile he was scribbling rapidly on a small slate he had taken from his pocket. With another bow (as if he had written something wrong and was going to wipe it out with his nose), he handed me the slate, on which I found written in a neat hand half a dozen lines in as many languages—English, Latin, Hebrew, German, French, Greek—each, as far as I could make out, conveying the cheerful information that he could communicate with me in that particular tongue. I tried him in English, French and Latin, and I must acknowledge that he stood the test; he then tried me in Greek and Hebrew, and I as freely confess that I didn't stand the test. He smiled intelligently, nodded, and condescendingly returned to the English tongue, writing quickly, "I am a poor exile from Fatherland, and I much need friends."

I wrote: "You wish employment?"

He replied: "I shall be much obliged for any service I shall be capable to do," and passed me the slate with a hopeful smile.

"What can you do?" I asked.

He answered: "I copy the manuscripts, I translate from the

one language to others with some perfect exactitude, I arrange the libraries, I make the catalogues, I am capable to be any secretary." And he looked up as if he saw in my eyes a vast vista of catalogues, manuscripts, libraries, and Fatherland at the end of it.

"How would you like to be companion to a literary man?" I inquired.

He nodded expressively, and wrote: "I should that like over all. But I speak and hear not."

"No matter," I replied. "You will only have to sit and appear to listen, and nod occasionally."

"You shall be the gentleman?" he asked, with a bright, pleased look.

I explained to him that the gentleman was an unfortunate connection of my family, whom we could not regard as being quite in his right mind.

Jacob Menzel smiled, and touched his forehead interrogatively.

I nodded, adding on the slate, "He is perfectly harmless, but he can only be kept quiet by having some person to talk and read to. He will talk and read to you. He must not know you are deaf. He is very deaf himself, and will not expect you to reply." And, for a person wishing a light and easy employment, I recommended the situation.

He wrote at once, "How much you pay?"

"One dollar a day, and board you," I replied.

He of the nose nodded eagerly at that, and wrote, "Also you make to be washed my shirt?"

I agreed; and the bargain was closed. I got him into the house, and gave him a bath, a clean shirt, and complete instructions how to act.

The gravity with which he entered upon the situation was

astonishing. He didn't seem to taste the slightest flavor of a joke in it at all. It was a simple matter of business; he saw in it only money and Fatherland.

Meanwhile I explained my intentions to Dolly, saying in great glee: "His deafness is his defense: the old three-decker may bang away at him; he is IRON-CLAD!" And that suggested the name we have called him by ever since.

When he was ready for action, I took him in tow, and ran him in to draw the Popworth's fire—in other words, introduced him to my uncle in the library. The meeting of my tall, lank relative and the big-nosed little Jew was a spectacle to cure a hypochondriac! "Mr. Jacob Menzel—gentleman from Germany—traveling in this country," I yelled in the old fellow's ear. He of the diminutive legs and stupendous nose bowed with perfect decorum, and seated himself, still and erect, in the big chair I placed for him. The avuncular countenance lighted up; here were fresh woods and pastures new to that ancient shepherd. As for myself, I was well-nigh strangled by a cough which just then seized me, and obliged to retreat—for I never was much of an actor, and the comedy of that first interview was overpowering.

As I passed the dining-room door, Dolly, who was behind it, gave my arm a fearful pinch that answered, I suppose, in the place of a scream, as a safety-valve for her hysterical emotions. "Oh, you cruel man—you miserable humbug!" says she; and went off into convulsions of laughter. The door was open, and we could see and hear everything.

"You are traveling, h'm?" says my uncle. The nose nodded duly. "H'm! I have traveled, myself," the old gentleman proceeded; "my life has been one of vicissitudes, h'm! I have journeyed, I have preached, I have published—perhaps you have heard of my literary venture"—and over went the big

volume to the little man, who took it, turned the leaves, and nodded and smiled, according to instructions.

"You are very kind to say so; thank you!" says my uncle, rubbing his husky hands with satisfaction. "Rejoiced to meet with you! It is always a gratification to have an intelligent and sympathizing brother to open one's mind to; it is especially refreshing to me, for, as I may say without egotism, my life and labors have *not* been appreciated."

From that the old interminable story took its start and flowed on, the faithful nose nodding assent at every turn in that winding stream.

The children came in for their share of the fun; and for the first time in our lives we took pleasure in the old gentleman's narration of his varied experiences.

"Oh, hear him! See him go it!" said Robbie. "What a nose!"

"Long may it wave!" said Harry.

With other remarks of a like genial nature; while there they sat, the two—my uncle on one side, long, lathy, self-satisfied, gesticulating, earnestly laying his case before a grave jury of one, whom he was bound to convince, if time would allow; my little Jew facing him, upright in his chair, stiff, imperturbable, devoted to business, honorably earning his money, the nose in the air, immovable, except when it played duly up and down at fitting intervals; in which edifying employment I left them and went about my business, a cheerier man.

Ah, what a relief it was to feel myself free for a season from the attacks of the enemy—to know that my plucky little Ironclad was engaging him! In an hour I passed through the hall again, heard the loud, blatant voice still discoursing it (had got as far as the difficulties with the second parish), and saw the unflinching nasal organ perform its graceful seesaw of assent.

An hour later it was the same—except that the speaker had arrived at the persecutions which drove him from parish number three. When I went to call them to dinner, the scene had changed a little, for now the old gentleman, pounding the table for a pulpit, was reading aloud passages from a powerful farewell sermon preached to his ungrateful parishioners. I was sorry I couldn't give my man a hint to use his handkerchief at the affecting periods, for the nose can hardly be called a sympathetic feature (unless, indeed, you blow it), and these nods were becoming rather too mechanical, except when the old gentleman switched off on the argumentative track, as he frequently did. "What think you of that?" he would pause in his reading to inquire. "Isn't that logic? Isn't that unanswerable?" In responding to which appeals nobody could have done better than my serious, my devoted, my lovely little Jew.

"Dinner!" I shouted over my uncle's dickey. It was almost the only word that had the magic in it to rouse him from the feast of reason which his own conversation was to him. It was always easy to head him toward the dining-room—to steer him into port for necessary supplies. The little Iron-clad followed in his wake. At table the old gentleman resumed the account of his dealings with parish number three, and got on as far as negotiations with number four; occasionally stopping to eat his soup or roast beef very fast; at which time Jacob Menzel, who was very much absorbed in his dinner, but never permitted himself to neglect business for pleasure, paused at the proper intervals, with his spoon or fork half-way in his mouth, and nodded—just as if my uncle had been speaking—yielding assent to his last remarks after mature consideration, no doubt the old gentleman thought.

The fun of the thing wore off after awhile, and then we

experienced the solid advantages of having an Iron-clad in the house. Afternoon—evening—the next day—my little man of business performed his function promptly and assiduously. But in the afternoon of the second day he began to change perceptibly. He wore an aspect of languor and melancholy that alarmed me. The next morning he was pale, and went to his work with an air of sorrowful resignation.

"He is thinking of Fatherland," said the sympathizing Dolly; while Harry's less refined but more sprightly comment was, that the nose had about played out.

Indeed, it had almost ceased to wave; and I feared that I was about to lose a most valuable servant, whose place it would be impossible to fill. Accordingly, I wrote on a slip of paper, which I sent in to him:

"You have done well, and I raise your salary to a dollar and a quarter a day. Your influence over our unfortunate relative is soothing and beneficial. Go on as you have begun and merit the lasting gratitude of an afflicted family."

That seemed to cheer him a little—to wind him up, as Harry said, and set the pendulum swinging again. But it was not long pefore the listlessness and low spirits returned; Menzel showed a sad tendency to shirk his duty; and before noon there came a crash.

I was in the garden, when I heard a shriek of rage and despair, and saw the little Jew coming toward me with frantic gestures.

"I yielt! I abandone! I take my moneys and my shirt, and I go!" says he.

I stood in perfect astonishment at hearing the dumb speak; while he threw his arms wildly above his head, exclaiming:

"I am not teaf! I am not teaf! I am not teaf! He is one terreeble mon! He vill haf my life! So I go—I fly—I take my moneys and my shirt—I leafe him, I leafe your house! I

vould earn honest living, but—*Gott im himmel! Dieu des dieux!* All de devils!" he shrieked, mixing up several of his languages at once, in his violent mental agitation.

"Jacob Menzel" said I solemnly, "I little thought I was having to do with an impostor!"

"If I haf you deceive, I haf myself more dan punish!" was his reply. "Now I resign de position. I ask for de moneys and de shirt, and I part!"

Just then my uncle came up, amazed at his new friend's sudden revolt and flight, and anxious to finish up with his seventh parish.

"I vill hear no more of your six, of your seven—I know not how many parish!" screamed the furious little Jew, turning on him.

"What means all this?" said my bewildered uncle.

"I tell you vat means it all!" the vindictive little impostor, tiptoeing up to him, yelled at his cheek. "I make not vell my affairs in your country; I vould return to Faderlant; for convenience I carry dis pappeer. I come here; I am suppose teaf; I accept de position to be your companion, for if a man hear, you kill him tead soon vid your book and your ten, twenty parish! I hear! You kill me! and I go!"

And, having obtained his "moneys" and his shirt, he went. That is the last I ever saw of my little Iron-clad. I remember him with gratitude, for he did me good service, and he had but one fault, namely, that he was *not* iron-clad!

As for my uncle, for the first time in his life, I think, he said never a word, but stalked into the house. Dolly soon came running out to ask what was the matter; Popworth was actually packing his carpet-bag! I called Andrew, and ordered him to be in readiness with the buggy to take the old gentleman over to the railroad.

"What! going?" I cried, as my uncle presently appeared, bearing his book and his baggage.

"Nephew Frederick," said he, "after this treatment, can you ask me if I am going?"

"Really," I shouted, "it is not my fault that the fellow proved an impostor. I employed him with the best of intentions, for your—and our—good!"

"Nephew Frederick," said he, "this is insufferable; you will regret it! I shall never—NEVER" (as if he had been pronouncing my doom) "accept of your hospitalities again!"

He did, however, accept some money which I offered him, and likewise a seat in the buggy. I watched his departure with joy and terror—for at any moment he might relent and stay; nor was I at ease in my mind until I saw Andrew come riding back alone.

We have never seen the old gentleman since. But last winter I received a letter from him; he wrote in a forgiving tone, to inform me that he had been appointed chaplain in a prison, and to ask for a loan of money to buy a suit of clothes. I sent him fifty dollars and my congratulations. I consider him eminently qualified to fill the new situation. As a hardship, he can't be beat; and what are the rogues sent to prison for but to suffer punishment?

Yes, it would be a joke if my little Iron-clad should end his career of imposture in that public institution, and sit once more under my excellent uncle! But I can't wish him any such misfortune. His mission to us was one of mercy. The place has been Paradise again, ever since his visit.

—*Scribner's Magazine*, August, 1873.

Charles Graham Halpine

Irish Astronomy

O'Ryan was a man of might
  Whin Ireland was a nation,
But poachin' was his heart's delight
  And constant occupation.
He had an ould militia gun,
  And sartin sure his aim was;
He gave the keepers many a run,
  And wouldn't mind the game laws.

St. Pathrick wanst was passin' by
  O'Ryan's little houldin',
And, as the saint felt wake and dhry,
  He thought he'd enther bould in.
"O'Ryan," says the saint, "avick!
  To praich at Thurles I'm goin';
So let me have a rasher quick
  And a dhrop of Innishowen."

"No rasher will I cook for you
  While betther is to spare, sir,
But here's a jug of mountain dew,
  And there's a rattlin' hare, sir."
St. Pathrick he looked mighty sweet,
  And says he, "Good luck attind you,
And when you're in your windin' sheet,
  It's up to heaven I'll sind you."

O'Ryan gave his pipe a whiff—
"Them tidin's is thransportin',
But may I ax your saintship if
There's any kind of sportin'?"
St. Pathrick said, "A Lion's there,
Two Bears, a Bull, and Cancer"—
"Bedad," says Mick, "the huntin's rare;
St. Pathrick, I'm your man, sir."

So to conclude my song aright,
For fear I'd tire your patience,
You'll see O'Ryan any night
Amid the constellations.
And Venus follows in his track
Till Mars grows jealous raally,
But, faith, he fears the Irish knack
Of handling the shillaly.

Charles Dudley Warner

My Summer in a Garden

SECOND WEEK

NEXT to deciding when to start your garden, the most important matter is what to put in it. It is difficult to decide what to order for dinner on a given day: how much more oppressive is it to order in a lump an endless vista of dinners, so to speak! For, unless your garden is a boundless prairie (and mine seems to me to be that when I hoe it on hot days), you must make a selection, from the great variety of vegetables, of those you will raise in it; and you feel rather bound to supply your own table from your own garden, and to eat only as you have sown.

I hold that no man has a right (whatever his sex, of course) to have a garden to his own selfish uses. He ought not to please himself, but every man to please his neighbor. I tried to have a garden that would give general moral satisfaction. It seemed to me that nobody could object to potatoes (a most useful vegetable); and I began to plant them freely. But there was a chorus of protest against them. "You don't want to take up your ground with potatoes," the neighbors said; "you can buy potatoes" (the very thing I wanted to avoid doing is buying things). "What you want is the perishable things that you cannot get fresh in the market." "But what kind of perishable things?" A horticulturist of eminence wanted me to sow lines of strawberries and raspberries right over where I had put my potatoes in drills. I had about

five hundred strawberry plants in another part of my garden; but this fruit-fanatic wanted me to turn my whole patch into vines and runners. I suppose I could raise strawberries enough for all my neighbors; and perhaps I ought to do it. I had a little space prepared for melons—muskmelons—which I showed to an experienced friend. "You are not going to waste your ground on muskmelons?" he asked. "They rarely ripen in this climate thoroughly before frost." He had tried for years without luck. I resolved not to go into such a foolish experiment. But the next day another neighbor happened in. "Ah! I see you are going to have melons. My family would rather give up anything else in the garden than muskmelons—of the nutmeg variety. They are the most graceful things we have on the table." So there it was. There was no compromise; it was melons or no melons, and somebody offended in any case. I half resolved to plant them a little late, so that they would, and they wouldn't. But I had the same difficulty about string-beans (which I detest), and squash (which I tolerate), and parsnips, and the whole round of green things.

I have pretty much come to the conclusion that you have got to put your foot down in gardening. If I had actually taken counsel of my friends, I should not have had a thing growing in the garden to-day but weeds. And besides, while you are waiting, Nature does not wait. Her mind is made up. She knows just what she will raise; and she has an infinite variety of early and late. The most humiliating thing to me about a garden is the lesson it teaches of the inferiority of man. Nature is prompt, decided, inexhaustible. She thrusts up her plants with a vigor and freedom that I admire; and the more worthless the plant, the more rapid and splendid its growth. She is at it early and late, and all night; never tiring, nor showing the least sign of exhaustion.

"Eternal gardening is the price of liberty" is a motto that I should put over the gateway of my garden, if I had a gate. And yet it is not wholly true; for there is no liberty in gardening. The man who undertakes a garden is relentlessly pursued. He felicitates himself that, when he gets it once planted, he will have a season of rest and of enjoyment in the sprouting and growing of his seeds. It is a keen anticipation. He has planted a seed that will keep him awake nights, drive rest from his bones, and sleep from his pillow. Hardly is the garden planted, when he must begin to hoe it. The weeds have sprung up all over it in a night. They shine and wave in redundant life. The docks have almost gone to seed; and their roots go deeper than conscience. Talk about the London docks!—the roots of these are like the sources of the Aryan race. And the weeds are not all. I awake in the morning (and a thriving garden will wake a person up two hours before he ought to be out of bed) and think of the tomato-plants—the leaves like fine lace-work, owing to black bugs that skip around and can't be caught. Somebody ought to get up before the dew is off (why don't the dew stay on till after a reasonable breakfast?) and sprinkle soot on the leaves. I wonder if it is I. Soot is so much blacker than the bugs that they are disgusted and go away. You can't get up too early if you have a garden. You must be early due yourself, if you get ahead of the bugs. I think that, on the whole, it would be best to sit up all night and sleep daytimes. Things appear to go on in the night in the garden uncommonly. It would be less trouble to stay up than it is to get up so early.

I have been setting out some new raspberries, two sorts—a silver and a gold color. How fine they will look on the table next year in a cut-glass dish, the cream being in a ditto pitcher! I set them four and five feet apart. I set my straw-

berries pretty well apart also. The reason is to give room for the cows to run through when they break into the garden—as they do sometimes. A cow needs a broader track than a locomotive; and she generally makes one. I am sometimes astonished to see how big a space in a flower-bed her foot will cover. The raspberries are called Doolittle and Golden Cap. I don't like the name of the first variety, and, if they do much, shall change it to Silver Top. You can never tell what a thing named Doolittle will do. The one in the Senate changed color and got sour. They ripen badly—either mildew or rot on the bush. They are apt to Johnsonize—rot on the stem. I shall watch the Doolittles.

FOURTH WEEK

Orthodoxy is at a low ebb. Only two clergymen accepted my offer to come and help hoe my potatoes for the privilege of using my vegetable total-depravity figure about the snake-grass, or quack-grass, as some call it; and those two did not bring hoes. There seems to be a lack of disposition to hoe among our educated clergy. I am bound to say that these two, however, sat and watched my vigorous combats with the weeds, and talked most beautifully about the application of the snake-grass figure. As, for instance, when a fault or sin showed on the surface of a man, whether, if you dug down, you would find that it ran back and into the original organic bunch of original sin within the man. The only other clergyman who came was from out of town—a half-Universalist, who said he wouldn't give twenty cents for my figure. He said that the snake-grass was not in my garden originally, that it sneaked in under the sod, and that it could be entirely rooted out with industry and patience. I asked the Universalist-

inclined man to take my hoe and try it; but he said he hadn't time, and went away.

But, *jubilate*, I have got my garden all hoed the first time! I feel as if I had put down the rebellion. Only there are guerrillas left here and there, about the borders and in corners, unsubdued—Forrest docks, and Quantrell grass, and Beauregard pigweeds. This first hoeing is a gigantic task: it is your first trial of strength with the never-sleeping forces of Nature. Several times in its progress I was tempted to do as Adam did, who abandoned his garden on account of the weeds. (How much my mind seems to run upon Adam, as if there had been only two really moral gardens—Adam's and mine!) The only drawback to my rejoicing over the finishing of the first hoeing is, that the garden now wants hoeing a second time. I suppose if my garden were planted in a perfect circle, and I started round it with a hoe, I should never see an opportunity to rest. The fact is, that gardening is the old fable of perpetual labor; and I, for one, can never forgive Adam Sisyphus, or whoever it was, who let in the roots of discord. I had pictured myself sitting at eve with my family, in the shade of twilight, contemplating a garden hoed. Alas! it is a dream not to be realized in this world.

My mind has been turned to the subject of fruit- and shade-trees in a garden. There are those who say that trees shade the garden too much and interfere with the growth of the vegetables. There may be something in this; but when I go down the potato rows, the rays of the sun glancing upon my shining blade, the sweat pouring from my face, I should be grateful for shade. What is a garden for? The pleasure of man. I should take much more pleasure in a shady garden. Am I to be sacrificed, broiled, roasted, for the sake of the increased vigor of a few vegetables? The thing is perfectly

absurd. If I were rich, I think I would have my garden covered with an awning, so that it would be comfortable to work in it. It might roll up and be removable, as the great awning of the Roman Colosseum was—not like the Boston one, which went off in a high wind. Another very good way to do, and probably not so expensive as the awning, would be to have four persons of foreign birth carry a sort of canopy over you as you hoed. And there might be a person at each end of the row with some cool and refreshing drink. Agriculture is still in a very barbarous stage. I hope to live yet to see the day when I can do my gardening, as tragedy is done, to slow and soothing music, and attended by some of the comforts I have named. These things come so forcibly into my mind sometimes as I work, that perhaps, when a wandering breeze lifts my straw hat or a bird lights on a near currant-bush and shakes out a full-throated summer song, I almost expect to find the cooling drink and the hospitable entertainment at the end of the row. But I never do. There is nothing to be done but to turn round and hoe back to the other end.

Speaking of those yellow squash-bugs, I think I disheartened them by covering the plants so deep with soot and wood-ashes that they could not find them; and I am in doubt if I shall ever see the plants again. But I have heard of another defense against the bugs. Put a fine wire screen over each hill, which will keep out the bugs and admit the rain. I should say that these screens would not cost much more than the melons you would be likely to get from the vines if you bought them; but then, think of the moral satisfaction of watching the bugs hovering over the screen, seeing but unable to reach the tender plants within. That is worth paying for.

I left my own garden yesterday and went over to where Polly was getting the weeds out of one of her flower-beds. She

was working away at the bed with a little hoe. Whether women ought to have the ballot or not (and I have a decided opinion on that point, which I should here plainly give did I not fear that it would injure my agricultural influence), I am compelled to say that this was rather helpless hoeing. It was patient, conscientious, even pathetic hoeing; but it was neither effective nor finished. When completed, the bed looked somewhat as if a hen had scratched it; there was that touching unevenness about it. I think no one could look at it and not be affected. To be sure, Polly smoothed it off with a rake and asked me if it wasn't nice; and I said it was. It was not a favorable time for me to explain the difference between puttering hoeing and the broad, free sweep of the instrument which kills the weeds, spares the plants, and loosens the soil without leaving it in holes and hills. But, after all, as life is constituted, I think more of Polly's honest and anxious care of her plants than of the most finished gardening in the world.

SIXTH WEEK

Somebody has sent me a new sort of hoe, with the wish that I should speak favorably of it, if I can consistently. I willingly do so, but with the understanding that I am to be at liberty to speak just as courteously of any other hoe which I may receive. If I understand religious morals, this is the position of the religious press with regard to bitters and wringing machines. In some cases, the responsibility of such a recommendation is shifted upon the wife of the editor or clergyman. Polly says she is entirely willing to make a certificate, accompanied with an affidavit, with regard to this hoe; but her habit of sitting about the garden walk on an inverted flower-pot while I hoe somewhat destroys the practical value of her testimony.

As to this hoe, I do not mind saying that it has changed my view of the desirableness and value of human life. It has, in fact, made life a holiday to me. It is made on the principle that man is an upright, sensible, reasonable being, and not a groveling wretch. It does away with the necessity of the hinge in the back. The handle is seven and a half feet long. There are two narrow blades, sharp on both edges, which come together at an obtuse angle in front; and as you walk along with this hoe before you, pushing and pulling with a gentle motion, the weeds fall at every thrust and withdrawal, and the slaughter is immediate and widespread. When I got this hoe, I was troubled with sleepless mornings, pains in the back, kleptomania with regard to new weeders; when I went into my garden I was always sure to see something. In this disordered state of mind and body I got this hoe. The morning after a day of using it I slept perfectly and late. I regained my respect for the Eighth Commandment. After two doses of the hoe in the garden the weeds entirely disappeared. Trying it a third morning, I was obliged to throw it over the fence in order to save from destruction the green things that ought to grow in the garden. Of course, this is figurative language. What I mean is, that the fascination of using this hoe is such that you are sorely tempted to employ it upon your vegetables after the weeds are laid low, and must hastily withdraw it to avoid unpleasant results. I make this explanation because I intend to put nothing into these agricultural papers that will not bear the strictest scientific investigation; nothing that the youngest child cannot understand and cry for; nothing that the oldest and wisest men will not need to study with care.

I need not add that the care of a garden with this hoe becomes the merest pastime. I would not be without one for a single night. The only danger is, that you may rather make an idol

of the hoe, and somewhat neglect your garden in explaining it and fooling about with it. I almost think that, with one of these in the hands of an ordinary day-laborer, you might see at night where he had been working.

Let us have peas. I have been a zealous advocate of the birds. I have rejoiced in their multiplication. I have endured their concerts at four o'clock in the morning without a murmur. Let them come, I said, and eat the worms, in order that we, later, may enjoy the foliage and the fruits of the earth. We have a cat, a magnificent animal, of the sex which votes (but not a pole-cat)—so large and powerful that if he were in the army he would be called Long Tom. He is a cat of fine disposition, the most irreproachable morals I ever saw thrown away in a cat, and a splendid hunter. He spends his nights, not in social dissipation, but in gathering in rats, mice, flying-squirrels, and also birds. When he first brought me a bird, I told him that it was wrong, and tried to convince him, while he was eating it, that he was doing wrong; for he is a reasonable cat, and understands pretty much everything except the binomial theorem and the time down the cycloidal arc. But with no effect. The killing of birds went on to my great regret and shame.

The other day I went to my garden to get a mess of peas. I had seen the day before that they were just ready to pick. How I had lined the ground, planted, hoed, bushed them! The bushes were fine—seven feet high, and of good wood. How I had delighted in the growing, the blowing, the podding! What a touching thought it was that they had all podded for me! When I went to pick them I found the pods all split open and the peas gone. The dear little birds, who are so fond of the strawberries, had eaten them all. Perhaps there were left as many as I planted; I did not count them. I made a rapid estimate

of the cost of the seed, the interest of the ground, the price of labor, the value of the bushes, the anxiety of weeks of watchfulness. I looked about me on the face of nature. The wind blew from the South so soft and treacherous! A thrush sang in the woods so deceitfully! All nature seemed fair. But who was to give me back my peas? The fowls of the air have peas; but what has man?

I went into the house. I called Calvin (that is the name of our cat, given him on account of his gravity, morality, and uprightness. We never familiarly call him John). I petted Calvin. I lavished upon him an enthusiastic fondness. I told him that he had no fault; that the one action that I had called a vice was an heroic exhibition of regard for my interest. I bade him go and do likewise continually. I now saw how much better instinct is than mere unguided reason. Calvin knew. If he had put his opinion into English (instead of his native catalogue), it would have been, "You need not teach your grandmother to suck eggs." It was only the round of nature. The worms eat a noxious something in the ground. The birds eat the worms. Calvin eats the birds. We eat—no, we do not eat Calvin. There the chain stops. When you ascend the scale of being, and come to an animal that is, like ourselves, inedible, you have arrived at a result where you can rest. Let us respect the cat: he completes an edible chain.

I have little heart to discuss methods of raising peas. It occurs to me that I can have an iron pea-bush, a sort of trellis, through which I could discharge electricity at frequent intervals and electrify the birds to death when they alight; for they stand upon my beautiful bush in order to pick out the peas. An apparatus of this kind, with an operator, would cost, however, about as much as the peas. A neighbor suggests that I might put up a scarecrow near the vines, which would keep the birds

away. I am doubtful about it; the birds are too much accustomed to seeing a person in poor clothes in the garden to care much for that. Another neighbor suggests that the birds do not open the pods; that a sort of blast, apt to come after rain, splits the pods, and the birds then eat the peas. It may be so. There seems to be complete unity of action between the blast and the birds. But good neighbors, kind friends, I desire that you will not increase, by talk, a disappointment which you cannot assuage.

Plumbers

SPEAKING of the philosophical temper, there is no class of men whose society is more to be desired for this quality than that of plumbers. They are the most agreeable men I know; and the boys in the business begin to be agreeable very early. I suspect the secret of it is that they are agreeable by the hour. In the dryest days my fountain became disabled: the pipe was stopped up. A couple of plumbers, with the implements of their craft, came out to view the situation. There was a good deal of difference of opinion about where the stoppage was. I found the plumbers perfectly willing to sit down and talk about it—talk by the hour. Some of their guesses and remarks were exceedingly ingenious; and their general observations on other subjects were excellent in their way, and could hardly have been better if they had been made by the job. The work dragged a little—as it is apt to do by the hour. The plumbers had occasion to make me several visits. Sometimes they would find, upon arrival, that they had forgotten some indispensable tool, and one would go back to the shop, a mile and a half, after it, and his companion would await his return with the most

exemplary patience, and sit down and talk—always by the hour. I do not know but it is a habit to have something wanted at the shop. They seemed to me very good workmen, and always willing to stop and talk about the job, or anything else, when I went near them. Nor had they any of that impetuous hurry that is said to be the bane of our American civilization. To their credit be it said, that I never observed anything of it in them. They can afford to wait. Two of them will sometimes wait nearly half a day while a comrade goes for a tool. They are patient and philosophical. It is a great pleasure to meet such men. One only wishes there were some work he could do for *them* by the hour. There ought to be reciprocity. I think they have very nearly solved the problem of Life; it is to work for other people, never for yourself, and get your pay by the hour. You then have no anxiety, and little work. If you do things by the job you are perpetually driven: the hours are scourges. If you work by the hour, you gently sail on the stream of Time, which is always bearing you on to the haven of Pay, whether you make any effort or not. Working by the hour tends to make one moral. A plumber working by the job, trying to unscrew a rusty, refractory nut in a cramped position, where the tongs continually slipped off, would swear; but I never heard one of them swear, or exhibit the least impatience at such a vexation, working by the hour. Nothing can move a man who is paid by the hour. How sweet the flight of time seems to his calm mind!

How I Killed a Bear

So many conflicting accounts have appeared about my casual encounter with an Adirondack bear last summer, that in justice to the public, to myself, and to the bear, it is necessary to make a plain statement of the facts. Besides, it is so seldom I have occasion to kill a bear that the celebration of the exploit may be excused.

The encounter was unpremeditated on both sides. I was not hunting for a bear, and I have no reason to suppose that a bear was looking for me. The fact is, that we were both out blackberrying and met by chance—the usual way. There is among the Adirondack visitors always a great deal of conversation about bears—a general expression of the wish to see one in the woods, and much speculation as to how a person would act if he or she chanced to meet one. But bears are scarce and timid, and appear only to a favored few.

It was a warm day in August—just the sort of a day when an adventure of any kind seemed impossible. But it occurred to the housekeepers at our cottage—there were four of them—to send me to the clearing, on the mountain back of the house, to pick blackberries. It was, rather, a series of small clearings, running up into the forest, much overgrown with bushes and briers, and not unromantic. Cows pastured there, penetrating through the leafy passages from one opening to another, and browsing among the bushes. I was kindly furnished with a six-quart pail, and told not to be gone long.

Not from any predatory instinct, but to save appearances, I took a gun. It adds to the manly aspect of a person with a tin pail if he carries a gun. It was possible I might start up a partridge; though how I was to hit him, if he started up instead

of standing still, puzzled me. Many people use a shotgun for partridges. I prefer the rifle; it makes a clean job of death, and does not prematurely stuff the bird with globules of lead. The rifle was a Sharps, carrying a ball cartridge (ten to the pound) —an excellent weapon belonging to a friend of mine who had intended, for a good many years back, to kill a deer with it. He could hit a tree with it—if the wind did not blow, and the atmosphere was just right, and the tree was not too far off—nearly every time. Of course the tree must have some size. Needless to say that I was at that time no sportsman. Years ago I killed a robin under the most humiliating circumstances. The bird was in a low cherry-tree. I loaded a big shotgun pretty full, crept up under the tree, rested the gun on the fence, with the muzzle more than ten feet from the bird, shut both eyes and pulled the trigger. When I got up to see what had happened, the robin was scattered about under the tree in more than a thousand pieces, no one of which was big enough to enable a naturalist to decide from it to what species it belonged. This disgusted me with the life of a sportsman. I mention this incident to show that, although I went blackberrying armed, there was not much inequality between me and the bear.

In this blackberry patch bears had been seen. The summer before, our colored cook, accompanied by a little girl of the vicinage, was picking berries there one day, when a bear came out of the woods and walked toward them. The girl took to her heels and escaped. Aunt Chloe was paralyzed with terror. Instead of attempting to run, she sat down on the ground where she was standing, and began to weep and scream, giving herself up for lost. The bear was bewildered by this conduct. He approached and looked at her; he walked around and surveyed her. Probably he had never seen a colored person before, and did not know whether she would agree with him; at any

rate, after watching her a few moments, he turned about and went into the forest. This is an authentic instance of the delicate consideration of a bear, and is much more remarkable than the forbearance toward the African slave of the well-known lion, because the bear had no thorn in his foot.

When I had climbed the hill, I set up my rifle against a tree and began picking berries, lured on from bush to bush by the black gleam of fruit (that always promises more in the distance than it realizes when you reach it); penetrating farther and farther, through leaf-shaded cowpaths flecked with sunlight, into clearing after clearing. I could hear on all sides the tinkle of bells, the cracking of sticks, and the stamping of cattle that were taking refuge in the thicket from the flies. Occasionally, as I broke through a covert, I encountered a meek cow, who stared at me stupidly for a second and then shambled off into the brush. I became accustomed to this dumb society, and picked on in silence, attributing all the wood-noises to the cattle, thinking nothing of any real bear. In point of fact, however, I was thinking all the time of a nice romantic bear, and, as I picked, was composing a story about a generous she-bear who had lost her cub, and who seized a small girl in this very wood, carried her tenderly off to a cave, and brought her up on bear's milk and honey. When the girl got big enough to run away, moved by her inherited instincts, she escaped, and came into the valley to her father's house (this part of the story was to be worked out so that the child would know her father by some family resemblance, and have some language in which to address him), and told him where the bear lived. The father took his gun, and, guided by the unfeeling daughter, went into the woods and shot the bear, who never made any resistance, and only, when dying, turned reproachful eyes upon her murderer. The moral of the tale was to be, kindness to animals.

I was in the midst of this tale, when I happened to look some rods away to the other edge of the clearing, and there was a bear! He was standing on his hind legs, and doing just what I was doing—picking blackberries. With one paw he bent down the bush, while with the other he clawed the berries into his mouth—green ones and all. To say that I was astonished is inside the mark. I suddenly discovered that I didn't want to see a bear after all. At about the same moment the bear saw me, stopped eating berries, and regarded me with a glad surprise. It is all very well to imagine what you would do under such circumstances. Probably you wouldn't do it: I didn't. The bear dropped down on his forefeet and came slowly toward me. Climbing a tree was of no use, with so good a climber in the rear. If I started to run, I had no doubt the bear would give chase; and although a bear cannot run down-hill as fast as he can run up-hill, yet I felt that he could get over this rough, brush-tangled ground faster than I could.

The bear was approaching. It suddenly occurred to me how I could divert his mind until I could fall back upon my military base. My pail was nearly full of excellent berries—much better than the bear could pick himself. I put the pail on the ground, and slowly backed away from it, keeping my eye, as the best tamers do, on the bear. The ruse succeeded.

The bear came up to the berries and stopped. Not accustomed to eat out of a pail, he tipped it over and nosed about in the fruit, "gorming" (if there is such a word) it down, mixed with leaves and dirt, like a pig. The bear is a worse feeder than the pig. Whenever he disturbs a maple-sugar camp in the spring, he always upsets the buckets of sirup, and tramples round in the sticky sweets, wasting more than he eats. The bear's manners are thoroughly disagreeable.

As soon as my enemy's head was down I started and ran.

Somewhat out of breath, and shaky, I reached my faithful rifle. It was not a moment too soon. I heard the bear crashing through the brush after me. Enraged at my duplicity, he was now coming on with blood in his eye. I felt that the time of one of us was probably short. The rapidity of thought at such moments of peril is well known. I thought an octavo volume, had it illustrated and published, sold fifty thousand copies, and went to Europe on the proceeds, while that bear was loping across the clearing. As I was cocking the gun, I made a hasty and unsatisfactory review of my whole life. I noted that, even in such a compulsory review, it is almost impossible to think of any good thing you have done. The sins come out uncommonly strong. I recollected a newspaper subscription I had delayed paying years and years ago, until both editor and newspaper were dead, and which now never could be paid to all eternity.

The bear was coming on.

I tried to remember what I had read about encounters with bears. I couldn't recall an instance in which a man had run away from a bear in the woods and escaped, although I recalled plenty where the bear had run from the man and got off. I tried to think what is the best way to kill a bear with a gun when you are not near enough to club him with the stock. My first thought was to fire at his head; to plant the ball between his eyes; but this is a dangerous experiment. The bear's brain is very small; and, unless you hit that, the bear does not mind a bullet in his head—that is, not at the time. I remembered that the instant death of the bear would follow a bullet planted just back of the foreleg, and sent into his heart. This spot is also difficult to reach, unless the bear stands off, side toward you, like a target. I finally determined to fire at him generally.

The bear was coming on.

The contest seemed to me very different from anything at Creedmoor. I had carefully read the reports of the shooting there; but it was not easy to apply the experience I had thus acquired. I hesitated whether I had better fire lying on my stomach, or lying on my back, and resting the gun on my toes. But in neither position, I reflected, could I see the bear until he was upon me. The range was too short; and the bear wouldn't wait for me to examine the thermometer and note the direction of the wind. Trial of the Creedmoor method, therefore, had to be abandoned; and I bitterly regretted that I had not read more accounts of offhand shooting.

For the bear was coming on.

I tried to fix my last thoughts upon my family. As my family is small, this was not difficult. Dread of displeasing my wife, or hurting her feelings, was uppermost in my mind. What would be her anxiety as hour after hour passed on and I did not return! What would the rest of the household think as the afternoon passed and no blackberries came! What would be my wife's mortification when the news was brought that her husband had been eaten by a bear! I cannot imagine anything more ignominious than to have a husband eaten by a bear. And this was not my only anxiety. The mind at such times is not under control. With the gravest fears the most whimsical ideas will occur. I looked beyond the mourning friends, and thought what kind of an epitaph they would be compelled to put upon the stone. Something like this:

HERE LIE THE REMAINS
OF

EATEN BY A BEAR
Aug. 20, 1877.

It is a very unheroic and even disagreeable epitaph. That "eaten by a bear" is intolerable. It is grotesque. And then I thought what an inadequate language the English is for compact expression. It would not answer to put upon the stone simply "eaten," for that is indefinite, and requires explanation; it might mean eaten by a cannibal. This difficulty could not occur in the German, where *essen* signifies the act of feeding by a man, and *fressen* by a beast. How simple the thing would be in German!—

HIER LIEGT
HOCHWOHLGEBOREN
HERR ——— ———,
GEFRESSEN
Aug. 20, 1877.

That explains itself. The well-born one was eaten by a beast, and presumably by a bear—an animal that has a bad reputation since the days of Elisha.

The bear was coming on; he had, in fact, come on. I judged that he could see the whites of my eyes. All my subsequent reflections were confused. I raised the gun, covered the bear's breast with the sight, and let drive. Then I turned and ran like a deer. I did not hear the bear pursuing. I looked back. The bear had stopped. He was lying down. I then remembered that the best thing to do after having fired your gun is to reload it. I slipped in a charge, keeping my eyes on the bear. He never stirred. I walked back suspiciously. There was a quiver in the hind legs, but no other motion. Still, he might be shamming; bears often sham. To make sure, I approached and put a ball into his head. He didn't mind it now; he minded nothing. Death had come

to him with a merciful suddenness. He was calm in death. In order that he might remain so, I blew his brains out, and then started for home. I had killed a bear!

Notwithstanding my excitement, I managed to saunter into the house with an unconcerned air. There was a chorus of voices:

"Where are your blackberries?"

"Why were you gone so long?"

"Where's your pail?"

"I left the pail."

"Left the pail? What for?"

"A bear wanted it."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Well, the last I saw of it a bear had it."

"Oh, come! You didn't really see a bear?"

"Yes, but I did really see a real bear."

"Did he run?"

"Yes; he ran after me."

"I don't believe a word of it! What did you do?"

"Oh! nothing particular—except kill the bear."

Cries of "Gammon!" "Don't believe it!" "Where's the bear?"

"If you want to see the bear, you must go up in the woods. I couldn't bring him down alone."

Having satisfied the household that something extraordinary had occurred, and excited the posthumous fear of some of them for my own safety, I went down into the valley to get help. The great bear-hunter, who keeps one of the summer boarding-houses, received my story with a smile of incredulity; and the incredulity spread to the other inhabitants and to the boarders as soon as the story was known. However, as I insisted in all soberness, and offered to lead them to the bear,

a party of forty or fifty people at last started off with me to bring the bear in. Nobody believed there was any bear in the case; but everybody who could get a gun carried one; and we went into the woods, armed with guns, pistols, pitchforks, and sticks, against all contingencies or surprises—a crowd made up mostly of scoffers and jeerers.

But when I led the way to the fatal spot and pointed out the bear, lying peacefully wrapped in his own skin, something like terror seized the boarders, and genuine excitement the natives. It was a no-mistake bear, by George! and the hero of the fight—well, I will not insist upon that. But what a procession that was, carrying the bear home! and what a congregation was speedily gathered in the valley to see the bear! Our best preacher up there never drew anything like it on Sunday.

And I must say that my particular friends, who were sportsmen, behaved very well on the whole. They didn't deny that it was a bear, although they said it was small for a bear. Mr. Dean, who is equally good with a rifle and a rod, admitted that it was a very fair shot. He is probably the best salmon-fisher in the United States, and he is an equally good hunter. I suppose there is no person in America who is more desirous to kill a moose than he. But he needlessly remarked, after he had examined the wound in the bear, that he had seen that kind of a shot made by a cow's horn.

This sort of talk affected me not. When I went to sleep that night, my last delicious thought was, "I've killed a bear!"

Louisa May Alcott

Street Scenes in Washington

THE mules were my especial delight; and an hour's study of a constant succession of them introduced me to many of their characteristics; for six of these odd little beasts drew each army wagon and went hopping like frogs through the stream of mud that gently rolled along the street. The coquettish mule had small feet, a nicely trimmed tassel of a tail, perked-up ears, and seemed much given to little tosses of the head, affected skips and prances; and, if he wore the bells or were bedizened with a bit of finery, put on as many airs as any belle. The moral mule was a stout, hard-working creature, always tugging with all his might, often pulling away after the rest had stopped, laboring under the conscientious delusion that food for the entire army depended upon his private exertions. I respected this style of mule; and, had I possessed a juicy cabbage, would have pressed it upon him with thanks for his excellent example. The histrionic mule was a melodramatic quadruped, prone to startling humanity by erratic leaps and wild plunges, much shaking of his stubborn head, and lashing out of his vicious heels; now and then falling flat and apparently dying à la Forrest; a gasp—a squirm—a flop, and so on, till the street was well blocked up, the drivers all swearing like demons in bad hats, and the chief actor's circulation decidedly quickened by every variety of kick, cuff, jerk, and haul. When the last breath seemed to have left his body, and "doctors were in vain," a sudden resurrection took place; and if ever a mule laughed with scornful triumph, that

was the beast, as he leisurely rose, gave a comfortable shake, and, calmly regarding the excited crowd, seemed to say—"A hit! a decided hit! for the stupidest of animals has bamboozled a dozen men. Now, then! what are *you* stopping the way for?" The pathetic mule was, perhaps, the most interesting of all; for, though he always seemed to be the smallest, thinnest, weakest of the six, the postilion with big boots, long-tailed coat and heavy whip was sure to bestride this one, who struggled feebly along, head down, coat muddy and rough, eye spiritless and sad, his very tail a mortified stump, and the whole beast a picture of meek misery, fit to touch a heart of stone. The jovial mule was a roly-poly, happy-go-lucky little piece of horseflesh, taking everything easily, from cudgeling to caressing; strolling along with a roguish twinkle of the eye, and, if the thing were possible, would have had his hands in his pockets and whistled as he went. If there ever chanced to be an apple-core, a stray turnip, or wisp of hay in the gutter, this Mark Tapley was sure to find it, and none of his mates seemed to begrudge him his bite. I suspected this fellow was the peacemaker, confidant, and friend of all the others, for he had a sort of "Cheer-up-old-boy-I'll-pull-you-through" look which was exceedingly engaging.

Pigs also possessed attractions for me, never having had an opportunity of observing their graces of mind and manner till I came to Washington, whose porcine citizens appeared to enjoy a larger liberty than many of its human ones. Stout, sedate-looking pigs hurried by each morning to their places of business, with a preoccupied air, and sonorous greeting to their friends. Genteel pigs, with an extra curl to their tails, promenaded in pairs, lunching here and there, like gentlemen of leisure. Rowdy pigs pushed the passer-by off the sidewalk; tipsy pigs hiccoughed their version of "We won't go home till morning"

from the gutter; and delicate young pigs tripped daintily through the mud as if they plumed themselves upon their ankles, and kept themselves particularly neat in point of stockings. Maternal pigs, with their interesting families, strolled by in the sun; and often the pink, babylike squealers lay down for a nap, with a trust in Providence worthy of human imitation.—*Hospital Sketches.*

Samuel L. Clemens—"Mark Twain"

Colonel Mulberry Sellers

Col. Mulberry Sellers was in his "library," which was his "drawing-room," and was also his "picture-gallery," and likewise his "workshop." Sometimes he called it by one of these names, sometimes by another, according to occasion and circumstance. He was constructing what seemed to be some kind of a frail mechanical toy, and was apparently very much interested in his work. He was a white-headed man now, but otherwise he was as young, alert, buoyant, visionary and enterprising as ever. His loving old wife sat near by, contentedly knitting and thinking, with a cat asleep in her lap. The room was large, light, and had a comfortable look—in fact, a homelike look—though the furniture was of a humble sort and not overabundant, and the knick-knacks and things that go to adorn a living-room not plenty and not costly. But there were natural flowers, and there was an abstract and unclassifiable something about the place which betrayed the presence in the house of somebody with a happy taste and an effective touch.

Even the deadly chromos on the walls were somehow without offense; in fact, they seemed to belong there and to add an attraction to the room—a fascination, anyway; for whoever got his eye on one of them was like to gaze and suffer till he died—you have seen that kind of pictures. Some of these terrors were landscapes, some libeled the sea, some were ostensible portraits, all were crimes. All the portraits were recognizable as dead Americans of distinction, and yet, through labeling,

added by a daring hand, they were all doing duty here as "Earls of Rossmore." The newest one had left the works as Andrew Jackson, but was doing its best now as "Simon Lathers Lord Rossmore, Present Earl." On one wall was a cheap old railroad map of Warwickshire. This had been newly labeled, "The Rossmore Estates." On the opposite wall was another map, and this was the most imposing decoration of the establishment, and the first to catch the stranger's attention, because of its great size. It had once borne simply the title SIBERIA, but now the word "FUTURE" had been written in front of that word. There were other additions, in red ink—many cities, with great populations set down, scattered over the vast country at points where neither cities nor populations exist to-day. One of these cities, with population placed at 1,500,000, bore the name "Libertyorloffskoizalinski," and there was a still more populous one, centrally located and marked "Capitol," which bore the name "Freedomslovnaivenovich."

The mansion—the Colonel's usual name for the house—was a rickety old two-story frame of considerable size, which had been painted, some time or other, but had nearly forgotten it. It was away out in the ragged edge of Washington, and had once been somebody's country place. It had a neglected yard around it, with a paling fence that needed straightening up in places, and a gate that wouldn't stay shut. By the doorpost were several modest tin signs. "Col. Mulberry Sellers, Attorney at Law and Claim Agent," was the principal one. One learned from the others that the Colonel was a Materializer, a Hypnotizer, a Mind-cure dabbler, and so on. For he was a man who could always find things to do.

A white-headed Negro man, with spectacles and damaged white cotton gloves, appeared in the presence, made a stately obeisance, and announced:

"Marse Washington Hawkins, suh."

"Great Scott! Show him in, Dan'l; show him in."

The Colonel and his wife were on their feet in a moment, and the next moment were joyfully wringing the hands of a stoutish, discouraged-looking man, whose general aspect suggested that he was fifty years old, but whose hair swore to a hundred.

"Well, well, well, Washington, my boy, it *is* good to look at you again. Sit down, sit down, and make yourself at home. There now—why, you look perfectly natural; aging a little, just a little, but you'd have known him anywhere, wouldn't you, Polly?"

"Oh, yes! Berry; he's *just* like his pa would have looked if he'd lived. Dear, dear, where have you dropped from? Let me see, how long is it since——"

"I should say it's all of fifteen years, Mrs. Sellers."

"Well, well, how time does get away with us. Yes, and oh, the changes that——"

There was a sudden catch of her voice and a trembling of the lip, the men waiting reverently for her to get command of herself and go on; but, after a little struggle, she turned away with her apron to her eyes, and softly disappeared.

"Seeing you made her think of the children, poor thing—dear, dear, they're all dead but the youngest. But banish care; it's no time for it now—'on with the dance, let joy be unconfined,' is my motto—whether there's any dance to dance or any joy to unconfine, you'll be the healthier for it every time—every time, Washington—it's my experience, and I've seen a good deal of this world. Come, where have you disappeared to all these years, and are you from there now, or where are you from?"

"I don't quite think you would ever guess, Colonel. Cherokee Strip."

"My land!"

"Sure as you live."

"You can't mean it. Actually *living* out there?"

"Well, yes, if a body may call it that; though it's a pretty strong term for 'dobies and jackass rabbits, boiled beans and slapjack, depression, withered hopes, poverty in all its varieties——"

"Louise out there?"

"Yes, and the children."

"Out there now?"

"Yes; I couldn't afford to bring them with me."

"Oh, I see!—you had to come—claim against the Government. Make yourself perfectly easy—I'll take care of that."

"But it isn't a claim against the Government."

"No? Want to be a postmaster? *That's* all right. Leave it to me. I'll fix it."

"But it isn't postmaster—you're all astray yet."

"Well, good gracious, Washington, why don't you come out and tell me what it is? What do you want to be so reserved and distrustful with an old friend like me for? Don't you reckon I can keep a se——"

"There's no secret about it—you merely don't give me a chance to——"

"Now, look here, old friend, I know the human race; and I know that when a man comes to Washington, I don't care if it's from Heaven, let alone Cherokee Strip, it's because he *wants* something. And I know that as a rule he's not going to get it; that he'll stay and try for another thing and won't get that; the same luck with the next and the next and the next; and keeps on till he strikes bottom, and is too poor and ashamed to go back, even to Cherokee Strip; and at last his heart breaks and they take up a collection and bury him. There—don't

interrupt me, I know what I'm talking about. Happy and prosperous in the Far West, wasn't I? *You* know that. Principal citizen of Hawkeye, looked up to by everybody, kind of an autocrat, actually a kind of an autocrat, Washington. Well, nothing would do but I must go as Minister to St. James's, the Governor and everybody insisting, you know, and so at last I consented—no getting out of it, *had* to do it, so here I came. *A day too late*, Washington. Think of that—what little things change the world's history—yes, sir, the place had been filled. Well, there I was, you see. I offered to compromise and go to Paris. The President was very sorry and all that, but that place, you see, didn't belong to the West, so there I was again. There was no help for it, so I had to stoop a little—we all reach the day some time or other when we've got to do that, Washington, and it's not a bad thing for us, either, take it by and large all round—I had to stoop a little and offer to take Constantinople. Washington, consider this—for it's perfectly true—within a month I *asked* for China; within another month I *begged* for Japan; one year later I was away down, down, down, supplicating with tears and anguish for the bottom office in the gift of the Government of the United States—Flint-picker in the cellars of the War Department. And by George, I didn't get it."

"Flint-picker?"

"Yes. Office established in the time of the Revolution—last century. The musket-flints for the military posts were supplied from the Capitol. They do it yet; for although the flint-arm has gone out and the forts have tumbled down, the decree hasn't been repealed—been overlooked and forgotten, you see—and so the vacancies where old Ticonderoga and others used to stand still get their six quarts of gun-flints a year just the same."

Washington said musingly after a pause:

"How strange it seems—to start for Minister to England at twenty thousand a year and fail for flint-picker at——"

"Three dollars a week. It's human life, Washington—just an epitome of human ambition and struggle, and the outcome; you aim for the palace and get drowned in the sewer."

There was another meditative silence. Then Washington said, with earnest compassion in his voice:

"And so, after coming here, against your inclination, to satisfy your sense of patriotic duty and appease a selfish public clamour, you get absolutely nothing for it."

"Nothing?" The Colonel had to get up and stand, to get room for his amazement to expand. "*Nothing*, Washington? I ask you this: to be a Perpetual Member and the *only* Perpetual Member of a Diplomatic Body accredited to the greatest country on earth—do you call that nothing?"

It was Washington's turn to be amazed. He was stricken dumb; but the wide-eyed wonder, the reverent admiration expressed in his face, were more eloquent than any words could have been. The Colonel's wounded spirit was healed, and he resumed his seat, pleased and content. He leaned forward and said impressively:

"What was due to a man who had become forever conspicuous by an experience without precedent in the history of the world—a man made permanently and diplomatically sacred, so to speak, by having been connected, temporarily, through solicitation, with every single diplomatic post in the roster of this Government, from Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James, all the way down to Consul to a guano rock in the Straits of Sunda—salary payable in guano—which disappeared by volcanic convulsion the day before they got down to my name in the list of applicants?

Certainly something august enough to be answerable to the size of this unique and memorable experience was my due, and I got it. By the common voice of this community, by acclamation of the people, that mighty utterance which brushes aside laws and legislation, and from whose decrees there is no appeal, I was named Perpetual Member of the Diplomatic Body representing the multifarious sovereignties and civilizations of the globe near the republican court of the United States of America. And they brought me home with a torchlight procession."

"It is wonderful Colonel—simply wonderful."

"It's the loftiest official position in the whole earth."

"I should think so—and the most commanding."

"You have named the word. Think of it! I frown, and there is war; I smile, and contending nations lay down their arms."

"It is awful. The responsibility, I mean."

"It is nothing. Responsibility is no burden to me; I am used to it; have always been used to it."

"And the work—the work! Do you have to attend all the sittings?"

"Who, I? Does the Emperor of Russia attend the conclaves of the Governors of the provinces? He sits at home and indicates his pleasure."

Washington was silent a moment, then a deep sigh escaped him.

"How proud I was an hour ago; how paltry seems my little promotion now! Colonel, the reason I came to Washington is—I am Congressional Delegate from Cherokee Strip!"

The Colonel sprang to his feet and broke out with prodigious enthusiasm:

"Give me your hand, my boy—this is immense news! I congratulate you with all my heart. My prophecies stand

firm. I always said it was in you. I always said you were born for high distinction and would achieve it. You ask Polly if I didn't."

Washington was dazed by this most unexpected demonstration.

"Why, Colonel, there's nothing *to* it. That little, narrow, desolate, unpeopled, oblong streak of grass and gravel, lost in the remote wastes of the vast continent—why, it's like representing a billiard table—a discarded one."

"Tut-tut, it's a great, it's a staving preferment, and just opulent with influence here."

"Shucks, Colonel, I haven't even a vote."

"That's nothing; you can make speeches."

"No, I can't. The population only two hundred——"

"That's all right, that's all right——"

"And they hadn't any right to elect me; we're not even a territory; there's no Organic Act; the Government hasn't any official knowledge of us whatever."

"Never mind about that; I'll fix that. I'll rush the thing through; I'll get you organized in no time."

"*Will* you, Colonel—it's *too* good of you; but it's just your old sterling self, the same old, ever-faithful friend," and the grateful tears welled up in Washington's eyes.

"It's just as good as done, my boy, just as good as done. Shake hands. We'll hitch teams together, you and I, and we'll make things hum!"

The Notorious Jumping Frog of Calaveras County

In compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, Leonidas W. Smiley, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that *Leonidas W.* Smiley is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that if I asked old Wheeler about him, it would remind him of his infamous *Jim* Smiley, and he would go to work and bore me to death with some exasperating reminiscence of him as long as and as tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the barroom stove of the dilapidated tavern in the decayed mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up and gave me good-day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named *Leonidas W.* Smiley—*Reverend Leonidas W.* Smiley, a young minister of the Gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Reverend Leonidas W. Smiley I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat down and reeled off the

monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned his initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse*. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once.

Reverend Leonidas W. H'm, Reverend Le—well, there was a feller here once by the name of *Jim* Smiley, in the winter of '49—or maybe it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume warn't finished when he first come to the camp; but anyway, he was the curiosest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't he'd change sides. Anyway that suited the other man would suit *him*—anyway just so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solit'ry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take ary side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse-race, you'd find him flush or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-meeting he would be there reg'lar to bet on Parson Walker

which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was, too, and a good man. If he even see a straddle-bug start to go anywhere, he would bet how long it would take him to get to—to wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him*—he'd bet on *any*thing—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley up and asked him how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for His inf'nite mercy—and coming on so smart that with the blessing of Prov'dence she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, "Well, I'll resk two-and-a-half she don't anyway."

Thish-yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because of course she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards' start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag end of the race she'd get excited and desperate like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air and sometimes out to one side among the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and *always* fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down.

And he had a little small bull-pup, that to look at him you'd

think he warn't worth a cent but to set around and look ornery and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him he was a different dog; his under-jaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover and shine like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what *he* was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog just by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it—not chaw, you understand, but only just grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off in a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he see in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him and he had genius—I know it, because he hadn't no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances if he hadn't

no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken cocks, and tom-cats, and all them kind of things till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'lated to educate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of ketching flies, and kep' him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as fur as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education and he could do 'most anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies!" and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor ag'in as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled

and been everywheres all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Smiley kep' the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down-town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come acrost him with his box, and says:

"What might it be that you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent-like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't—it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's *he* good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "he's good enough for *one* thing, I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras County."

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, "Well," he says, "I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"Maybe you don't," Smiley says. "Maybe you understand frogs and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you ain't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got *my* opinion, and I'll resk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras County."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute I'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to himself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his forepaws just even with Dan'l's, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One—two—three—*git!*" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off lively, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it warn't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as a church, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted, too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder—so—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, "Well," he says, "*I* don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for—I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow." And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and hefted him, and says, "Why, blame my cats if he don't weigh five pound!" and turned him upside down and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And——

[Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted.] And turning to me as he moved away, he said: "Jest set where you are, stranger, and rest easy—I ain't going to be gone a second."

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond *Jim* Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Reverend *Leonidas W.* Smiley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he buttonholed me and recommenced:

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yaller, one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only just a short stump like a bannanner, and——"

However, lacking both time and inclination, I did not wait to hear about the afflicted cow, but took my leave.

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